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WILLIAM G. McADOO

What American Women Have Done for the Liberty Loans

By

William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury

THE women of America have demonstrated extraordinary power and capacity in connection with the financial operations of the Government. Their work has been of the highest value.

The National Women's Liberty Loan Committee has brought into existence an organization of women throughout the country which is one of the most important factors in the success of Liberty Loans.

I am deeply grateful for the splendid support American women have given to the Treasury and to all war activities. The increasing demands of the war will make their work more and more important. Their continued enthusiastic and spirited co-operation strengthens my confidence in the success of the Treasury's future financial undertakings.

Women have proven themselves worthy of equal partnership with men in all the affairs of Government. I earnestly hope that the remaining opposition to the grant of equal suffrage to them will rapidly crumble in the light of the notable things done by American women in this great war for liberty and human rights.

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Your Boy and Mine

CONDUCTED BY
IDA CLYDE CLARKE

Did You Get Your Allotment-Check?

IF THERE is delay or trouble of any kind about your allotment or allowance-check from Washington, take up the matter immediately with the Home Service Section of your nearest Red Cross Chapter.

Important changes in rules governing payment of allotments and allowances went into effect August 1st. While these changes necessarily entail some temporary inconvenience and delay for you, they were made in the interest of more efficient service in the future than you have had in the past. It is highly important for you to understand these new rulings. By all means ask the Red Cross to explain them to you.

Furthermore, if you are seriously inconvenienced by delay or temporary reduction of your check, the Red Cross is prepared to advance money until your checks are received.

Send Your Boy "Smiles"

IF YOU know a boy in one of the training camps in any part of the country, send him a "Smilease Book" and make him happy. Ask any bank or business house about these books. They are on sale at more than 6,000 stores and business establishments in every State in the Union. The books cost from one to five dollars. The man who has a "Smilease Book" does not have to pay any money to see the shows and moving pictures that are being shown in the camps throughout the country. He has only to hand in the right number of "Smilease" coupons. If "Smilease Books" are not sold where you live, write to the *Military Entertainment Council, War Department, Commission on Training Camp Activities, Washington, D. C.* Maybe this is your way to help. Nothing pleases a soldier more than to receive a "Smilease Book."

Banking Facilities Abroad

A CONVENIENT, safe, and economical banking arrangement for the American forces in France is announced by three trust companies which are depositaries for United States funds in France—the Equitable, Farmers' Loan, and Guaranty Trust Companies of New York, all officially designated depositaries for government funds. The new service checks issued by these companies are for the use of the men in the American Expeditionary Force, and will be sold at concentration camps in this country at official rate of exchange, no commissions being charged. They can be cashed at the London and Paris offices of the companies, at the London office of the International Banking Corporation, and at the numerous branches, throughout France, of the Bank of France, *Crédit Lyonnais*, the *Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris*, and the *Société Generale p. f.*; also at conveniently located offices in England. The stamp tax imposed by France will be paid by the trust companies so that the checks will be cashed at their full face value. They are issued in denominations of 50, 100, and 200 francs each. The values at this writing are: 50 franc service check, $8.95; 100 francs, $17.80; 200 francs, $35.50.

Tell This to Your Boy

MEN in the service as well as their families are entitled to free legal advice concerning their affairs. Men about to enter the service should see some lawyer who is a member of the American Bar Association, a member of the State Council of Defense, or a representative of the Home Service Section of the Red Cross. Men in the camps should apply to the camp judge-advocate. When matters concern the families of the men, they are handled through the Red Cross, which provides financial aid and whatever assistance is needed. Those in doubt concerning allotments and allowances should by all means consult the Red Cross, as this organization is posted on late rulings from Washington and can readily adjust matters.

Parcels May Be Sent to Sailors

THE ban placed on parcels for the men overseas does not apply to men on board United States naval vessels or attached to naval bases. No parcels can be sent to members of the American Expeditionary Forces in France unless they are sent at the written request of the addressee, approved by his regimental or higher commander, or an executive officer of the Army organization with which he is connected.

Chance for the Older Men

THE Government's attitude toward labor in war industry has been clearly set forth. Employers are told that older men should be more generally employed, as they constitute a largely unused labor reserve. It is estimated that since the war began the maximum age of engaging men has advanced ten to twelve years; that is, from 38 to 50 years. It has been found that tasks can be graded for these workers according to their strength, and that work unsuitable for women, especially at night, can be performed by them. In many trades their experience is an asset which offsets less physical strength. Thus the productive power of this large class can be utilized.

Apply to the *United States Employment Service, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Developments on the battle-fields of Europe, and consequent expansion of our own national war plans, bring quick changes, but Mrs. Clarke is in close touch with war activities at Washington and will be glad to continue to answer questions that may be of interest to the families of our enlisted men. Address, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelop: Mrs. Ida Clyde Clarke, Pictorial Review Washington Bureau, 707 20th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

No Letters to Strangers

SECRETARY of War Baker has forbidden officers and soldiers to write letters to strangers. General Order No. 58 is as follows:

1. The dangers of inadvertently communicating valuable military information to the enemy and the necessity of closing every possible gate against enemy propaganda make it necessary that the strictest attention be paid to the correspondence of both officers and enlisted men. Efforts are constantly being made by strangers to find soldiers with whom they may correspond, in most cases innocently enough, but the opportunity which might be offered to a wholesale propaganda in the Army by well-organized groups of enemy sympathizers is obvious.
2. All officers and men are forbidden—
   (*a*) To insert advertisements or letters in any publication, inviting strangers to communicate with them.
   (*b*) To enter into correspondence with strangers in response to advertisements or other invitations.
3. Officers in command of troops are directed not to furnish names of men to any persons who attempt in any manner to enter into correspondence with soldiers with whom they are personally unacquainted.

Your Overseas Letters

EVERY effort is being made by the American authorities in France to effect, as promptly as war conditions admit, the delivery of mail for our soldiers. Approximately 30 days are required from the time of mailing a letter to reach the addressee, owing to the disturbed ocean traffic. The majority of the mail is conveyed to France on army transports upon which preference is given to men and supplies, and consequently the movement of mail across the water is very irregular. Then the railroad in France is strained to the utmost to meet military needs. While 30 days is the average time required, in some cases it takes 42 days. Between 1,000,000 and 2,850,000 letters are carried on each vessel. When you write, be careful to address your letter or package plainly and to give every detail of your soldier's address to avoid the necessity of having the letter sent to the statistical division in France for correct address.

Keep the Boy in College

THE "Keep the Boy in College" campaign was started late in the Summer to prevent premature enlistment and to keep the boys under the draft age in college until they are fitted by special training for special government service. No boy under the draft age should leave college now, but he should *enroll* in the army. A student soldier has the status of a private on furlough, receiving no pay or subsistence, only equipment and uniform. The Students' Army Training Corps is directed by *President MacLaurin* of the *Massachusetts Institute of Technology*. Apply to your *State University* for information.

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CICCOLINI CHALMERS LAZZARI MATZENAUER SCOTT DE TREVILLE

TESTING THE NEW EDISON'S RE-CREATION OF LAZZARI'S GLORIOUS VOICE

CAROLINE LAZZARI, contralto of the Chicago Opera Company, gifted with a golden voice that will win her a high pinnacle of fame, is the latest acquisition of the Edison Laboratories.

The photograph illustrates one of those tense moments when the work of Mr. Edison's recording experts is tested by direct comparison with the voice of the artist.

To develop a phonograph capable of sustaining this test Mr. Edison spent more than three million dollars in research work. The result is The New Edison, "the phonograph with a soul", which is the only sound-reproducing instrument capable of sustaining the acid test of direct comparison with living singers.

Signorina Lazzari, as a new member of the Edison family, enjoyed the distinction of making her test before five other great opera singers. She stood beside the instrument and sang the same arias she had recorded. From time to time she paused and The New Edison sang alone. The renowned artists who listened to the test with ears trained to note the subtlest shades of tone color were unable to detect the slightest difference between Signorina Lazzari's voice and The New Edison's Re-Creation of it.

A post card request brings our interesting magazine "Along Broadway" and other Edison literature

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

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Drawing by Franklin Booth

Making the World Safe for Monogamy

Second Article of the Series on "Women in a New World"

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

FIRST WOMAN STATE SENATOR OF COLORADO

THE ideal of the American marriage is love. The ideal of the German marriage as it has been shaped by militaristic madness is cannon-fodder. Which of these ideals will lead in the New World after the war?

That depends on the long line of flesh and blood and steel stretching from the North Sea to the Swiss border, the line zigzaging with the mountains and facing the marshes of Northern Italy, the line that holds against the Hun and the Harem.

As that line holds or breaks—and as the people back of the line hold or do not hold—so will marriage shape itself.

Will the line hold—Young Lovers?

War has always profoundly affected the institution of marriage—and its substitutes.

Many of the earlier wars of the world were, indeed, fought to get wives or female slaves—the two words in those days having much the same meaning. I could show you, if I chose to furbish up my few tags of classic learning, that the Trojan War of Homer's resounding lines, with its story of Helen and Paris, points plainly to woman-hunting forays from Asia into Greece and back again. And we may read with tingling significance to-day how at the close of the Thirty Years' War marriage was practically abolished in Germany. The thing called "love" was as free as the thing called hate and equally monstrous.

Not long ago a prominent British publicist was talking with me about the danger to our Western civilization if Germany, facing the hatred of the world, emerges from the war with her militaristic system intact.

"If Prussian militarism survives the war," he said, "then the tendency that has been plain enough in Germany for the past twenty-five years—tho we dunderheads never understood its meaning—will become the open policy of the state. Man-power is the overwhelming need of militarism.

"For a generation women in Germany have been looked upon merely as a means for speeding-up the production of that man-power.

"After four years of fighting there are a trifle more than 125 women to every 100 men of marriageable age in Germany and the disproportion is constantly increasing.

"So William the Prussian, in order to provide cannon-fodder for his next war, has frankly instituted in his Empire a system of "secondary marriages" which is only another name for polygamy without the decencies of the Turkish system.

"What are the opposing peoples to do under such circumstances?

"If Germany is allowed to remain militaristic, Britain, to survive, must become militaristic also. We shall need soldiers. We shall have to speed up the production of fighters. That means we shall have to use our surplus women for the purpose Germany is grossly employing all her women. And even America——"

Here our conversation was interrupted, and I had no time to tell the British publicist, as I was preparing to, that the Turk will never set the ideals for American family life.

I might have told him, too, that I seemed to know the "surplus" Englishwomen better than he did, and I could not see them becoming the passive means for realizing tainted dreams. Indeed, if I could have kept him quiet long enough—which is doubtful—I might have given him some facts which have reached me by roundabout routes out of Germany, seeming to prove German women are no longer the passive instruments the Kaiser has sought to make them.

If militarism is forced upon America by an inconclusive peace we can not tell, off-hand, just what its re-action on us will be; but we do know that militarism has always degraded women and that whatever degrades women degrades marriage.

So I will take back everything I have said thus far and say it over again—

The direction of marriage in militaristic Germany is toward polygamy; the direction of marriage in America has been toward monogamy. But with changed conditions institutions must often change their direction.

So in very truth that long line of soldiers on our Western Front who are fighting to make the world safe for democracy are fighting to make it safe for monogamy, also.

Will the line hold—Young Lovers?

Some time at the back of the years our dominant white race dropped polygamy and adopted at least ostensible monogamy because it seemed to be better for the race, better for the mating man and woman.

This may have happened before "our folks" at the back of the years knew what marriage was about. Indeed, it is not so simple a matter, even now, to know what it is about.

In every marriage two claims are involved—the claim of the individual and the claim of the race.

The claim of the individual is satisfied when the man and woman are held together in happiness.

Mark that word "held." No mere quick-lunch happiness can satisfy marriage.

And it isn't by children alone that marriage pays its debt to the race, tho children are its most evident payment. It may pay its debt by the fact that marriage is the mortar which holds society together.

Moreover, the creative force generated by healthy human mating may blossom in a poem for the race, instead of a child. Or it may realize itself in a drama or a steel-built skyline.

NOW, when I suggest that marriage as we know it in America offers an ideal—shows a direction—for which we may well fight against the Prussian ideal, I have not forgotten the defects of American marriages.

I know that partnership in marriage is not so complete and equal in America as it is in France.

I know many American women marry men merely to pick their pockets.

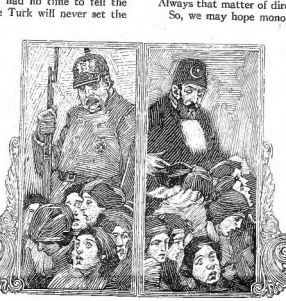
I know that, tho American husbands are the best in the world, as they have so often assured us, many of them still protest we should call no man monogamous until he is dead.

I know all about our divorce statistics. And I know, too, notwithstanding those statistics, that the codes of some of our States still seem to regard marriage as a state of eternal punishment.

But the fact remains that there are to-day more complete and happy marriages in America than anywhere else in the world.

Our ideals, as a goal, are a long way off—but we face in the right direction. Always that matter of direction!

So, we may hope monogamy, after the war, will become—monogamous, with a single standard of morality for wives and husbands, fixed at the higher and not the lower level.



For ten years preceding the war, the double standard, established by male ascendency, has been giving way here in America with a speed and surety as miraculous as anything that happened at the marriage at Cana.

Then came our entrance into the war, which, judging from all past experiences, should mean a reversion to old immoralities.

Here a new situation developed.

Enter the Heads of the Army and the Navy

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North, South, East, and West

The Pioneer Efforts to Secure a Federal Amendment

By DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW

Of the Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense

THE effort to secure the enfranchisement of women in the United States is one of the most heroic of the many struggles of humanity toward complete democracy. It is impossible to trace it to its beginning as sporadic efforts had been undertaken by individual reformers long before any organized attempt was instituted. It was not until 1848 that a group of earnest determined women met at Seneca Falls, New York, and made their *declaration of independence*, that the movement took organized form in the United States. From then until the present there has been a continuous and increasing demand throughout the whole world for the intellectual, industrial, civil, and political freedom of women.

Basing their right to political enfranchisement upon the foundation principle of a Republican form of government as laid down in the Declaration of Independence that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" and that a Republic is a form of government in which laws are enacted by representatives elected by the people, the pioneers of the woman suffrage movement proved their far-seeing wisdom by seeking to secure to citizens the right to a voice in government by every constitutional method which State and National government offered. With them the *method* of securing their political liberty was insignificant as compared to the fact that justice and freedom was their aim.

Therefore at the beginning of the organized effort to secure their enfranchisement they declared that the object sought and not the method of securing it was of vital importance. The position was expressed by Susan B. Anthony: "We have two wings to our movement —one appealing to the popular vote method, the other the National Constitutional method. As the two methods do not conflict, and what is done in the several States tells on the Nation, and what is done in Congress reacts again on the States, it is a good thing to keep up both kinds of agitation."

This view was accepted by the vast body of suffragists and was incorporated into the constitution of the National Suffrage Association and has been faithfully followed throughout all the years of its existence.

The wisdom of following these two methods has brought the suffrage issue to its present assured position.

At one period of the movement the State method was urged with greater persistency, because it was wisely contended that it was useless to concentrate all activity upon Congress without a sufficient pressure from the constituency in the States to compel Congressional action.

With constantly increasing numbers and influence, the States adopted Woman Suffrage Constitutional Amendments until the number of States in which women were enfranchised inspired the hope that the time had come when there was sufficient force back of a National Constitutional Amendment to secure its passage. These appeals for State action were not the ultimate purpose of the National Suffrage Association, and during the years of the slow process of State activity it never for a moment faltered in its determination to secure Federal action at the earliest possible moment.

With the same regularity which marked the convening of Congress, Susan B. Anthony assembled her associates in Washington to make their appeal to the Committees of Senate and House in behalf of the Federal Constitutional Amendment. These appeals increased in influence with the growing public sentiment fostered by progressive periodicals, among which the publication in which this appears is a pioneer, and with each successive State which enfranchised its women until, in the year 1912, the National American Woman Suffrage Association established permanent Congressional Headquarters in Washington, from which its Congressional Committee has maintained a lobby, whose continuous efforts have been constantly exerted in the endeavor to influence the passage of the Joint Resolution first introduced to Congress by the Hon. George W. Julian, on that memorable day, March 15, 1869, to enfranchise the women of this Republic by proposing a 16th Amendment

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Why the Western Woman Wants National Suffrage

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

First Woman State Senator of Colorado

WESTERN women with the vote are quite as anxious as Eastern women without it to secure the passage of the National Suffrage Amendment.

They wish this for the sake of the Other Women—the disfranchised women; they wish it for their own sake; and they wish it for their country's sake.

They wish it for the sake of the Other Women, not because they boast of what they have done with the ballot—tho they have done much—but because they know what the ballot has done with them. Some of them hardly recognize what it has done with them and for them till they go to a male suffrage State. Then they see! So far as the position of these women is concerned, their sensation is that of coming from the free out-of-doors into a room where the air is stuffy.

They want the Suffrage Amendment because it will make a draft!

Western women want the Suffrage Amendment passed for their own sake also.

They know tho they may have been voting for fifty years, that no American woman is completely enfranchised till all are enfranchised, since to-day they may lose their voting citizenship merely by moving across a State's boundary.

Moreover, for all their vote, women of the full suffrage States know that they are still discriminated against in many of the departments of the National Government, still regarded, not as a citizenry, but as a sex.

Like the voteless woman, for example, a married woman with a vote still finds she has no country outside the bounds of her wedding ring. If she, an American-born woman, marries an alien, she becomes henceforth an alien in the land for which her fathers died. If she is an alien and marries an American she becomes perforce an American citizen even tho everything American—including her husband—may displease her. During the present session of Congress a bill was introduced giving a woman born American the right to remain American, if she so elect, throughout all matrimonial chances and changes—but the Committee to which it was referred "laid it on the table." And on some such table it will stay till all women are voters, when it will be passed—just like that!

Western women want the Suffrage Amendment to be passed for the sake of their country and its days of reconstruction after the war.

There is no element in our social or industrial life, no department of the Government, no ideals of the people, but will feel the shaking of a mighty wind during those days of destiny. Some of them will be shattered, some will stand the test. Then will come the great days of rebuilding—rebuilding institutions and rebuilding men.

Women will have a part in this reconstruction—no Senate can deprive them of that. They will have it in the shop; they will have it in the market place; they will have it in the schools. But they should have it in

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The Suffrage Amendment from the Southern Woman's Point of View

By MRS. ANNE DALLAS DUDLEY

Third Vice-President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association

WE WOMEN of the South would make a special appeal to the representatives of the people in our group of States to lift from us the stigma of inefficiency which their opposition to this measure has put upon us. The fact that the majority of the Southern representatives in Congress are ranged on the side of the opposition has tended to discredit the women of the South in the eyes of the whole world. No States' Rights plea can avail to shield us now, since it is clearly seen that Southern men have themselves swept this doctrine aside in considering all other questions where right is involved.

Even if we could blind ourselves to the point of accepting this subterfuge, which may be an honest reason in some isolated cases, the confessions of more than one man show that what they really distrust is our own fitness for the ballot. We had thought that the memory of the courage of these much-sheltered women during the Civil War, and afterward during the days of the Reconstruction, would live forever in the minds of our men, giving them an unshaken faith in feminine wisdom and endurance—but some of them have expressed a fear that the descendants of these same women will not know how to answer the call to their civil duty to-day.

And, as it is not possible to reflect on the women of any section without in some way drawing the man into the calumny, so it has seemed to other men that the much vaunted Southern chivalry has moved West and North and East, as it is for the most part Southern men who insist on imposing on women the terrible burden of referendum campaigns, the slowest, most cumbersome and extravagant of all methods of obtaining the ballot. They would have us ask our enfranchisement at the hands of negro men even while they insist that it is the race problem which deters them from giving us the ballot in the most dignified way—by aiding the States in ratifying the National amendment.

And all the while we know that the surest way to secure white supremacy is to enfranchise the white women of the South who exceed both negro men and women by over two million.

We are neither ignorant nor thoughtless in refusing to believe that our National Congress will ever again impose unjust measures upon the South. We have good cause to believe that the free women of the West would aid us in preventing that. They stood by the women of the world when they elected Woodrow Wilson in 1916 and so put the stamp of their approval on all the progressive and humanitarian legislation which marked his first administration and for which women had so long labored. And they would stand by the women of the South in any and every effort to maintain the integrity of our own local government.

If we could only lay that old ghost of the Reconstruction period! It has no place in the united America of to-day. It draws about its ugly frame the royal mantle of the sovereign rights of States, but its "walk" is in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

On the Eve of the Congressional Elections

Appeal through

for Favorable Action on

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the Women Ask for Suffrage

The War Makes Suffrage a Necessity Says New England

By KATHARINE LUDINGTON

President, Connecticut Woman Suffrage Association

IN New England, as elsewhere, women are being met with the cry, "This is no time to work for suffrage while we are at war!" We believe that this is the clamor of the few and that the great majority of fair-minded American people see straight on this question, in the light which the war is shedding on all domestic problems.

To the fair-minded man we women make our appeal—"Look at it from our point of view. Before the war broke out we had a great movement of fundamental justice almost at the point of success. We knew that we had nearly won National suffrage and that one more vigorous drive would bring victory; but now our opponents ask us to drop it all and to throw away the momentum gained through the long struggle of forty years, since the Suffrage Federal Amendment was first introduced."

We see that this war, far from making woman suffrage less necessary, makes it infinitely more so. It has revolutionized woman's economic position; it has taken away old safeguards; it has altered the world in which her children are to grow up; it has taken away the men of her family, putting new civic problems upon her without a corresponding civic power. But we are told that all thought of getting this power and protecting these interests must wait until after the war is over.

We are eager and proud to bear our full share of war burdens—we do not need to be urged to serve—but we believe that the responsibility is ours to carry the new load and finish the old task too.

In the chorus that has been raised, saying that to work for suffrage is to obstruct war, we recognize the same voices that were opposing us long before the war could be seized upon as an excuse. These voices are strangely familiar. They told us in the past that education for women would unsex them, that for a woman to own property would disrupt the home, that women have not the intelligence to vote. Women are voting in many parts of the world and none of these prophecies have come true. They said that women were not called upon to serve the State and so should not expect to vote. But women now are being called upon to serve the State equally with men in all the activities, except actual fighting, which war has made necessary. When the old arguments break down they seize desperately on the war situation; but that weapon too is breaking in their hands. England and Canada have seen that the war, far from side-tracking suffrage, made it imperatively necessary, and they have equipped their women with the vote to meet their new tasks. France and Italy are facing the logic of the facts and in these hard-pressed countries the statesmen make no complaint that they are too busy to consider justice for women.

No, the war has not side-tracked suffrage, but has forced it to the forefront of domestic problems, and the way to a solution is not postponement, but settlement by the simple, efficient, and broadly equitable method of the Suffrage Federal Amendment.

All American women need the ballot, but we women of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Photo by Edna Leighton Tyler

Equal Suffrage an Issue of World Democracy

By CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance and of the National American Woman Suffrage Association

IT WILL be remembered that at the beginning it was not at all clear to us in this country who or what had started the war, or what it was all about. The lips of many who really knew were sealed. Those nations precipitated into the war without due warning or preparation had had little time to analyze what it was all about. It seemed to many of them mere self-defense, but by degrees the evidence accumulated and the vision grew clear that it was a death grapple between governments by kings and those by people. When the President of the United States gave his simple analysis in a single sentence, it resounded around the world and caught the attention of every lover of liberty. No longer was there indefiniteness of purpose, or doubt as to motives and direction. "To make the world safe for democracy" became the slogan of every allied nation. It lifted the whole contest to a higher plane and bound the world together in a war of liberation.

The mounting testimony made plain that one of two things had to happen: either German militarism commanded by a Kaiser whose will is law must surrender, or every nation would be forced to set up universal military service, permanent conscription, and oppressive taxes to support the system. To do otherwise would mean to live in perpetual fear of the marauding hordes that have laid waste the lands and destroyed the peoples of Belgium, Northern France, Servia, Roumania, Poland, Armenia, and Syria. So, to make the "world safe for democracy," to prevent one nation from dictating the institutions of every other, our Republic went into the war and entered in, too, with a will to give "all that we have and all that we are" and see it through to its final victory even tho it shall take a generation.

But what is the democracy for which the world is battling and for which we offer our man-power, our woman-power, our money-power? Government of the world by consent of the individual nations; government of the nations by consent of the individual people. Nothing more, nothing less. The United States stands for the autonomy of the small nations, the little peoples that have been the pawns upon the royal chess-board of kings for a thousand years. It stands for their incontestable right to govern themselves in their own way without fear of their neighbors. It stands for the right of dependent lands to decide for themselves whether they will be independent, and if not, to what larger power they will choose to be attached. These are our war aims, our ideals. They are worth fighting for and worth dying for; the future peace and welfare of the world depend upon the result.

This nation will fight with its back to the wall for a clear-cut ideal, but the ideal must have no flaws.

Ours has.

As a nation we profess to stand for the annihilation of world political despotism, but a nation does not think clearly nor act logically when upon the one hand it declares against the "divine right of kings" and makes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

An Appreciation of Pictorial Review's Stand for Equal Suffrage

By MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

Author of "Women Wanted," "The Third House," Etc.

TO-DAY when woman suffrage is going "over the top" around the world, I can not refrain from writing a word of congratulation to the publication that has foremost of all others backed up the Great Push of the Woman Movement in America. The Editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW has long been known among feminists as the man with a vision. We have spoken of you as "the man who understands." Plenty of men are beginning to understand to-day. But you understood yesterday.

When the woman's cause was still unpopular, you saw the right and justice and expediency of the suffrage movement and staked your editorial judgment on it. That meant a great deal when all of your contemporaries sat back on the seats of the scornful. As the first magazine openly and unreservedly to advocate real democracy for America with the full participation of all the people —including women—in citizenship, I am sure you hold a place in the grateful remembrance of all thinking women.

It happens that I am in a position to speak authoritatively on this service that PICTORIAL REVIEW has rendered the woman's cause. Through a long series of epoch-making articles that have been instrumental in shaping public opinion, the readers of this magazine have been kept steadily in touch with the changing world point of view on this question. I know pretty thoroughly the mind of women in America and in Europe. In 1913, in preparation of my PICTORIAL REVIEW series of articles entitled "The Third House," I visited and talked with the women of every large city in the United States. At that time PICTORIAL REVIEW already in 1912 had fired the first gun in its campaign with the series of suffrage articles by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Edwin Theiss. It has kept steadily firing away ever since. Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Senator Helen Ring Robinson have been listed among its notable writers and contributors. Before the war, in 1914, PICTORIAL REVIEW sent me abroad through England, Germany, and France for the series of articles published that year which recorded the achievements of feminists in foreign lands, so that I had an intimate contact with the women of two continents before the war. Then again in 1916 and 1917 PICTORIAL REVIEW sent me on a feminist mission to Europe to find out what the war meant to women. This was at a time when not yet had any other editor than you awakened to what the war meant for women.

It was in the Summer of 1916 there came to me the full revelation. Looking out over the horizon of the world I saw written in blood-red letters above the smoking battle-fields, freedom for women. It was as clear and plain as the sunrise. But it was in vain that I pointed this phenomenon out to men with whom I talked. "Can't you see it?" I exclaimed over and over. "It's a fiat inviolable, a 'Thus saith the Lord,' that is being recorded on the skyline of civilization. 'Women Wanted' is indelibly written there!" But men all unanimously could not see. They just shook their heads and said as to a woman hysterical, "Now, don't get excited, there's really nothing at all of epoch-making significance to women occurring."

But on the day when I came into Arthur Vance's office and exclaimed, "Look!" well, he looked and saw. He lifted his eyes from a busy editorial desk to the horizon of the world and read as plainly as I myself did the blood-red message. "Hurry! hurry!" he replied. "Take the next steamship across the Atlantic and find out for PICTORIAL REVIEW what means this strange hand-writing on the heavens." So I went. And what I learned, PICTORIAL REVIEW readers have been told in the series of articles that have appeared in the magazine during the past year, which I have amplified and published in book form under the title, "Women Wanted."

Again I repeat, as a writer who as a free lance has had this inside knowledge of the editorial policy of PICTORIAL REVIEW, I know the service it has rendered the woman's cause. It is the publication that was for us when all the others were against us. Now when we are wearing laurels in every cause for which women ever crusaded, and a world is calling "Women Wanted," I know the women of America are with me in saying, "Hurrah for the first magazine that turned in to help us win!"

Six of America's Foremost Women
Pictorial Review
the Suffrage Amendment

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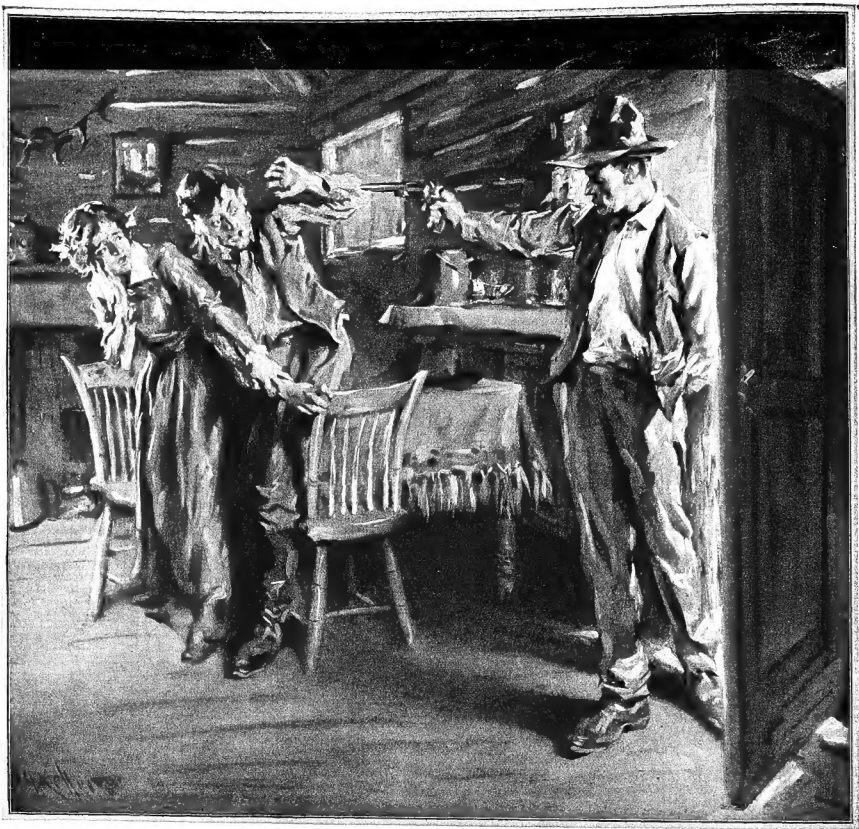

"'I Hate to Do This,' He Says, Queer-like. 'It is Very Silly—But I'm Supposed to——'"

QUEER HOUSE

The Strange Actions of a Native Whom the Hell-Holians "Never Could Understand"

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

"IMAGINE," remarked the man from the city, "that if I bought this place, the little house yonder might be converted into a very comfortable hunting-lodge."

The gray, gaunt swampman squinted through the dust and glare at the little gray cabin in the midst of the clearing. He shrugged and shook his head.

"I ain't sayin' it couldn't—an' I ain't sayin' it could. But it seems to me if you got enough money to buy a huntin' presarve, you'd be willin' to spend enough to build a comfortable place f'r yourself an' your friends."

"That's logical—but somehow, I can't explain the thing—that cabin appeals to me. It's peculiar—"

"Ye-e-s—it's peculiar all right. There's been peculiar people livin' in it, too."

"Now?"

"No. Hit ain't been occupied f'r nigh onto twenty year, come next Thanksgiving. Peculiar—yes, sir, it is that. Strange doin's, an' strange people. Folks hereabouts call it the Queer House."

"Queer House?"

"Account o' the queer guy used to live there. Some folks *are* that way, you know—born queer an' live queer. It's a strange story."

The man from the city produced two fragrant panetelas and handed one to the swampman. The native glanced at it curiously, smelled of it, and slipped it into the pocket of his tattered gray shirt. "Smoke hit to-morrow—church."

"I'd like to hear that story—about the queer house."

"Well—but you wouldn't understan'. You city folks don't understand nothin' about us. An' especially you Yankees."

"I'm interested just the same—Please——"

"Well," the native doubled his body like a jack-knife, his big feet clasped by unwashed hands, back rounded, long scrawny neck and elongated head with its hawk-like features outthrust toward the gray swamp, "I don't know's I mind tellin' you—not havin' nothin' else to do. But if you want to understand, you just keep astarin' at that house yonder——"

The man from the city stared at the dilapidated four-room shack in the clearing, framed by a background of oak and cypress trees from whose branches ghastly bunches of gray moss hung pendent. It was not in any way an unusual shack, save that the hardened clay, daubed between the logs, after the manner of a mason's plaster, had fallen away in large chunks, and that weeds had overrun what had at one time been a rather pretentious rose-garden.

Far to one side, through a vista of pine and cypress and oak, could be seen the glitter of the bayou which marked the edge of Hell Hole swamp. It was all unutterably dismal, fiercely lonesome, awesomely apart from the world of the city man. His eye traveled from the greenish grayness of the scene to the unkempt, dust-covered figure by his side. Here was a man who *belonged*.

The gray native drew from a pocket a manhandled plug of chewing-tobacco. He bit off a large chunk, wiped the remainder on his torn shirt, and returned the plug to the place from whence it had come. He masticated silently for a minute or two, cleared his throat—and told his story:

THAT house yonder (he began) is a mighty good house for the Hell Hole swamp country. Not that it looks very good to you—you're a rich man an' a city man, an' you're used to regular places with faucets you get water from, an' all such as that. But for around here, where all a man usually does is to throw up some logs an' plaster 'em with clay-mud, that there place is a mighty fine home.

Us Hell-Holians are different from you city folks. You're always goin' after somethin' you ain't got. That ain't no way to live. What we got we're thankful for. City people say we're shiftless. Pshaw! It ain't shiftlessness—it's contentment. We raise enough to feed us, an' we have our churches, an' our politics, an' our lodges. We get married, an' have children, an' once in a while we take a trip to Charleston for a day or so. But we don't never stay there—there ain't nothin' real about a big city like that. Why, there's people in the city that's starvin'! Think of that. Out here we don't have nothin' to worry us, less'n it's

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malaria when the Summer comes on—an' we're right used to that.

I'm tellin' you all this so you'll know why we called the feller queer. An' he was queer—always sittin' around readin' books an' sayin' as God never meant human beings to spend their lives like we was doin', an'—

Even at that his folks was bettern' the rest of us—not that they put on airs at all, but Old Man Simmons believed in work. He was the only man hereabouts who didn't farm a year behind himself. What's that mean? Y'see it's thisaway: I got a little farm, an' come Springtime when I need seed an' fertilizer an' a little supplies an' things, I go to a store in Moncks Corner, mebbe, an' get advances on my crop—all what I need. I go ahead, bring in th' crop at th' end of the Summer an' turn it over to the store-keeper. He pays all the money I owe for them advances an' gives me enough money an' supplies—if the season's been good an' not too much rain—to last me over until the Spring. Then I get more advances. We all do it—an' we're just as happy as if we paid right off for what we got. It's just the way things are done here, that's all.'

BUT Old Man Simmons wasn't that kind. He built that shack over yonder when he first married Bill Staples's Sally, an' he had a little money from sellin' his timber to the Atlantic Coast Lumber Corporation. He bought a couple of mules an' cows an' some chickens an' things, an' he done awful well—paid his bills an' was elected president of his lodges an' deacon of the church—an' become the father of Dave. Dave was born about the same time I was an' we was next-door neighbors—our place was just two miles away.

Before he was ten years old we all knowed that Dave was a queer 'un. How'd we know? Pshaw! you can't never tell *how* you know a thing—you just *know!* An' we knowed about him. It wasn't that he was crazy, but I guess the poor feller wasn't all there. I used to come over to play with him an' he'd want to do the foolishest things—not fishin' or swimmin', or shootin', or nothin' like that. He'd like to sit under the cypress trees down by the swamp edge an' talk of things—foolish things. Even when he was a little kid it was like he was a fish caught in a net—tryin' to get away from somethin' he couldn't get away from; tryin' to understand somethin' he couldn't understand.

I and him was about as close friends as he ever got to be with any one—which wasn't very close. We used to play together, the pair of us and Ellen—she was Harry Davenport's daughter, a little slip of a girl just about our age, and more of a boy than Dave. And right from the first she utter like Dave more'n she did me.

We went to the county school. Y'ain't familiar with these here county schools, are you? Some day I'll introduce you to a country county superintendent and then you'll understand why the schools ain't no better. They teach us readin' an' writin' an' 'rithmetic an' history an' geography, an' if we learn 'em—all right. I remember our teacher spelled "closer" on the board with two "s's," an' when Dave corrected her an' tol' her that was wrong, she started havin' it in for him right then.

He was catchin' her up in mistakes all the time; never showed no sense about it, either, because he might have seen that she was sore at him. She'd write notes home to Old Man Simmons tellin' him Dave was impertinent and such like, an' Old Man Simmons would tan Dave. I seen him do it once when Dave was about twelve, an' I never knew a boy could yell like he done. I minded him about it after it was all over.

"Pshaw! Dave, that wasn't no lickin'. I'll bet it didn't hurt much."

He looked at me in that queer, surprized way o' his'n. "No, of course it didn't hurt."

"Then what you yell so for?"

"Pop expected me to."

That was Dave all over—doin' things he thought was foolish, just because folks expected him to. Only when we was together, talkin' heart-t'-heart like boys will talk, did he ever say anything that he was thinkin'. It was when he was fourteen an' 'most everybody tapped their heads when they saw him—all but me an' Ellen—that he started sayin' queer things.

By the time he was that age he looked like a man—not in the body, but in the eyes. He'd left school long ago, because he knew more'n the teacher did. He was pesterin' the Old Man to send him up to Clemson or the State university or somethin', but the Old Man thought that was plumb foolishness. What'd Dave need with eddication? Warn't he goin' to farm the ol' forty acres an' marry Ellen an' settle down? What'd he need with a whole lot of book larnin'?—which I ain't sayin' ain't all right for city folks, but which ain't no use out here in Hell Hole.

Dave shut up about the eddication business, because his father expected him to. But he was *that* queer! I mind one day me and him was down by the bayou talkin'. He waved a hand in that queer way of his'n: "Where does it all lead to?" he asked. "I think and think and think. Just to stay here an' dry up an' never get anywhere! I want to get away from it."

"Where to?"

"I don't know—I don't know! I feel the call of the world," he'd say, queer, just like that, "I feel the call of the world."

"Yeh, Dave! Cities an' liquor an' wimmin. Carson's Johnny done that an' he wound up on the chain-gang. City's for city folks. You belong in the country."

He got up an' started t'ward home. Once he stopped an' looked at me, kinder sorrowful like. "You don't understand," he says; "Nobody understands."

"Understands what?"

"The feeling that there's something inside of you calling—calling to get out and do things. I wasn't born to *this*—I don't belong here."

Queer one, eh? Didn't belong here! An' he was born here an' his father an' mother before him, an' their fathers an' mothers before them. Awful queer, Dave was.

Him an' Old Man Simmons didn't get along none. Simmons didn't have much more'n a regular Hell Hole mind—crops an' county politics an' such. He sorter held it up against the boy because Dave was queer—like it was a reflection on him to be the father of a cracked feller. Dave's mother had died when Dave was eight, an' father an' son wasn't happy. Oh! I guess they loved each other all right, but Dave had a sorter contempt for his father. "He's like a plow-mule," he says to me once; "goin' along year after year in th' same furrow that all the others have gone in."

But in spite of that there callin' inside of him—that thing he said was the call of the world—he went on in the money an' buy books. He was the only man round these parts who talked good like you city folks talk. That marked him as a different man. But what difference did it make if he said, "I haven't any cotton," or if he said, "I ain't got no cotton"? Just as easy to understand one way as another, ain't it?

It got nobody'd have anything to do with him. They couldn't understand him any more'n he could them. There was a travelin' preacher through here once, a powerful bright feller who could shout more hell-fire in ten minutes than I ever heard in any other whole revival. Old Man Simmons was askin' him about Dave. I mind what he said: "The lad's a throw-back," he says. Of course that didn't explain nothin' to Old Man Simmons. "I'll throw him back," he says. "I'll make a man of him yet, if I have to bust his head doin' it. 'Tain't my fault the lad is queer."

You know how 'tis when a man is queer: he gets to thinkin' just about himself—don't have nothin' to do with them about him. That was the way with Dave. Him an' the Old Man was all the time squabblin'—that is, the Old Man was squabblin'. Time come he'd start an' Dave would listen for a while an' then get up an' walk away. Sometimes the Old Man would chase him up an' bawl him out, an' then Dave would say, "You don't understand me. There's something in me *here* that's calling me. It's the call of the world."

Always that same foolish thing about the call of the world. It was awful silly, because, you see, when a feller is born in Hell Hole, he's a Hell-Holian as long as he lives. It'd be just as much use for a cat to try an' be a panther: born a cat, an' he'll stay a cat always. But Dave couldn't see it thataway.

HE GROWED up—an', would you believe it, he didn't even look like us what lives out here. He didn't look like his father did, nor his mother had, nor anybody else. He wasn't tall nor scrawny—and he didn't even git yeller malaria. Not that he was healthy, but he had city folks' sicknesses.

He went on an' farmed the place with the Old Man because it was expected of him. Always with that dreamy, far-away look in his eyes. Never stopped bein' queer, an' the Old Man—well, the Old Man was pretty old an' he was took sick, powerful sick. He didn't care much for doctors, the Old Man didn't—said if it was God's will he should die, he'd die. Which is just as it should be. Dave was all for gettin' highfalutin special doctors out from Charleston, but pshaw! Old Man Simmons wouldn't listen to him.

The Old Man allowed Dave had been a powerful disappointment to him all through his life.

"If you'd only marry Ellen an' settle down, I'd be content," he says. "She's awaitin' fur ye——"

An' what'd Dave do? What would any queer'un do? He up an' married Ellen. Not because he wanted to, or that she wanted to, either, for that matter; but because it was expected of him, an' even if he was queer he'd been born an' raised out here, an' some of the Hell-Holianism was *in* him.

The Old Man died about two months after the weddin', an' Dave an' Ellen kept on alivin' in that there shack yonder. We folks watched 'em an' shook our heads an' wondered——

They wasn't happy; we could see that. Dave walked around with that dreamy look in his eyes—cracked like; an' Ellen began to appear—well, hunted; that's the word—hunted. I don't believe he beat her up none—she would have understood *that*—but I guess they must have lived in eternal silence. They didn't have nothin' in common; she thought he was half-crazy an' she—well, *she* was one of us, one of the kind Dave never had had nothin' to do with all his queer life.

Put a person in a place where they ain't familiar an' leave 'em there an' what are they goin' to try to do, eh? Escape, of course. That makes the other feller more natural, an' you'll see for yourself that Ellen wasn't to be blamed. No, sir, she wasn't that.

THIS other feller—well, I'll call him Pete; *he* was Ellen's kind. He had his own little place an' he talked her language an' he wasn't always spoutin' about poets an' books an' furrin' parts of the earth an' all such like. He was a human bein'—all there in the head. An' he loved her.

There ain't no use goin' too much into details, Mister. You city folks are kinder used to these things. When Ellen left Dave all of a sudden an' went to live with Pete—I said I'd call him Pete, didn't I?—we was kinder shocked but, there wasn't one of us didn't sympathize with her, an' she was took right in, 'stead o' bein' read out of the church an' all such like. An' we wondered what the queer 'un would do.

He done—well, he done the queerest thing ever. He walked up to Sim Hawkins, who was probate judge, one day, an' he says, lookin' kinder queer, "Mr. Hawkins, if your wife was to run off with another man, what would you do?"

That was a poser. Sim scratched his head a bit, an' looked cross-eyed at Dave.

"What would *I* do?"

"Yes."

"You mean what should *you* do?"

"I asked you what you would do."

"We-e-ll, *I'd kill* him."

"Thank you," says Dave, calm as th' mornin'. "I sort of thought it was up to me to do that." Yes, sir, just like that he said it—awful queer feller.

Next thing anybody knew was when he appeared in the doorway of the cabin where Pete an' Ellen was livin', happy as two larks. He covers Pete with his revolver: "I hate to do this," he says, queer-like. "It is very silly—but I'm supposed to—" And with that he lets fly an' Pete drops, the blood spurting out of his arm an' shoulder.

"Come on," says the queer 'un to Ellen, who was his wife by marriage, but no other way. She follows him, scared awful, and he takes her to her father's house.

"Here's your daughter," he tells the Old Man. "I've killed Pete—like you all was lookin' for me to do. An' I guess I'm s'posed to disappear for a while now, ain't I? I'll do it. You see that she stays here with you."

He turned around and walked away—them there folks too tongue-tied to do anything. He walked away down the road, his head back an' his eyes blazin'—he spoke only once to anybody an' that was to Jack Harkness. "I'm goin', Jack—goin' to answer the call of the world!"

Yes, sir, he went; he went—that was nigh on to twenty years ago—an' he's never come back. That's his place, yonder—the Queer Place, it's called, an' no one ever goes near it. We folks hereabouts never bothered to tell him about Pete — Dave wasn't no hand at all with a gun, an' Pete wasn't even hurt very bad. Bullet plowed up the fleshy part of his arm an' scared him considerable, but outside o' that, it didn't do no damage.

Ellen waited an' waited—an' so'd Pete.

Seven years passed an' no word from him, so they had him legally adjudged dead an' Ellen administered on his estate. It's her you can buy that there land from yonder—an' the Queer House, too. I'm hoping you tear it down, sir: it's like a ha'nt to us folks hereabouts.

Silence fell between the men. The man from the city stared through the gray haze toward the dilapidated cabin, rising starkly from the barren earth. "That is a queer story," he remarked. "And after Dave Simmons was legally killed——?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

"So I Sent My True Love"

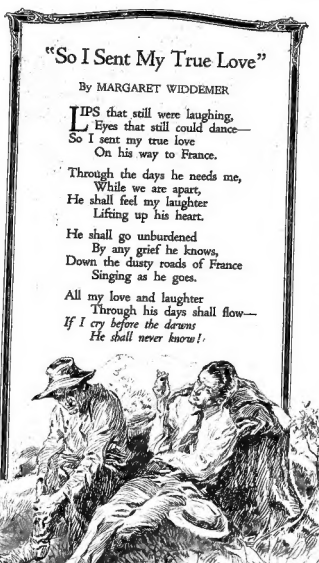
By MARGARET WIDDEMER

LIPS that still were laughing,
Eyes that still could dance—
So I sent my true love
On his way to France.

Through the days he needs me,
While we are apart,
He shall feel my laughter
Lifting up his heart.

He shall go unburdened
By any grief he knows,
Down the dusty roads of France
Singing as he goes.

All my love and laughter
Through his days shall flow—
If I cry before the dawns
He shall never know!



"That is a Queer Story,' He Remarked. 'And After Dave Simmons Was Legally Killed——?'"

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THIS LITTLE WOMAN DID A MAN'S WORK FOR SIX MONTHS UNDER FIRE AT VERDUN

Dr. Girard-Mangin in Her Uniform of Military Doctor, in Her Office at the Hospital

France's Fighting Woman Doctor

Dr. Nicole Girard-Mangin

An Inspiring Story of One Woman's Part in the Great War

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE KANSAS LEAVEN," "A HONEYMOON À L'AMÉRICAINE," ETC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. ELLIS

Dr. Girard-Mangin in Evening Dress, Taken Several Years before the War

THE American public has just heard of Dr. Nicole Girard-Mangin, the woman doctor who was mobilized and sent to the front by mistake, and who proved herself so fearless and useful that she was kept there for two years amid bursting shells and rattling mitrailleuses. She is being cited spectacularly as a dramatic proof that women can take men's parts, and do men's work, and know the man's joy of being useful. But she is much more than a woman doing a man's work. She is a human being of the highest type, giving to her country the highest sort of service, and remaining normal, sane, and well-balanced.

Long before the tornado of the war burst over the world, Paris knew her in many varying phases which now, as we look back, we see to have been the unconscious preparation for the hour of crisis. Personally I knew of her, casually, as the public-spirited young doctor who was attached to the Paris *lycée* where my children go to school, and who was pushing the "fresh-air" movement for the city poor. People who met her in a social way knew her as an attractive woman with a well-proportioned figure, lovely hair, and clear brown eyes, whom one met once or twice a week at the theater or in the homes of mutual friends, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh and cheerful, chatting talk. Other people who saw her every morning in her laboratory garb, serious, intent, concentrated, knew her as one of those scientific investigators who can not rest while the horrible riddle of cancer is unsolved.

Those who saw her in the afternoon among the swarming sick and poor of the *Clinique* of the great Beaujon Hospital, knew her as one of those lovers of their kind who can not rest as long as the horrible apathy of public opinion about tuberculosis continues. People who investigated cures for city ills and who went to visit the model tenement house for the very poor, near the St. Ouen gate of Paris, knew her as the originator and planner of that admirable enterprise, whose energy and forcefulness saw it financed and brought to practical existence. Observers who knew her in the big international Feminist Conferences in European capitals, saw an alert, upright, quick-eyed Parisienne, whose pretty hats showed no sign of the erudition of the head under them. Friends knew her as the gently-bred woman who, altho driven by no material necessity, renounced the easy, sheltered comfortable life of the home-keeping woman for an incessant, beneficent activity, the well-ordered regularity of which alone kept it from breaking down her none too robust health. And those intimates who saw her in her home, saw her the most loved of sisters and daughters, the most devoted of mothers, adored by the little son to whom she has been father and mother ever since he was four years old.

No one dreamed of war, but if the very day and hour had been known for years, Dr. Girard-Mangin could hardly have prepared herself more completely for the ordeal. Unconsciously she had "trained" for it, as the runner trains for his race. She was not very strong, slightly built, with some serious constitutional weakening, but she filled every day full to the brim with exacting and fatiguing work. She had two great factors in her favor. One of them was that enviable gift which Nature gives occasionally to remarkable people, the capacity to live with very little sleep. The other is even more noteworthy in a doctor—in whom close acquaintance with the laws of health seems often to breed contempt.

Dr. Girard-Mangin is that rare bird, a doctor who believes profoundly, seriously, in the advice which she gives to others, in the importance of those simple, humdrum laws of daily health which only very extraordinary people have the strength of mind to obey. Never, never, she says, as tho it were a matter of course, has she allowed fatigue, or overoccupation, or inertia, or boredom to interfere with her early morning deep-breathing and physical exercises, and her tonic cold bath. Never, never, no matter how long or exhausting the day, has she rolled into bed, dead beat, too tired to go through the simple processes of the toilet, which make sleep so much more refreshing. No matter how absorbed in her work, she has always taken the time at regular intervals to relax, to chat sociably with quite ordinary people, to go to the theater, to hear music. She has always breakfasted and lunched with her little boy, has steered him through his spelling and arithmetic, has gone on walks with him, has been his comrade and "pal." This has been as good for her as for him, naturally. Every Summer she has had the courageous good sense to take a vacation in the country. In short, she is a doctor who takes to her own heart the advice about rational life which doctors so often reserve for their patients.

To this woman, tempered to a steel-like strength by self-imposed discipline and by a regular, well-ordered life, came the great summons. And it found her ready to the last nerve in her strong, delicate little hand. You have read, probably, how on that "Day of Doom" when France called out her men, a *concierge* received, among mobilization papers for all the men in the big apartment house, one sending Dr. Girard-Mangin (presumably also a man, by the name) out to a military hospital in the Vosges mountains. The notice of mobilization was handed to a woman, a patriotic woman who long ago had heard the call to fight for France's best interests. She had seen her brother go before her into the fighting ranks and she followed him, into danger and service. She said a quick good-by to her friends, to her parents, to her son, her only child, a fine boy of fourteen then, from whom she had never before been separated.

Will every mother who reads these lines stop here and think what this means?

There is no need to repeat in detail here what has already been told of the first three months of her service—her arrival at the field hospital, disorganized, submerged by the terrible, ever-renewed flood of wounded men, of the astonishment of the doctor in charge. "What, a woman! This is no place for a woman. But, good God! if you know anything about surgery, roll up your sleeves and stay!"

There she stayed for three months, those blasting first three months of the war, when French people put forth undreamed-of strength to meet a crisis of undreamed-of horror. Out there in that distant military hospital, toiling incessantly in great heat, with insufficient supplies, bearing the mental and moral shock of the first encounter with the incredible miseries of war, that modern, highly organized woman, separated for the first time from her family, from her child, fearing everything for them and for her country, had no word, no tidings whatever, till the 28th of August. Then no knowledge of her son, of her parents, only a notice that the Government had retreated from Paris to Bordeaux! Comforting news that, for the first! Next they knew that Rheims was taken. Then one of the men whose wounds she dressed told her that he had been able to see the Eiffel Tower from where he fell. This sounded as tho the next news could be nothing but the German entry into Paris.

ALL FRANCE throbbed with straining, despairing effort, far beyond its normal strength, during those first three months; and to do the man's part she took, the delicate woman doctor, laboring incessantly among the bleeding wrecks of human bodies, needed all her will-power to pull her through.

Then the wild period of fury and haste and nervous, emotional exaltation passed, and France faced another ordeal, harder for her temperament even than the first fierce onset of the unequal struggle—the long period of patient endurance of the unendurable. The miracle of the Marne had been wrought; Paris was saved; the sting and stimulant of immediate, deadly danger was past; the fatigue from the supernatural effort of those first months dimmed every eye, deadened all nerves. Then France tapped another reservoir of national strength and began patiently, constructively to "organize" the war. And that daughter of France bent her energies to help in this need, as in the first.

A rough re-arrangement of competences was attempted everywhere on the front. Dentists no longer dug trenches, bakers were set to baking instead of currying horses, and expert telegraphers stopped making ineffectual efforts to cook. It came out then that the real specialty of the valiant little woman doctor who had been doing such fine work in the operating-room was not surgery at all. "I'm no surgeon, you know!" she says, and leaves it to her friends to tell you of the extraordinary record of her efficiency in that field, the low percentage of losses in her surgical cases. If you mention this, she says, "Ah, that's just because I'm *not* a born surgeon. I have to take very special care of my cases to be equal to the job." It was discovered that her great specialty was contagious diseases. There was great need for a specialist of that sort out at Verdun, where, alas! a typhoid epidemic had broken out. This was before the

Dr. Girard-Mangin with a Group of Her Nurses. This Photograph Shows the Intent, Calm Look of Attention She Gives to Her Work

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extra precautions about inoculations, which were taken later.

Dr. Girard-Mangin was sent to Verdun on November 1st, 1914, and was there steadily for more than a year, until the 28th of February, 1916. She found her sick men on mattresses, in tents, on such low ground that they were often literally in water. Whenever there was freezing weather, those who cared for them slid about on sheets of ice. Above them, on higher ground, were some rough old barracks, empty, partly remodeled, said to have been left there by the Prussians in 1871. "Why don't we move the sick up there?" she asked, and was met by all the usual dragging, clogging reasons given by administrative inertia.

The sheds were not ready to occupy; there were no expert carpenters to get them ready; it would be impossible to heat them; no order for the change had come from Headquarters—furthermore, a reason not mentioned, the sheds, being on higher ground, were more exposed to shell-fire. Dr. Girard-Mangin had had some experience with administrative inertia in her struggles for better housing for the poor; and long before the war she had known what it was to put herself voluntarily in danger—the scar from a bad tubercular infection on her hand is the honorable proof of that. She knew that the sick men would be better off in the barracks on higher ground. So she took them there. Just like that.

She was to have the entire care of the typhoid epidemic, and the only help which could be given her was to come

The Doctor, with Some of Her Wounded Men

from twenty men, absolutely unassorted—such a score as you would gather by walking down any street and picking up the first twenty men you met. There were several farm-laborers, a barber, an accountant, miscellaneous factory hands. The only person remotely approaching a nurse was a man who had had the training for a pharmacist, but as he had never been able to stay sober long enough to take his examinations, you may not be surprized that he was the least useful of them all.

These twenty casually selected human beings went unwillingly up the hill toward the barracks, ironic, mocking, lazy, indifferent, as human beings unelectrified by purpose are apt to be. But, altho they did not know it, there marched at their head an iron will, a steel-like purpose, and an intelligence which was invincible. They took this to be but a smallish, youngish woman in uniform, and were all in great guffaws at the comic idea of being under her orders.

Of course, to begin with, she did not know one of her men from another, but she studied them closely as they worked, driven along by her direction, setting up the rough camp-stoves, stopping the worst of the holes in the walls, arranging the poor apologies for mattresses, and cutting off the tops of gasoline-cans for heating water—for our woman doctor was asked to take care of several hundred typhoid cases and was not provided with so much as a bowl that would hold water. Presently, as they worked, she noticed that there were but nineteen men there. All day she studied their faces, their bearing, what was written on them for the seeing eye to read. At night, at supper-time, there were twenty men. Those clear brown eyes swept around the circle and pounced on a mild-looking *poilu* innocently taking his soup with the others.

"WHERE have you been all day?" she asked him.

He fairly turned pale with astonishment, "Why, how did you—? I've been right here, working!" he tried to bluster her down.

"No, you haven't. You haven't been here since a quarter past ten this morning," she assured him.

He hung his head a moment, then looked an ugly defiance, "Well, I've been into Verdun to spend the day with a friend. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to have you punished for disobeying an officer," she said promptly, tho so little military had been her beneficent life, that she had no more idea than you or I or any other woman would have of what punishment could be given in such a case.

"Officer's orders!" said the man. "*What officer?*" All the men laughed.

"I'm your officer," she said, and went away to telephone to the military authority in charge of such cases.

"I can't be expected to have discipline if I'm not backed up," she said. "This is a test case. It's now or never."

The answer was a non-com and a guard marching up to the barracks, saluting the military doctor and, with all due military ceremony, carrying off the offender for a week in prison. Dr. Girard-Mangin laughs still at the recollection of the consternation among the nineteen who were left. "I never had any trouble about *discipline*, after that," she says. "Of course there were the utter incompetents to be weeded out. For that I followed the time-honored army custom of sending my worst man whenever the demand from headquarters came for a good, competent person to be sent to other work! Before long I had reduced the force of nurses to twelve. Those twelve I kept for all the time of my service there, and we parted at the end, old friends and tried comrades. I have never lost track of them since. They always write me once in a while, wherever they are."

As soon as it grew dark enough, that first night, for the ambulances to dash out through the blackness, over the shell-riddled roads to the *abris*, close to the front, the stricken men began to come in. Before dawn, that very first night, there were fifty-five terrible typhoid cases brought into the bare sheds. Then it was that Dr. Girard-Mangin, working single-handed with her score of crude, untrained helpers, needed all her capacity for going without sleep. Then it was that her men, seeing her at work, stopped laughing because she was a woman and admired her because she was a woman doing wonderful things; then, best of all, forgot that she was a woman, and took her simply for the matchless leader that she is, in the battle against disease. I think it was not wholly the guard, marching away the disobedient man to prison, who was responsible for the fact that our little woman doctor had no further difficulty with discipline.

The condition of the typhoid patients was harrowing beyond words. A man going out with his squad to a front-line trench would be stricken down with fever on arriving. It was impossible for him to return until his squad was relieved and he could be carried to the rear on a comrade's back. There he was, there he must remain, for the three or four or five days of his squad's "turn" in the front lines. Can you imagine the condition of a man with typhoid fever, who has lain in a trench in the mud for four days, with no shelter from the rain or snow but an overcoat spread over him, with no care beyond an occasional drink of water from a comrade's flask? For your own sake I hope you can not imagine it. And I will not go into details. Enough to say that such men were brought in by the tens, by the twenties, by the fifties, filthy beyond words, at the limit of exhaustion, out of their heads with weakness and fever and horror.

And there to stem that black tide of human misery stands our little upright, active, valiant, twentieth-century woman. I think, altho we are not of her nation, we may well be proud of her as a fellow-being who had voluntarily renounced ease to choose the life which had made her fit to cope with the crisis of that night—and of the more than four hundred days and nights following. For cope with it she did, competently, resolutely, *successfully*. "Oh, yes, we gave them cold baths," she says, when you ask for details. "We managed somehow. They had all the right treatment, cold baths, not packs, injections, the right food—everything very primitive at first, of course, but everything you ever do for typhoid anywhere. Our percentage of losses was very low always."

"But how? *How?* How did you manage?" you ask.

"Oh, at the beginning everything was very rough. We had only one portable galvanized-iron bathtub. Since they were all so badly infected, there was less danger in bathing them all in the same tub than in not fighting the fever that way. And then, just as soon as I could reach the outside world by letter, I clamored for more, and they were sent."

"But how could you, single-handed, give cold baths to so many men? It's a difficult matter, giving a cold bath to a typhoid patient."

"I wasn't single-handed. I had my twelve soldier-nurses."

"'*Nurses*', you say! Farm-laborers, accountants, barbers, drunken druggists!"

"But I got rid of that good-for-nothing pharmacist at once! And the others—the twelve good ones—they learned what to do. They learned how to give the simple remedies. They learned how to do the other things enough to give me a report—how to take temperatures, how to give the baths at the right degree for the right time, how to take the pulse."

"How could they learn all that?" you ask, amazed.

Dr. Nicole Girard-Mangin with Her Medical Colleagues at the Verdun Hospital

"I taught them," says Dr. Girard-Mangin, slightly surprized, in the simplest, most matter-of-fact tone.

You look past her, out there to that hand-to-hand struggle with death which was carried on by the one indomitable will and the one well-trained mind, strong enough not only to animate this woman's body before you, but those other bodies and ignorant, indocile minds.

"They did it very well, too," she assures you, and you do not doubt her.

That woman could teach anybody to do anything.

You come back to details. "But how could you get enough water and heat it for so many baths, on just those rough, small, heating-stoves?"

"Well, we were at it all the time, practically, day and night. We cut the tops off those big gasoline-cans the automobilists use, and stood one on every stove up and down the barracks. There wasn't a moment when water wasn't being heated, or used, or carried away."

"What could you do about intestinal hemorrhages?" you ask. "You must have had many, with such advanced cases. Your farm-hand nurses couldn't——"

"I never tried to teach them how to handle any real crisis, only to recognize it when it came, and go quickly to fetch me. I taught them to watch carefully and at the first sign of blood on their patients' clothing or on the mattress, to take the knapsack out from under the sick man's head—they had no other pillow, of course—to lay him down flat, and then to run and call me, from wherever I was."

"You must have had almost no sleep at all."

"THAT was the greatest help I had, being able to get along on little sleep. And I got more work out of my helpers than any man could, for they were ashamed to ask to sleep or rest, seeing that a woman, half their size, could still keep going."

"But how about your famous hygienic regularity, the morning exercises and cold baths and——"

"Oh, as soon as I saw I was in for a long period of regular service, I took the greatest care to go on with all the things which keep one fit for regular service."

"Morning tubs?"

"Yes, morning tubs! I slept—what time I had to sleep—in an abandoned peasant's house in an evacuated village near the hospital. I didn't take any of the down-stairs rooms because people are likely to walk right into an abandoned house, and part of the time there were soldiers quartered in the village. Then there was usually somebody in the house with me. The other times I had it all to myself. I took a room on the second floor. It happened to have a flight of steps leading up to it, and another one going out of it into the attic. Of course, I never had any heat, and the drafts from those two open stairways—well, it was like sleeping in the middle of a city square. Sometimes I used to take down a bottle filled with hot water, but the bed was so cold that it was almost instantly chilled. Many a time I have gone to sleep, all curled up in a ball, holding my feet in my hands, because they were so cold, and wakened to find them still as icy. Oh, the cold! That is the worst enemy of all at the front, the most wearing, the most demoralizing, the most dehumanizing, because it *lasts* so. With other things—hunger, wounds, danger—either it kills you, or it passes. But the cold is always there."

The Little Doctor Ready for a Walk with Her Dog "Dun"

She loses herself for a moment in brooding recollection and you wonder if Jeanne d'Arc ever did anything braver for her country than did this delicate, stout-hearted modern woman, sleeping alone for months and months in bitter cold in a deserted house in a deserted village.

She comes back to the present. "And it was there that I took my morning tubs!" she says with an amused smile. "Of course the water froze hard into a solid lump. So I put *carbonate de potasse* into it. This not only kept it from freezing, but made it alkaline, so that it was an excellent detergent and stimulant to the skin. I assure you, after a night in which I had been incessantly called from one bed to another, when I felt very much done-up, my cold sponge-bath in that water was like a resurrection. I was made over. Then, of course, no matter how busy I was, I took care of my feet—changed my stockings and shoes every day. Feet are one's weakest point in a long pull like that."

You venture to remark about a slight limp noticeable when she walks. "Yes, it comes from a frozen foot—I have to admit it. But it's really not my fault. That was later, at the time of the battle at Verdun. There are

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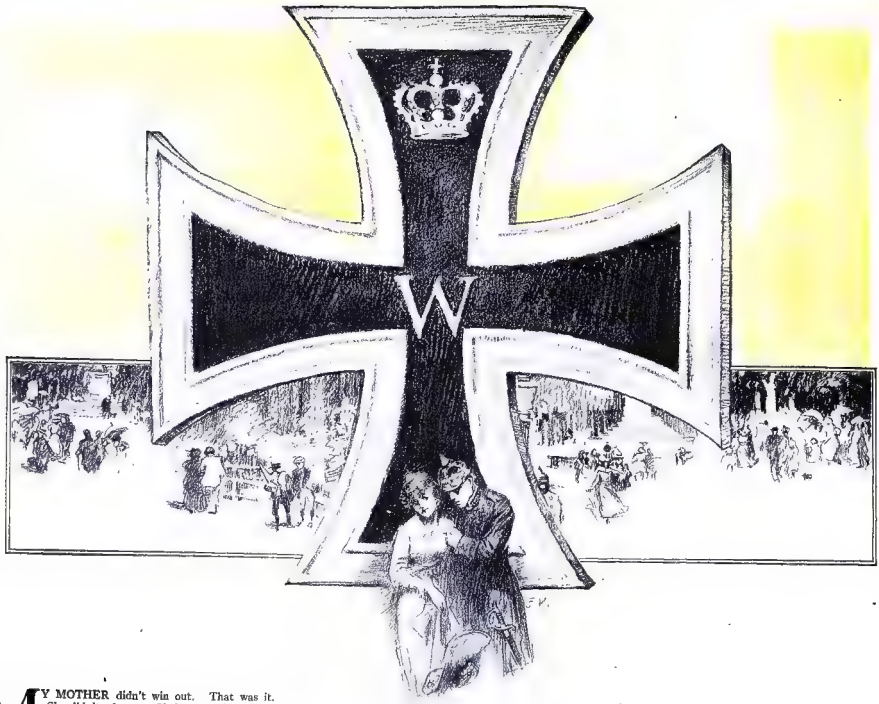

The Man Who

"They'll Answer for It—as Sure as There's a God—Left Ruling!"

MY MOTHER didn't win out. That was it. She didn't win out. If she had—I wouldn't be here with the damned. She didn't want me to go to the University. She wanted me to stay in America. Berlin wasn't necessary. Am I making it clear? A message wants to be clear when it starts out from the dwelling-place of the damned. That being so, it will be clearer as it goes on. This is going to be clearer than crystal by the time it reaches you, and then you will understand.

She wanted me to stay in America where I belonged, with the rest of my fellow-citizens. She half-suspected that it was Sharlie who was beckoning to me from across the water. You can't blame her, can you? I was in love with Sharlie, and always had been. Since I can remember anything at all, you understand. Truth is, she's about the first thing that I *can* remember! Dates back a little, too. 'Twas our back fence that marked the boundary-line between us in the beginning—— Yes—long time ago—— But you could depend on her, even then. She was there always, in her little white dress, like a part of the day. When she wasn't on my side of the fence, I was on hers. I was on hers the day I fell down on Dennis Mooney's rake, and drove three teeth into my leg in a bloody row! Dennis said it served me right for meddling with his rake. But she didn't say that! Or she didn't say, "I told you so,"—either!

She couldn't have been more than eleven then—and I twelve. But she took care of me, doctors! Wich her face as white as her dress, and her handkerchief all bloody—and used as first-aid bandage— I remember what clever little hands she had, even then. And the little, motherly, frightened pats she gave me—— I can remember her *hands* very clearly! She was learning to fiddle, by that time, and practising twenty minutes a day!

Didn't I say you could depend on her? Why, she never failed you when you needed help! Always there—weren't you, Sharlie? I didn't realize she was the whole thing. Not until I went off to Harvard. Overgrown six-footer, I was then. But I seemed to have lost my protector. And to be stark alone in an overgrown, man-filled world. Lonesome? And homesick? Maybe not—— A fellow doesn't talk about those things, tho. Keeps them to himself, buried somewhere in his bulk of bone and flesh. And nobody knows what a desolate, kid heart he can carry round with him. Truth, isn't it, Doctors? Truth you look forward to your vacations like food and drink—and warmth and human comfort, isn't it? Truth that *I* did, anyhow.

And she was *just the same!* No blossoming out extras about her. She didn't need them. She was all-equipped from the start. She was developing *musically*, they said. They had expected that! And practising more hours a day on her full-size fiddle. But she always welcomed me back with that happy face, and the lighted-candle effect behind her eyes.

But they were beginning to "expect things" of her! She didn't tell me she was going to Berlin, tho, till I was well-running in the Medical School. By the time I was through with the Medical School, she had been there two years.

I was ripe for the University then, myself. Berlin was the hub, after all, wasn't it? And you didn't win out—did you, Mother? But can you blame her? Can you blame her for laying a little at Sharlie's door?

Well, now let me tell you something. I *wanted* Sharlie, as much as a man can humanly want anything. But you must give me credit for a fairly stiff defensive, too. I honestly tried to eliminate her when I laid my plans. And I know it wasn't entirely Sharlie, either! I couldn't forget her! You wouldn't expect that, would you? And I admit her eyes had a way of chasing me like stars—beckoning to me from across the water.

BUT it's also true that I wanted to be the most thoroughgoing, well equipped, trained, and grounded young physician and surgeon that could be turned out. And I thought Berlin could do it for me.

I went, doctors. I found her—and I got my pace at the University—— Oh, those were great days, men! I was all alive, and the light of God's sun was shining on the Great German Empire alone! Great years—two of them? Three of them?

I'm not entirely clear right there, but the Great German Empire was leading the rest of the little world round by its little nose—I was clear on that! It had been doing it for years—and it was still doing it when the Great War broke out—— War? I wasn't surprized—— It would only bring about a clearer recognition of a natural leadership. A perfectly deserved and generally appreciated leadership, already. People were going to fall into line. Germany would show them how—if anybody balked. And her troops started out—— They started out to bag Paris—by the way of Belgium.

That was in 1914, wasn't it? Curious thing, but dates are the things that have gone from me cleaner than anything else. I'd be willing to bet it was 1914. And about the middle of Summer. You see I remember those July nights with Sharlie, in the Tiergarten, with the July night stars blazing down on us, and the little lakes glimmering up at us from below. 'Twas the middle of Summer, then, wasn't it? Yes, sir! And they started out—*tramp, tramp, tramp*, the only army in the world worth looking at, to bag Paris! I can hear them just as well, yet. Because I was right there, you see. And when they got their swing—*tramp, tramp, tramp*, I swear I wanted to *go with them!* Be one of the baggers of Paris with them! Be one of the only army in the world worth looking at!

Sharlie took a hand and cooled me off a little, then. Sharlie was a loyal American, bless her, and she did her best. But not enough to keep me out of the fracas altogether. I told you to start with that you could depend on Sharlie. But not on me! That's why I'm here, I suppose! Too bad, Mother! You didn't win out, did you? You knew that I'd volunteer—didn't you? Well, I did! And in the air-service! 'Twas my tribute to the Great German Empire—— *Deutschland über Alles!*

I went forget those first trips. I'd never known before what it was to be cold. Not cold in that way. It was different. But you get used to it, like everything else. Like everything else. And we were full of business.

I felt like quite a seasoned old bird by the first time we struck out for London—— That was quite a while afterward, of course. As I said—I'm not clear on time—and dates. But we aimed for London. It was when the War was well on, and every man was doing his darndest. Nothing that a man would balk at!

But 'twas a good deal of a fizzle, too. We didn't get the munition works, and we didn't get anything else. Just wasted some bombs and came back again.

It made me mad. I can remember that well enough. I hated England, like any other defender of the Fatherland. We'd try again. And luck would be our way, another time, for an honest blow at a swelled-headed, smiling autocracy that had long since had pluckier nations under its heel—the world over. We'd *do* something to them, yet!

I remember the day we did it—— Oh, we *did* it all right!

I'M COLD, Doctors—and I can't give you dates—I can't give you dates! You didn't win out, did you, Mother? If you'd won out—maybe there wouldn't have *been* any Great War—and I wouldn't be here now, with these kind Emissaries to Hell—would I, Doctor? It's no use, you know! Just give me a little looking-glass and I'll show you—— *The eyes that look back! That's* the point!—Hooray! "War is Hell!"—*Deutschland über Alles!*

I was wandering a little from the general theme. I'll be

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Looked Back

By LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE SUNNY DOOR," "GREEN UMBRELLAS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BALFOUR KER

steadier now. But—you *can't say looking-glass* to me! Hold on, now! I'm all right—— I know what I'm talking about—— It was about the day—*we did it*——

It was a coolish, clear morning. Not biting cold the way it had been. And the earth looked bright and busy down there below. We had come across the Channel the night before. And we had circled round our picked spot like a lazy hawk, flying high, till there was danger of going to sleep on our job.

Well, that danger wasn't worth mentioning, after all. Back there behind a kind of comfortable peace, that seemed to be rocking us to sleep, there was a pin-point in the brain. A pin-point and a signal-station. We were only taking time, that was all. A hawk can pause before a dive. And we had sighted our prey.

I forget what that particular "works" was. Or even if it was a good-sized looking shop, That was only the bull's-eye, anyway. It was going to be a job on ENGLAND, before we were through with it. That was the point. A job that would give that purring, self-satisfied enemy a smash they'd perhaps notice.

It was clear and coolish. I said that before—clear and coolish. The morning was getting on. Perhaps about noon—— It was past noon when we heaved the first one over—— Our aim was pretty fair, we reckoned, and we were on to our job.

We flew lower, as we let them drop, and got a little reckless, I suppose. We were *doing the business*. That was the principal thing. We were smashing at old England! H-m? —How was that?—H-m?—Like it? Take that then!—Feel anything? *Rule Britannia*—hey?— Ha, ha!—One more now! *Deutschland über Alles!*

No, I'm all right. Don't worry. Steady as a clock.

We flew still lower, a little excited, maybe, and we reeled. We dropped, and tried to right ourselves, and dropped some more. It was a close call for the craft—and I'm not clear about it. Things went upside down for me, and darkish—and it served me right. I was the most reckless one aboard. They'd told me that before now, and it looks as if I took advantage of that drop to earth, and spilled out. Same thing that happened to Joe Whitehall, except that Joe landed more suddenly and was dizzy for a month, besides breaking a few bones. I may be dizzy still, but I only bruised my bones. I took it more gradually, you see, by way of a high, green thing with waving tops and many arms. I admit I was a scared boob as I made my way down, tho. And I give you my word, it was a lonely affair, that trip from above to English soil.

By the time I had arrived, I felt as if a sickening black cloud of time had somehow rolled over me, and left me a sore and battered wanderer on the earth—— I looked up —I could still do that—and I could see them sailing on and off, without me.

But I knew where I was, well enough. I was clear enough about that. And I was on my feet, too, staggering ahead like a forsaken tramp—— Seems to me it's queer I wasn't more confused than I was, doctors! What do you say? God! It was confusion all about me, sure enough! And folks running round—crazy and crying—— And fires breaking out—— And more folks—smashed and bloody—— Some of 'em living—and some of 'em dead—— But smashed and bloody—— *Children?* Oh—yes! Plenty of 'em—— *Mostly* children! Mostly—children—— Still hanging on—to their school-bags—*living and dead*—you understand?

THE dead ones didn't cry—of course—like the others ——Like the ones that tried to crawl—and cry—too—for their mothers—— For their *mothers*—Doctors! You see—they kept crying—*for their mothers!* They kept trying—to make them hear—— But—pshaw! Their voices didn't carry! 'Sounded like baby's voices—crying for their—for their *mothers*, I said—didn't I?

I'm getting clearer now. And I stopped by one little chap, and lifted him up—— He looked up at me, you see! Poor kid—ha, ha! That was his mistake! He looked up at me—— If—*if you could have seen the terror in his eyes!* When he *saw me!* When he—*saw me*—gentlemen!

I'm cold—I tell you! I want my coat—— And I'll tell you why—— 'Twas—his *mother*—he'd cried for—— And I came—instead—— Well, he'd had about all he could carry —that little chap had! And 'twas the last straw! He died of fright—like that! When he saw—*who'd come*—you bone-heads! He died—like that—— Just at the sight of me—— He shrank up like a crumpled leaf—*and died!*

I'm getting clearer every minute! Notice it? I was so clear by that time—I suppose you think I could get away! But *you don't know anything about it!* You never—fought for the Fatherland—— And there was a woman reaching up her hand to me—— Reaching up with a white and bloody smile—— Pointing with a bloody, broken hand—— She—she wanted me to *find her little girl*—for her! She'd—come to fetch her—and I suppose she'd the right to—hadn't she? *Hadn't she the right to?* School was out—and *hadn't she the right to come and fetch her little girl?* She—*Had*—*The*—*Right*—Gentlemen of the War Jury!

But I couldn't pick out the one she came for! There were live ones and dead ones—curse it—and I couldn't pick her out! I got confused—because there were live ones and dead ones! Still running about! Not the *dead* ones—understand? No—the dead ones didn't run—— Not now—— They had—of course—— Just a little while back—— They'd all been running along—just a few minutes back—— Running along home from school—— And what do you think? There was one little fellow who still kept at it, damn it! Yes, sir! I could hear him whispering it out—as he went by me! Dryish sounds he made—but he was whispering it out—— "We'll—go—*home*—Donny!" Just like that—— "We'll—go—*home*—Donny!"

DONNY was the broken bundle in his arms, you see! Donny—you understand? Donny couldn't have been *five*—— But he was limp and bloody—too—— You don't like it? Well, neither do I—now I think of it! But these aren't the times for mincing matters, gentlemen! These aren't *the times!* They've gone—those mincing times—like breezes of the past! It's the wind that sweeps round us now-a-days! The cold—cold wind! With the cold truth blown along before it! Ha, ha! Can't escape it—in these windy times—can you? Old days have gone—haven't they, boys—when you only got the sunshine blown along by the breeze? It's cold now—— And as I was saying—yes, about Donny—— It's cold now—and Donny was one of the dead ones.

But I'll tell you something. One of the Secrets of War, fellows! And don't blab! I'll tell you something—— Donny was still hugging his little new blue primer under his little old blue sleeve! I've made a song out of it—and it's got a good swing, too!

"Hugging his little new blue primer under his little old blue sleeve!"

Founded on Fact, you see. *That's* the point! And I swear before you all, Gentlemen of the War Jury, that's just what that little dead lad did! Still *hugged his little new blue primer under his little old blue sleeve!* And I reached out to lend a hand—— Didn't suppose I'd just stand there —and *look*—did you? When Donny's Brother needed help? No, sir! I reached out—to help him! And I got turned down—too! He didn't even see me! Just staggered ahead with his bundle—and that sickening starch-white terror on his face! Why he couldn't have been more than *eight*—himself! What do you know about that? I don't know—know anything—about it—so I followed along—too —after him—— He was taking Donny home—— So I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

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Hooverizing at the White House

Showing How the First People of the Land Are Daily Putting into Practise the Policies They Are Preaching to the American People

By IDA CLYDE CLARKE

NO SINGLE method of saving has been suggested as a means of helping to win the war that is not employed to some extent by those who are issuing orders from Washington. The system of entertainment at the White House decided upon in Washington's day has been maintained to a large extent through many administrations. Usually the President has troubles enough without embarking upon any crusade against long established precedents of White House social customs.

President Wilson, however, from the beginning of his administration, has been disposed to break away from precedent. We all remember how the city of Washington gasped in astonishment when he dispensed with the inaugural ball, to which social devotees as well as trades people looked forward from one presidential election to another. These balls sometimes cost from $50,000 to $60,000.

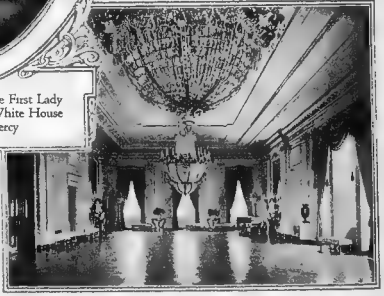
Contrary to precedent, members of President Wilson's family act like other human beings. Miss Margaret Wilson, Mrs. McAdoo, Mrs. Sayre, and the President's cousin, Miss Helen Bones, have all been working actively in the different branches of war aid.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, the First Lady of the Land, leaving the White House on a mission of mercy

PRECEDENT requires that the President give nine State functions during the year, but these have been abolished by President Wilson "for the period of the war." At all formal affairs, guests were received in the East Room which extends across the entire eastern side of the house. Before the war this room was always open to the public. It is eighty-two feet long and forty feet wide. It is adorned with three immense crystal chandeliers, costing $5,000, and comprising 5,060 pieces of cut glass, each of which has to be separately cleaned. In this unfinished "banquet hall" Mrs. Adams is said to have "dried the family wash." In this stately room several weddings have taken place, and in this room also on a white catafalque lay the body of the martyred President Abraham Lincoln.

When the White House was open to the public, a larger force of servants was required to keep it in order. Now about twenty-five are regularly engaged, while extra help is called in when needed. Colored help is employed exclusively. President Wilson even dispensed with some of the White House police force last Summer when the papers reported a shortage of men for police duty.

The State Dining-room, seldom used now except when Foreign Commissioners are our guests



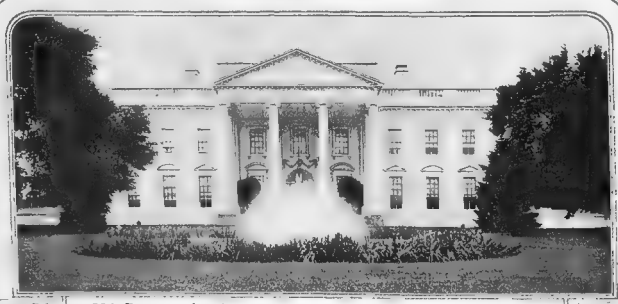
This is the famous East Room, in which public receptions were formerly held. These have now been discontinued

THE first real sacrifice asked of the American people was that they conserve food. Scarcely had the order gone out from Washington before conservation began at the White House. Public Entertainment, which since the Government was established, has been a prominent feature of official life in Washington, was abandoned, and no public entertainments have been given during the past year except when representatives of foreign governments have been our guests, and even on those occasions every feature of the entertaining has been simplified. Instead of the thirty courses formerly served at such affairs there have been but three during the past year. This is certainly a radical change.

NO FORMALITY marks family life at the White House. While planned and prepared with great care, the meals are simple and are simply served. Dolly Madison was said to have gone every day to market, where she spent $50.00 on the White House table, but no such extravagance is practised in the White House to-day.

For receiving and as a private parlor the family use the Red Room, and this is said to be the room Mrs. Wilson likes best. Certainly the rich Pompeian red in which it is furnished forms a most attractive background for her dark beauty.

The rooms on the second floor of the White House reflect the personality of the President's family.



Main Entrance to the White House, showing the fountains which President Wilson ordered shut off to conserve water when the Washington supply was low

Photographs © Harris & Ewing

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ON THE second floor, also, are many guest-chambers, which President Wilson ordered closed and the heat shut off last Winter when the coal shortage was announced and the people of America were asked to conserve coal.

It is on this floor that the personal atmosphere of the White House is most evident.

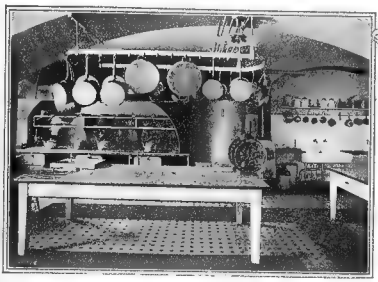
A peep into the White House attic would delight the heart of any home lover, and almost any one would be tempted to covet. In this attic have been placed many pieces of furniture removed from various rooms to make way for new pieces that are more to the liking of those who have to use them.

Family life at the White House is quite separate and distinct from official life. The family dining-room is the only room on the first floor to which the public is not admitted. Here the President and his family frequently entertain informally and always in conformity with the suggestions of the National Food Administration.

One of the Guest-chambers on the second floor of the Executive Mansion, which contains forty rooms. When we were asked to conserve coal last Winter the President ordered all unused rooms closed and the heat turned off

THE famous cut-glass set consists of 520 separate pieces and on each piece, from the large punch-bowl to the tiny salt-cellars, is engraved the coat of arms of the United States. This set cost $6,000 and it required six months to make it. The china, numbering 1,500 pieces, was selected by Mrs. Hayes when she was mistress of the White House. For State dinners the large kitchen in the basement is used, but for daily meals there is a smaller one, where the food for the family is prepared.

Just a word about the President's study which is one of the rooms on the second floor. Perhaps more than any other room it reflects the personality of the man who has made it peculiarly his own. It is very simply furnished and a dignity broods over it reminiscent of the weightiness of the problems that are met there. Books line the walls and a simplicity of decoration predominates. It is not difficult to imagine the President at work in this study on some important message.



The White House has two kitchens. This is the smaller one, where the family meals are prepared

The mezzanine floor above this pantry contains the $6,000 set of china and the White House cut glass

THE utmost care is exercised in planning for the White House table. The food is prepared in the family kitchen which includes every modern appliance that can increase the efficiency of the service. The pantry is provided with an electric dumbwaiter and an electric plate-warmer which is capable of warming three thousand plates in five minutes. The china-closet is on the mezzanine floor above the pantry where the choicest and rarest of the Presidential plate, china, and cut glass are kept. Much of this has accumulated since Dolly Madison's time. There are many pieces remaining of the chest of over three hundred pieces purchased by President Munroe in Paris. The old markings are still faintly traceable. There are a huge plateau and surtout purchased by President Jefferson, and Mrs. Madison added a large centerpiece of gold and crystal which is still in use. Almost every administration has added to this wonderful collection. No plated ware is used in the White House. Every piece is of sterling silver and is marked with the American eagle and the words "President's House."

The White House steward is paid a salary of $1,800 a year by the Government, but the President pays for the food. The set of cut glass used at the White House is the finest ever made in this country.

FROM this account of White House economy it can readily be seen that when Mrs. Wilson obtained the first window-card issued by the Food Administration and hung it in the White House window, the changes that ensued were many. Even the flowers brought from the greenhouses for many occasions were given up. Only the exquisite blossoms from the White House conservatories are used now. Certainly this is in striking contrast to the time when the Britishers said that Dolly Madison's banquets were like "harvest home suppers." No longer does the cost of one dinner run up into the thousands, no longer is it thought necessary to use elaborate decorations for entertaining. Times, indeed, have changed since Mr. Van Buren was criticized for extravagance for the purchase of the famous mirror which is frequently laid on the table, and the gold spoons which are still used at formal White House functions.

It will be remembered that when the American public was asked to conserve wool, the President bought a flock of sheep and they were allowed to graze on the White House lawn. When the wool was clipped it was given to the Red Cross and one pound of this wool brought at auction $1,000 for the Red Cross fund. It was also through President Wilson that the annual egg-rolling on the White House lawn was given up at last Eastertide. Statistics showed that $10,000 was saved in this way. Conservation of wheat was an institution at the White House early in the food-saving game. So many things looked upon as necessities can be sacrificed if the need be great and the spirit willing.

ISN'T there something rather fine about the attitude of the President and his family? Something worthy of thought in the knowledge that this first family in the land, eager to be of service in the necessary economy of the country, are limiting themselves in the matter of food in exactly the same way that the humblest of families are doing? Cut glass and sterling silver are only the implements used for the food that differs very little from that served on the coarser china and the plated ware of humbler circumstances. Such a leveling of standards is an inspiration.

The Private Study of President Wilson, the most interesting room in the Executive Mansion

THE President's family are economizing with the rest of us and it is plain to be seen that no conservation in which the American people have been asked to participate is withheld by them. As for the President himself, he is literally practising what his representatives preach.

Photographs © Harris & Ewing

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"'Listen, You're Goin' to Dig Down to Your Last Case-chip when Your Uncle Sam Says He Needs It'"

When Tondo Went to War

And Take It from Me, It Was "Some" Patriotic Rally, Too

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD BOREIN

AUTHOR OF "SOOTHING THE SAVAGE BREAST," "HANGING À LA MODE," "WHAT'S ONE MAN'S MEAT," ETC.

TIPPED back in a chair, with feet propped on the railing, the Old Cattle Buyer was passing the after-breakfast hour on the porch of the Tierra Blanca Hotel. His saddled horse, standing with dropped reins under a near-by mesquit tree, was evidence that he had recently arrived from other parts.

Not having an audience, he was entertaining himself by whistling. From time to time he interrupted the tune to tip his hat back from his eyebrows and chuckle.

Old Lem Harley, hotel proprietor and only rival of the Old Cattle Buyer for conversational endurance, strolled down the porch and seated himself by his side.

"Are you back from Tondo City?" he queried.

"Why, now that you call my attention to it, I reckon I am," agreed the Old Cattle Buyer.

"You looked so cheerful-like that I calculated you must of sold that bunch of range cows you was dickerin' on," ventured Lem, probing for information. "Must feel like one of these here capitalists."

"You calculated right about the cows," assented the Old Cattle Buyer. "But you're wrong about bein' a capitalist. Sold them, all right, but this mornin' I ain't got a slim Yankee dime. Busted as a homesteader."

"What was it hit you?" asked Lem. "Did the other fellow hold fours?"

"No, it wasn't gamblin', or dissipation or horse-racin' or any of the legitimate vices of a gentleman what put me afoot," answered the Old Cattle Buyer. "It was pure, unadulterated patriotism. Uncle Sam got it. I'm absolutely all out of assets and I'm proud of it."

"How did you let this Sam person slip up on you?" asked old Lem, hoisting his feet on to the rail and easying down in his chair as if he expected to stay a while. "Usually you're kind of cagey when it comes to handlin' your own money."

"I said Uncle Sam, you poor snoozer," snorted the Cattle Buyer. "Uncle Sam, son and heir of Yankee Doodle and Miss Dixie, one and united, now and forevermore. He neads the cash and I just forked it over, and I ain't never went broke in a better cause."

"HOW did it all happen?" inquired the hotel man.

"Haven't you heard yet about the great American revival held yesterday in Tondo City and personally conducted by that old he wild-cat, Tondo Bill Ryan? I wouldn't have missed it for the best-watered ranch on the front lawn of Paradise.

"You, bein' a recent deportation into this country, maybe never heard of old Tondo Bill. He's the last of the old buckskins. The first white man west of the Pecos. Discovered this country when the Davis Mountains was a swamp.

"Tondo City was named after him. Not long after the war between the States, he came out here to help make this a white man's country. After projectin' around for a good many years, trappin' and thinnin' out the Indians, Mexicans, and bad men, he built him a 'dobe jacal near a seepin' spring and raised a few cattle.

"When the railroad come through they made a station at old Bill's shack and called it Tondo City.

"Bill left long before that, however. A family of Democrats moved in by Stockton Springs about sixty miles north and he claimed the country was gettin' too crowded. Ever since he's been followin' the frontier, blazin' the trail for the white folks that followed him.

"Every so many years he'd drop back into Tondo City and celebrate. He was almighty proud of them namin' the town after him. Used to call it his city. Anybody what didn't admit that Tondo City was the best and biggest city in West Texas was surely breedin' trouble for himself if old Bill was around.

"What he was most proud of was his war record. Was a scout with General Phil Sheridan. It's common knowledge among them that heard Bill tell about that war, that it was him and Phil Sheridan what won the fight.

"One of them battles he tells about he was chargin' through the rebs every other paragraph and wipin' out a company every sentence. Finally General Sheridan sends for him and says, 'Bill, I regrets to interrupt you, but I must give you a furlough.'

"'What's the matter?' asked Bill. 'Ain't I a-whippin' them?'

"'That's just it, Bill,' says Phil Sheridan. 'You're overdoin' it. You've got to leave a few of these folks or they won't be no more left for population purposes. There's reason in all things, Bill, so I got to give you a furlough to give the enemy a breathin' spell.'

"I'm forgettin' to tell you about what happened in Tondo City yesterday. The town was holdin' a little patriotic rally on account of this new war against the Huns over in Hungary. A recruitin' officer had took charge of the post-office and several of the boys had enlisted to go over there and get them a few Germans.

"In the afternoon the whole population was due to show up at a meetin' in the court-house. They was goin' to raise money for them Liberty Bonds to buy gunpowder to blow the old Kaiser into past history.

"Long about noon I heard that old Tondo Bill Ryan had hit town. First time he'd shown up in years. Everybody had figgered he was dead. He wore buckskin moccasins like he always did and packed an old saw-handled forty-five in a hog-leg by his side. His hair and whiskers was snow-white, for Bill was scalpin' Indians out here in the days before the barbed wire.

"He had that old Grand Army of the Republic badge decoratin' his proud bosom, and when he walked he single-footed along as if he was marchin' to music. Didn't say much, just walked around watchin' the flag in front of the recruitin' office and listenin' to the folks talkin' about the war. Every time that bugler would blow his horn, old Bill would clack his heels together and take off his hat.

"About the middle of the afternoon the meetin' came to order. Everybody that was anybody in Tondo City was there. Old Tom Updike, the county judge, was presidin' officer, and Meeks, the justice of the peace, was orator of the day. Of course I attended myself.

"The silver cornet band played 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Hadn't heard it in years, but it sure sounded fine, and everybody stood up like they was in church. Then Miss Arabella Updike sang a new hymn called "Over There," and then they unloosed the speakers. Several of them took a turn at talkin' and then took the rope off that fellow Meeks.

"WHEN it comes to organizin' words, that fellow is a wonder. He waved the flag from the rock-ribbed coast of Maine to the sun-kissed sands of San Diego, started at Bunker Hill and charged up San Juan Hill. Before he got through, our boys was marchin' through Berlin down that famous boulevard Unter der Linoleum. Then he called for donations for them Liberty Bonds.

"There was a good many loosened up. Old Tom Updike planked down a hundred dollars and so did Weinstein, the storeman. I had that cow-money in my pocket and I unpinned fifty pesos off the roll myself.

"After about a half hour's argument, there was seven hundred dollars in the kitty and Meeks was speakin' highly of the town's patriotism and preparin' to adjourn the meetin' when there came an interruption. Old Tondo Bill Ryan came rearin' down the aisle and hopped up on that stage as light-footed as any boy.

"He stood there a minute pawin' that white hair back out of his eyes and hitchin' his gun around to the front. Anybody could see he was mad, and when old Bill gets riled he's the maddest lookin' human that is.

"'So this bunch of low-down, pikin', high-pockets is the leadin' citizens of Tondo City,' he says in that war-whoop whisper of his. 'Seven hundred dollars when your country is tangled up in a fight and hollerin' for help. This is my town, I found it, and it bears my name. By Goliad, it's an American town and it's goin' to act as such.

"'A few weeks ago I heard about the old United States

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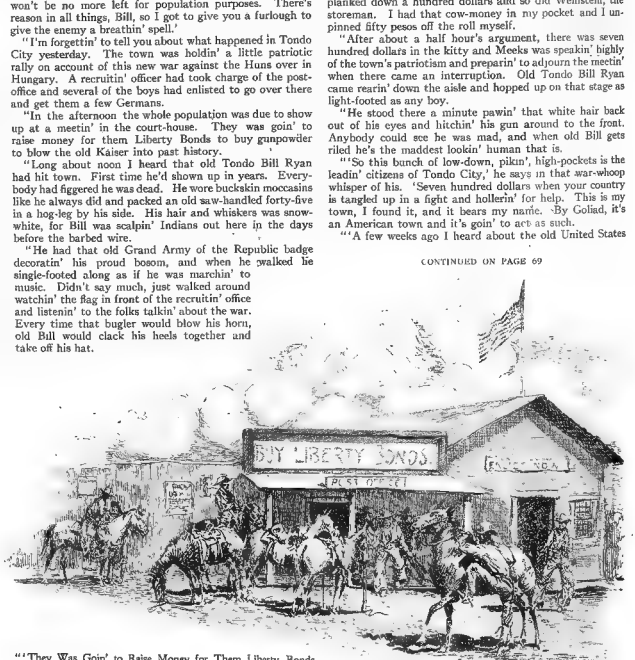

"'They Was Goin' to Raise Money for Them Liberty Bonds to Buy Gunpowder to Blow the Old Kaiser into Past History'"

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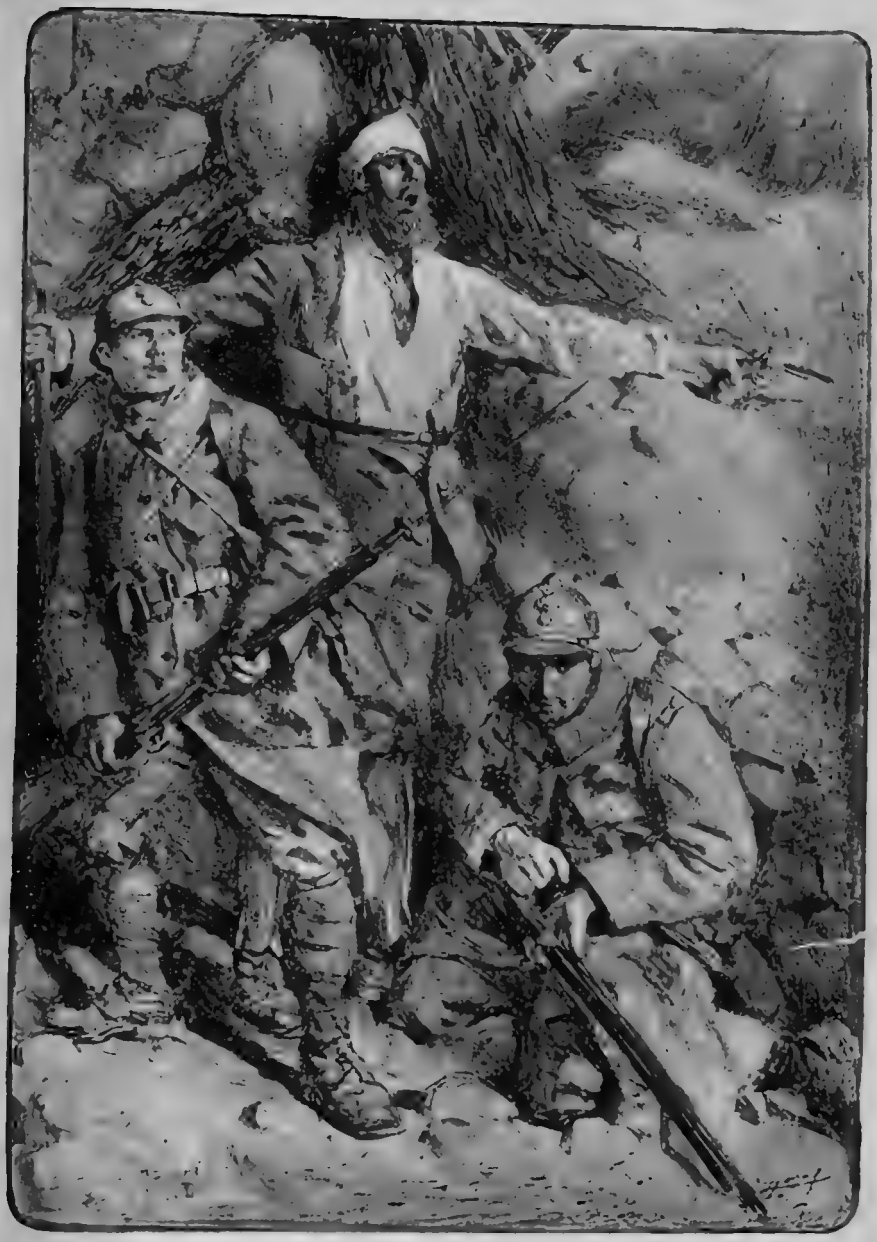

"They Shall Not Pass!"

From the Drawing by Lucien Jonas

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The Soldier Boys All Praise the Salvation Army

THESE PICTURES TELL SOME OF THE REASONS WHY

Gladys McIntyre of Mount Vernon, N. Y., here shown holding two Government mules, has been ten months under fire at the front.

Commander Evangeline Booth of the American Salvation Army, shown in the approved Government overseas uniform.

Commander Booth (below) speeds her women workers on their way overseas. They get no pay.

These two Salvation Army "Lassies" work sometimes 20 hours a day serving coffee and doughnuts to war-weary American boys.

Here is a training class in pie and doughnut making. Each girl must be able to bake hundreds of pies and doughnuts a day or she is not qualified to go to France. The girls carry on their volunteer work right behind the front line.

Men and women, old and young, roll bandages to bind up the wounds of our boys. These bandages are given to the Red Cross and shipped through that organization. The Salvation Army gives its help with no desire for credit.

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Commander Booth with three Anzacs who have been through Gallipoli. One man holds the Salvation Army banner.

These girls must patch and mend perfectly — and in a given time — before they can go overseas.

A group of our soldiers outside a Salvation Army hut. The food is given without cost, but most of the boys insist on paying for it.

The Salvation Army ships thousands of dollars' worth of supplies to France every day. The money is collected in the streets. Won't you Chip in?

A Salvation Army ambulance driver's trophies. The rifle was taken from a German-American fighting for Germany.

Seven thousand Salvation Army women are knitting for the soldiers in France. The Red Cross distributes the garments.

This is a hospital devoted to the dependents of our soldiers. It is manned partly by the Red Cross but equipped and carried on by the Salvation Army. War babies are born here every day, and the services are absolutely free.

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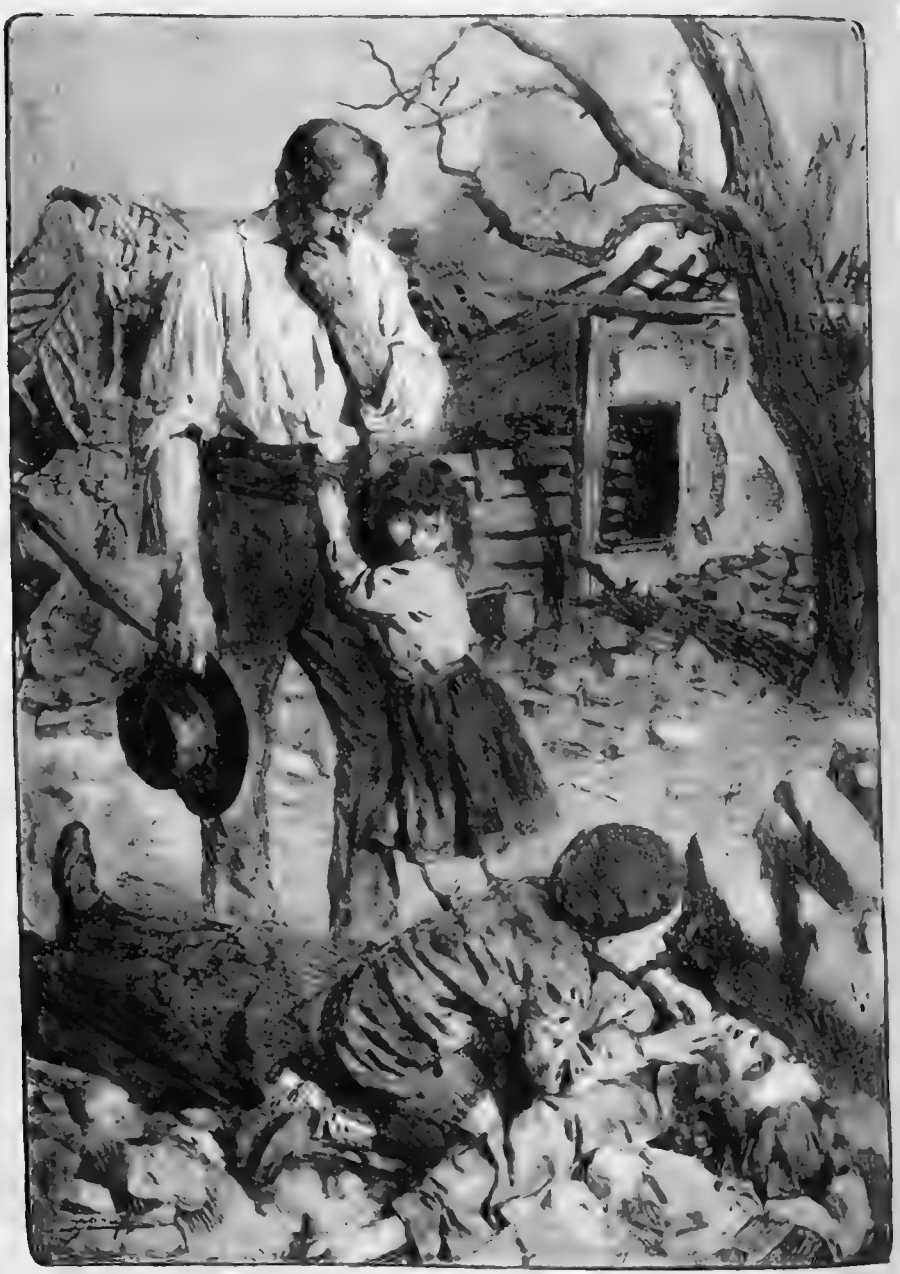

"MOTHER!"

From the Drawing by Lucien Jonas

Supplement to Pictorial Review, November, 1918

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THE LUCK OF GERALDINE LAIRD

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART TWO

In Which Her Problem Becomes Still More Complicated

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE," "THE HEART OF RACHAEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Geraldine Sat as if Glued in Her Place, Perspiration on Her Forehead, Her Hands Icy, Her Breath Almost Choking Her"

THEN came dark days, days so terrible that Geraldine never liked to look back at them, in the years that followed. She went about the house silently, dazedly, with a great ache, like a weight, pulling her heart down in her breast, and sealing her lips, and filling her eyes with their first real shadow. All life seemed to be suffocating and oppressing her.

She told her mother only that Dean had been transferred to New York, and that no further plans could be made until they knew how he succeeded there. Mrs. Fitzpatrick received this information with an anxious and incredulous expression. She knew her daughter, always buoyant and irrepressible, too well not to know that matters between Dean and his wife were gravely wrong. But this new silent, repressed Geraldine rather awed her. For the first time in her life the younger woman had a sorrow too deep to share, and the older one, perforce, must respect it.

"Deserted—deserted—deserted!" Geraldine said to herself, over and over and over again. Other women had been deserted, but somehow, like the great calamities of life, it had never seemed to her that she would be touched by this particular shame. She, Geraldine Fitzpatrick, twenty-five years old, had been unable to hold her man. She had given him her first blooming youth, she had borne him children, she had been faithful and loving to him for seven long years—and now she was merely one of the deserted women of the world.

NEVERTHELESS, crushed as she was by the sudden revelation of life's ugliness and its pain, she was not the type that yields without effort to passive endurance. She wearied her brain with plans for the future, always feeling first that Dean must be punished; Dean should be brought to the point realizing the monstrousness of his own act, before she would forgive him.

Sometimes she planned the taking of a small but attractive house, the purchase of new gowns, the engaging of a more formal maid than Lizzie. Then she could write Dean, simply asking him to come and see her. There would be a dainty supper—the two little girls sweet and cool in white gowns—his wife her prettiest and most dignified self——

The difficulty with them was financial. She had no ready money, and the little daily expenses were going on quite steadily enough in her mother's house, as it was. Rent, and the cost of moving, and a maid's salary, and new gowns were not to be contemplated now.

She was roused from these days of brooding and musing, about ten days after Dean's departure, by several practical questions of immediate importance. Her friends grew increasingly curious as to his absence, and her mother increasingly dubious and anxious, so that it became embarrassing and troublesome to meet their questions.

But it was not only that. The first of the month came, and with it the accumulated bills for laundry, for newspapers, and milk, and schooling, for various charges at the department stores, for dentist and drugstore—and there was no money.

For the first time, it occurred sharply to Geraldine that she could not afford to live as she had been living. She must remove Janey from the expensive kindergarten; she must reduce expenses wherever it was possible. And to do so meant that she must explain to her mother at least a part of the changed circumstances.

She sat shocked and angered one day, with the first weekly check from Dean's firm, in her hand. It was sent, without comment, from the office, made payable to Geraldine Laird, and drawn for twenty-five dollars. Resentful color crept into Geraldine's face as she read it, she folded it carefully, and put it into a small drawer in her desk. Her first impulse had been to tear it into small pieces, but she merely laid it aside instead.

"Dean wants me to cut down expenses everywhere, for the present," she told her mother, a day or two later. They were lingering over the breakfast-table, on a hot July morning.

"Did you have a letter from him?" her mother asked eagerly.

"No," Geraldine shrugged, and was silent. Her mother questioned no further, but after a pause the younger woman was constrained to add, "He is very busy, and he was angry—over that George matter—and he doesn't write!"

"Does he send you money, Geraldine?"

A little fire came into Geraldine's full tones.

"Under the circumstances," she said slowly, "I would rather not touch his money!"

MRS. FITZPATRICK nodded comprehendingly.

"Of course you wouldn't!" she agreed. "Well," she added, thoughtfully, "that's all right! We can let him have plenty of time to think it over. I don't know what's got into him!"

"Nor I," Geraldine answered slowly.

Nothing more was said at the moment, and another unnatural week went by. Again the bills came in, old bills and new, many with "account rendered" heading them. Geraldine bit her lip, studying them with somber eyes, and piled them in an orderly heap, under the old bronze pug-dog paper-weight. A second weekly check came from the firm, and was laid away with the first. The first excitement and hurt died away, and Geraldine began to long for her husband, and to think of him more constantly and lovingly than she had for years. Geraldine was the type of woman who regards her husband as a natural and irrevocable fact in life, like her parents or the color of her hair. In the seven years of their marriage it had never occurred to her that Dean could ever be anything less than her husband, irritable and exacting sometimes, perhaps, but always there to pay bills and manage insurance agents and buy railway tickets and carve the Thanksgiving turkey.

His sudden act had torn from her not only her confidence in him, but also her confidence in life itself, in all the institutions that had seemed established and secure. Her mother's random philosophies rang false, and her brothers' irresponsibility, for the first time, angered and distressed her. She worried about the future, about what she must some day tell the girls—about what the neighborhood would begin to say—about money.

George lost his position, mysteriously, his mother and Clem agreed. But George and Geraldine knew why. His superior had merely told him briefly that certain facts regarding the Midfield bid for the new theater contract had come to light, and asked George to stop at the cashier's desk for his check. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Clem opined that one of the bosses had a man of his own that he wanted to get into George's place, and to Geraldine's amazement George seemed to derive actual satisfaction from their sympathy. It was the time of a local census, and he got

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employment by the day as a census-taker, so that, for the time being, the question of a permanent position was postponed.

But still money was scarce, and the atmosphere of the old house became gloomy.

Geraldine finally reached the point where she told herself that she was sick of it, the shiftlessness and complaining and procrastinating, and she began to think of Dean as a refuge from everything that tried her.

One day she wrote him a long letter, and when it was mailed she had a few happier hours than she had known for weeks. Phrases of the letter kept recurring to her, and they seemed good. She had offered to leave her mother's house, to leave Stockham, if he liked, to begin anew somewhere, just the two little girls and themselves, and to try again.

He must respond to that, she told herself. She would separate her silver from Mother's silver, have George bring her trunk up from the basement, send the girls' prettiest gowns to the laundry; Geraldine's heart, filled with the forgiving and explanatory things that she would say to Dean, would dance as she planned the hasty flitting. It had been a terrible mistake, partly his, and partly hers; they would forget it all.

In the confusion and absorption of her thoughts she was only vaguely concerned with the prospective sale of the house, which her mother and brothers again began vigorously to discuss. Judson had offered thirty-five thousand, cash, and the sale was to go through immediately.

"The property is Mama's—" Clem stated, as a preliminary.

"It belongs to you all!" his mother amended, hastily.

"If we sell," Clem pursued firmly, "you get the lump sum!"

"Thirty-five thousand," Geraldine mused, "you ought to reinvest it right away," she added, "or else it'll——"

"You don't think you're going to get a check for thirty-five thousand, do you?" Clem asked his sister, with the little twitch of his mouth that suggested an approaching triumph over feminine finance.

"Why not?" she asked blankly.

"Well, for one thing, there's a mortgage of twenty-two thousand!" Clem assured her pleasantly. "That's the first mortgage. Then there's a second mortgage—of three thousand."

"Oh, heavens!" his sister said faintly, in dismay.

"I had to put that on four years ago, to pay taxes and insurance that was overdue," her mother explained, conscientiously.

"Then there's taxes and insurance overdue, ever since," Clem went on, comparing his notes. "That's about forty-four hundred——"

"Forty-four hundred!" the young woman echoed, aghast.

"Certainly!" Clem answered briskly. "And then there's that street assessment, seventeen hundred—roughly speaking. Mama," he summarized, "you'll get about four thousand clear."

"Four thousand!" Geraldine exclaimed, stupefied.

"That's all," her brother assured her.

"But Mama must owe half that, in bills," she said slowly.

"I am afraid so!" her mother assented.

"Then why sell?" Geraldine argued eagerly. "Why sell for that? Why, we could better take boarders here, we could far better stay here than pay rent——"

"My dear sister," Clem explained patiently, "we've *got* to sell! Do you realize that the city could sell our house over our heads for delinquent taxes—to say nothing of Brown Williams wanting to start foreclosure proceedings for his mortgage this last three months? Why do you think we've been making such an effort to get rid of the place? Because we *had* to! Why——"

"I SEE!" she interrupted him, in a dull, hard tone. And after a while she interrupted the rambling conversation again: "Where do we go, then?"

"Well, Grandma thinks you ought all to come out to the old place, until you get your bearings, at least," Clem suggested.

"You see, lots of this furniture will go there, Lovey," her mother reminded her, "and Ma thought she could put the children up in the attic rooms, just for the Summer."

Clem turned bravely to his sister.

"When's Dean coming back, Jerry?"

She faced him gravely and courageously. Clem had not spoken of her open secret before.

"I don't know, Clem."

"H'm!" Clem meditated, with a bitten lower lip. "Write you?" he asked briefly.

"No," she answered, with a faint shrug.

Both brothers looked at her for a moment in silence, then Clem said, "What's the idea?"

"I don't know," she answered simply. "I think he was simply—tired of everything."

"Well, but a man can't just simply get tired of his home and children!" Clem exploded angrily. "Are you going to put up with it, Jerry? Are you just going to sit down and twiddle your thumbs?"

"I don't know what I can do!" she exclaimed, angry to feel her lip tremble, and the moisture again in her eyes.

"I'll be darned if it isn't about the nerviest thing I ever heard of," Clement said, moodily. "Have you written him? You have? What does he say?"

"He—hasn't had time to answer yet," Geraldine said slowly.

"Why, my Lord," Clem said, in a low, remonstrating sort of voice, as he returned to his papers, "don't you suppose everybody feels the same about that sort of thing? How long would most marriages last if a man could simply walk off from his wife and children that way, do you suppose?"

"I never thought about it," Geraldine admitted truthfully.

The prospect of living, even for a time, with her sister-in-law rapidly proved to be almost insupportable. Geraldine loved her aged grandmother, her mother, her brothers, and Linda's children, with all her heart; she loved the bustling, capable Linda herself. But she knew her own limitations, and theirs. She saw herself, depressed, silent, her mind and heart filled with shame and foreboding, subjected to a continual fire from Linda's brightness and pleasant common sense; she heard herself feebly explaining to Linda that one *couldn't* treat Dean quite like other people, one *couldn't* threaten him or shame him——

It was all very well for a day's visit, or for a Sunday dinner, of course. But all day and every day, and, worse, with Geraldine and her girls in the position of dependent guests, it would be insufferable.

All life was insufferable. Look where she would, Geraldine could see no brightness and no hope.

When a week had gone by, and there was no answer to her letter, suddenly the thought came that Dean might bring the answer himself. Why she should have expected this, Geraldine did not know, but from the instant it first occurred to her, new peace and confidence were born. That would be like Dean, to bring his own answer, to walk in upon her, with the strained, severe look she knew so well, in his eyes, and to tell her that this thing had gone far enough, and that they must come to an understanding.

For we did love each other—we *do* love each other!" sobbed Geraldine, in the hall of the big bedroom, faintly lighted by the Summer moonlight. "He is trying to frighten me, but I know he loves me, and he will come back!"

Her indifference to dress had always been a sore point with Dean, and she looked back with sorrow now to a hundred times when she might have considered his wishes more in this particular. Spurred by the new desire to avert the catastrophe that had shattered the whole structure of her life, Geraldine went down one day and bought herself a charming and extravagant gown, quite innocently charging it, as she had always done, to her account. She had not had such a gown for years, and its crisp taffeta ruffles and delicate frill of embroidery gave her a sudden self-confidence delightful to experience. She stood looking at herself in the mirror, on the day the gown came home, studying herself, for perhaps the first time in her life, from what might have been her husband's view-point. She was young still, altho she felt so old, barely twenty-six, slender and tall. But the thick hair needed brushing and burnishing, and the slim figure had a lazy droop.

Taking the gown off again, she dressed her hair more severely, gave her face a brisk treatment with hot water and cream, and resumed her ruffles. The effect was astonishingly improved, and Geraldine's heart gave a little spring of joy. A second later the color fled her face, and she shook with something like actual fright. For the door-bell pealed through the house.

"It is Dean!" she whispered to herself. And, with a half-fearful glance at the door, she dropped, ruffles and all, on her knees beside the bed, and breathed one fervent prayer.

"Oh, God!—bring him back to me—bring my husband back to me!"

But it was Lizzie who came into the room instead, Lizzie with a letter for her. Geraldine, feeling a little sick with the disappointment, took it in her hand. Then she saw it was her own letter to Dean, sent back unopened, the return address written briskly across its face in his own hand.

She sat with it in her hand, long after the unsuspecting Lizzie had gone down-stairs, looking dully into space. Geraldine would remember that terrible half-hour all the rest of her life.

Later in that same day, still in her taffeta ruffles, she walked into Louis's studio. She had seen him frequently in the last few weeks, but she had not spoken to him freely before. He turned from his canvas to welcome her. His model was gone; it was the relaxed end of a long Summer day, and he was ready for rest, refreshment, and Geraldine.

"But I've never seen you look so smart!" he said, turning her about with brotherly interest and admiration. "Isn't that a new gown? Only you are too pale, my dear!"

"MY HEAD aches, Louis," she answered, her voice faltering and thickening with the tiresome and inevitable tears.

"Well, come now, we'll have tea!" he said soothingly, with a fatherly look. "You know Mother's sick?"

"I didn't know it!" she answered, glad to have the topic shift from herself. "Sick enough to be in bed?"

"Sick enough for that!" he said smiling. "But not sick enough to prevent her from putting up a great fight when I threatened to get a nurse! She hates nurses, spoiled child that she is! We'll go in and see her, after tea. Do you think we know each other well enough to have tea alone?"

"I want to see you alone," Geraldine answered simply. And over the tea-table she told him the whole story—of Dean's letter to her, of the insulting checks that were in her desk-drawer still, of her letter to Dean, and its return, unread, that day.

He listened silently, but it was the silence of intense interest and sympathy. When she had finished, with a delicacy whose exquisite restraint surprized her, he commented briefly upon the whole tangle; his kind face shadowed with doubt, his finger-tips touching, and his thoughtful eyes fixed upon the floor.

"It's a difficult case, my dear! In your place I think I should simply weather it, cash his checks, get along as best you can—and wait."

"Do you think it would do any good for me to go down and see him, Louis?" she asked. She was surprized by his quick, definite shake of the head.

"No, I wouldn't advise that!" He hesitated. "I—I have seen him," he said, slowly. "I went to call on Kennedy Bond," he added, "and he was there."

The room seemed to whirl about Geraldine, and she had a sensation of nausea. She had thought of many things, but never of that. Dean, in her thoughts, had always been sharing her distress and loneliness; that he could serenely pursue new friendships and ambitions had never occurred to her.

She did not speak; she felt suffocated.

"She's an odd girl," Louis said. "No harm in her, exactly. That is, she never takes any man very seriously. But she rushes them—while it lasts. And Dean is the latest. She thinks he can write a great play; I imagine that she sees a good deal of him. He was making himself useful —going for hot water, and so on. I tried to talk to him—he wouldn't talk. He was pleasant—and polite— I hate to tell you this, Geraldine!"

Her face was ashen, she made an effort to speak, moved her head with a gesture that encouraged him to go on.

"Mind you, I'm convinced that there's no real harm in it; she's just playing. But I mention it because it affects what we do in regard to Dean, do you see? It seems to me that this is not the time to approach him. He's carried away by this new life——"

Geraldine was silent, and the colorless face she turned toward him, as she nodded slowly, was of a woman mortally stricken. Louis tried to win her to talk, tried to interest her in questions of her children and her mother, but she remained, crushed and silent, staring dully at the floor, and giving him only an occasional look at her sick eyes, for answer.

After a while he took her in to see his mother. The tiny old woman was breathing badly, propped high in pillows, and nervously anxious to enlist Geraldine's aid in combating the idea of a nurse. It was just a heavy cold, and it had settled on her chest, she wheezed, one clawlike little hand spasmodically clutching Geraldine's.

"BUT, darling woman," Geraldine said, won to forget her own trouble, by genuine concern and alarm, "even a chest cold isn't to be ignored by a young girl like you! Now, Louis is wonderful, and old Marie is wonderful, but you want some one to fix trays, and straighten the room, and make the bed, and give you alcohol-sponges——"

"Exactly what the doctor says!" Louis reminded his mother triumphantly.

"They don't do anything but make trouble!" said Mrs. Redding rebelliously, of nurses.

"Look here, Louis," Geraldine said decidedly, when they were back in the studio, "I'm going to telephone George to bring me out some things, and I'm going to take care of your mother!"

"You are not!" he protested. "As if you hadn't enough to worry about!"

"No, but seriously—" she said, urgently, "I don't like the look in her eyes one bit! It will only be for a day or two. She really needs care, she needs some one watching her. My girls have gone to Grandma, anyway — we move there next week, and I've nothing to do! I'm worried—and you're worried; why not combine worries? Ah, do let me, Louis—it will be good for me, soul and body!"

She had laid her hand upon his arm, and looking down at the eager eyes that had been so heavy half an hour ago, Louis was suddenly won.

"Do you know," he said, detaining her hand, "I—I think you're wonderful—Geraldine?"

Louis watched her, after that, with an emotion that grew so rapidly, and enmeshed his whole being so completely, that the week that followed was the most vital

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of his life. Sometimes it confused him to try to reconcile his old impressions of Geraldine, Dean Laird's merry, careless, joyously chattering wife, with this new, lovely, silent personality—this woman with the low voice, and the quick hands, and the infinite tenderness. He saw her gently lifting his mother's emaciated little figure, he heard her murmuring, mother-fashion, with her dark head close to the little white head, he sat opposite her, fresh and confident, at breakfast, and they dined together, in the studio, in the Summer evenings. Wherever she was, there was electricity in the air, now, and even when she was not present, his every thought and breath were filled with the new intoxication of his feeling for her.

There came a solemn Midsummer night when she roused him, and stood looking pityingly down upon him, while she told him that the hour had come. She was beside him when his mother left him, and it was her touch upon his shoulder that brought his spirit back to earth from the first plunge into a new world of sorrow and renunciation.

When the next day brought strange obligations, strange faces, and the sympathetic words of his old friends, he still leaned like a child upon Geraldine, turned to her for everything, accepted her decisions meekly. He showed actual consternation when she left him, but accepted the inevitable quietly enough. They parted like sister and brother, Louis putting his arm about her, and Geraldine returning his kiss quite frankly.

One afternoon a few weeks later Louis drew his car smoothly to the curb, in a crowded down-town street, and Geraldine, who was walking slowly along, absorbed in her own thoughts, with little Deanie beside her, looked up in surprise and pleasure at the interruption. She came over to the car, and leaned upon it as they talked.

"What are you doing?" Louis asked with interest.

"I've been trotting my small girls about, all day," she answered, with suddenly brightening eyes, "and they've been too utterly adorable! Their grandmother treated them both to new shoes, and we had lunch at the Exchange, and then Clem took us all to a movie—great excitement for the Misses Laird, I assure you. It was that animal film that all the children love. And now Linda's just taken Janey and the whole pack off for home, and Deanie and I are supposedly going up to the old house."

"For dinner?" he asked.

"Well, I shall pick up something now, for dinner. But George and I are to spend the night there, and get the last things ready for the mover, to-morrow."

LOUIS smiled and opened the heavy door of the car.

"Come round here and get in," he commanded. "You're going out to the ranch with me!"

Geraldine, frowning faintly, at first, allowed her face to relax into its pleasantest smile.

"Oh, Louis, how we'd love it, wouldn't we, Baby? There's no earthly reason why we shouldn't. We can be back at nine?"

"Certainly!" He tucked the thin pongee robe about them; the child was in a silent ecstasy of delight. "We'll have dinner there, and drive in by moonlight. Hat tight?"

"Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen! Now, aren't you glad you were a good girl, and stayed with Mother?" Geraldine said, with a great sigh of pleasure, as the car smoothly started.

"Is there anything lovelier in the world than to do this on a hot afternoon!" Geraldine continued. "Right into coolness and greenness—go, up Palm Street, Louis, it is so heavenly under the trees!"

They swept on through the lovely country, which was wrapt in the brooding warmth and heavy shadows of mid-August. Hay was stacked in the fields, and the air was scented with wild grapes. When they reached the farm, low white buildings clinging to the curve of the hillside, and caught, to-night, in the long-flung shadows of the trees, he urged Geraldine to go up to the cottage.

"It's too hot for you, here, Geraldine! While I'm puttering about with Simmons, go take your hat off and freshen up. You might see Mrs. Simmons about dinner; I telephoned her that I was coming, but she may want to put on a little dog, for you."

Geraldine had always liked the cabin, altho it had seemed to her more youthful ideas unnecessarily small and cramped. She had sometimes said to Dean, and even to Louis, that she wondered that he did not build an immense bungalow, with porches, open fireplaces, and half a dozen guest-rooms.

"Oh, but, Jerry," Louis had argued, "there's a distinct charm about the cramping and the smallness! It would spoil it all to make it something different—something adapted! I love its clumsiness—really I do!"

To-night Geraldine felt that she loved it, too. There was an exquisite coolness and cleanness about the earthen floor of the one large room; the tiny deep windows shone in the sunset, the high hearth, upon which Deanie could sit, with little dangling sandals, was decorated with the field-blooms of the late Summer, Queen Anne's lace, Michaelmas daisies as blue as pale Summer skies, goldenrod and yarrow. The polished heavy old black table wore no cloth, there were blue bowls in a row on the mantel, and a gay pink-and-white gingham draped the deep, dark bed. Everything was simple, useful, primitive.

"WON'T we have to move these flowers, if we're to have any supper?" Geraldine asked of the farmer's wife. Mrs. Simmons, blue-eyed, affectionate, with immense bones and a childish smile, nodded wisely.

"I cook for you at my house," she explained. "Too hot here."

"But it's pretty hot at your house, for you and the children," Geraldine persisted pleasantly. The big Swedish woman really disliked the solicitude that made her children's claims in any way comparable to those of the owner's friends. It belittled her own high estate as the owner's servant. She grinned nervously, and said nothing more.

Geraldine and Deanie performed a brief toilet in the only other room the cabin contained—pouring some warm water from a marvelous old blue pitcher, and wiping their faces on linen towels as thick and soft as velvet.

She presided at the farmhouse supper; a simple supper, that kept unfolding, she remarked to the diverted Louis, in a mysterious and satisfying manner, from a small beginning. There was in evidence merely a great bowl of rice when they sat down.

"Huldah thinks that is food!" Louis said in a disgusted tone of voice.

"Well, and so it is!" Geraldine laughed, pouring creamy milk for Deanie, and splitting open the hot, heavy rolls. "And sweet butter, Louis, and what's this—cheese? Cheeses, and those oily things there are fish—now, don't hurt her feelings!" she besought, as the amiable Huldah returned. "Just wait, and see!"

Huldah brought boiled eggs, laid only an hour or two earlier, and rich diamond-shaped cookies, for Deanie, and a dark plummy jam.

"Why, we shall burst!" Geraldine murmured, "there's enough for ten here! *Please*, Louis——"

"Gosh, Huldah, where's the *meat*?" her employer demanded, half-impatient and half-whimsical.

Meat? She was aghast. She went and brought delicious hot corn, a dozen small blue cobs steaming on a platter, and sliced tomatoes, and lettuce, glistening wet and stiff. Last came a platter of tepid mutton, sliced and ungarnished.

"'Isn't There Something Rather Fine about People Who Don't Need Iron Bands to Keep Them Together?'"

"She's got about as much gumption——!" Louis muttered. "Lord, what a way to serve a meal!"

"Oh, it's delicious! The vegetables are simply heavenly!" Geraldine assured him. "For goodness' sake, smile at her, Louis! You know she's never had any training, like Marie. And if you were alone she probably would give you bread and milk and cheese, and you'd be perfectly content!"

He softened, enjoying the feeling that she made him soften.

"She told me the other day that she and Simmons aren't married," he said, when Deanie had flashed away for a last look at the cows, and he was seated beside Geraldine on the step, smoking in deep content.

"Huldah isn't?" She was shocked. "But—but she lives there with him?"

"Of course she does; those boys are theirs," he answered, contentedly.

"But—why aren't they married?"

"I don't know—don't want to, perhaps."

"But, Louis—that's—that's disreputable!" Geraldine argued.

"They don't think so!"

She mused, frowning.

"No, I suppose they don't! But you ought to make him marry her, Louis."

"My dear child—it's the other way! He's twenty years older than she is. He's frantic to marry her."

"Oh!" Geraldine did not find this very palatable, either. "What a—what a funny thing!" she said discontentedly. "They *seem* so nice."

"They are. They're the best sort," he answered.

"Oh, but Louis, to do a thing like that!"

"Well, think a moment, my dear. Isn't there something rather fine about people who don't need iron bands to keep them together?"

"No, there isn't!" she said briefly.

"We have only one life to live here," he said presently, "and the love of a man for a woman is a wonderful thing. They love, they give—and they shut the world from their holy of holies as they would shut a stranger. What does it matter? If I love you—and you love me, it is the finest thing in our lives; why should what the world says pollute it?"

"I DON'T like you to talk like that!" Geraldine murmured, strangely uncomfortable. Deanie came back, in the twilight, and Simmons brought about the car. When Mrs. Simmons came out to say good-by, Geraldine could hardly look at her. It was brazen and dreadful, and yet the creature looked happy and good enough, with a sleepy boy clinging to each side.

She climbed in, and Deanie snuggled into her arms. The world was darkening in great soft sweeps of dove-color, a sweet dampness and cool was abroad in the early dark. When they reached the Fitzpatrick gateway the stars were pricking out.

Louis carried Deanie, who was asleep, across the bare floor of the hallway, and laid her on the wide couch.

"We sleep down here," Geraldine whispered, laughing, "it's camping, rather."

"You go to your grandmother's to-morrow?" the man asked.

"To-morrow, yes. It's the last night in the old house!" she answered cheerfully.

"Make you feel blue?"

"Oh, no!" Geraldine smiled. "It sounds as if it should," she said, "but I have too many more serious things to worry about. Or else I'm tired. At all events, I shall rest for a while, and when George comes in, go to sleep as calmly as if we had just moved in!"

She had come back with him into the hall, and now opened the front door.

"We've certainly had a lovely time, Louis," she said, gratefully.

He suddenly caught both her hands and drew her toward him. He was breathing stormily and she realized that he had suddenly been carried away from all moorings by passion.

"Geraldine—Geraldine!" he said incoherently. "Why don't you come back to the farm with me? Why don't you come back with me! I love you so much—I love you so! You know that, don't you?"

"Oh, no!" the woman interrupted him, horrified. "Don't talk so! Louis, please—please——"

"But you know," he said rapidly, in her ear, "you know how I feel. Why shouldn't you tell me—if you like me a little? That's all I want to know. I'll be patient. But I can't be patient forever, Jerry. You make my life a different thing, I can't live without you. I think of nothing else. I haven't—since my mother died. The whole house is full of you, to me. I—I want you so, dear."

"Stop!" she said, shocked and frightened. His rush of words had died down now to a softer note, to a pleading note, and she took instant advantage of it. "You—you

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mustn't talk to me so. Please, Louis. I never thought of such a thing—truly I never did! I seem to belong to Dean as much now as when we were first married——!"

"Dean!" he said bitterly and coldly. He freed her, and put his hands over his face. They were both trembling. For a minute there was absolute silence in the hall. "You and I are alone, and what we do concerns only ourselves," he said, in a quiet, almost lifeless tone. "I can not see why—having everything in common as we have, answerable to nobody as we are, and treated as you are by a man who is utterly incapable of appreciating you——"

"OH, *PLEASE!*" she breathed, in quick impatience. She had backed to the parlor door, and she stood there, watching him warily, and breathing hard with fright.

"No use?" he asked heavily, after a pause.

"Oh, no—no!"

"Geraldine—" he began urgently, and stopped. For a few minutes they remained, looking at each other, then Geraldine said wearily, in the silence:

"I've often wondered how a man said that to a woman, and now I know! I—I've had enough of this, thank you, Louis. Will you—will you go?"

Very quietly, and without moving his eyes from hers, he fumbled behind him for the door, and opened it, and she saw him look vaguely at his cap before he pulled it again on his head. Then the door closed softly and she was alone in the dark hall. After a moment she heard the engine of his car churning.

She stood still, shaken and weak, her breast still heaving tumultuously, her horrified eyes fixed on the spot where she had seen him last. Moments went by, and the utter silence of the desolate old house wrapped itself soothingly about her.

After a while, quietly and slowly, she went in to Deanie, knelt to undress the still sleeping child. All the while Geraldine was holding her lips tightly together, and her breath was coming in short, audible gusts, but when the child was finally straightened out, in her little nightgown, the mother could restrain herself no longer, and the tears came.

She buried her head against Deanie's little feet, and wept with all the passion of her girlhood. That he should dare—that he should dare—that he should dare——"

"But it is your fault, Dean," she whispered presently, drying her eyes, only to begin softly to cry again. "It's your fault. If you hadn't treated me so disrespectfully—if you hadn't belittled my position as your wife—perhaps other men would not! You show them how easy it is to insult and ignore me—and of course the whole world will follow suit!

"This ends Louis," she decided, firmly, as she began her own undressing. "A friendship that might have made all the difference in the world to me! Be good to him, indeed—" Geraldine paused, and a flush crept up into her cheek.

"That *ends* Louis!" she said again, half-aloud. And when she was ready for bed, hair braided in two long plaits, and her old gray wrapper on, she still paced about restlessly feeling contaminated in soul and body by his words and his look. George, coming in at ten, jumped back from the apparition she presented.

"Great Scott, Sis, you look—" the boy fumbled for the right word, as he put his arm about her for a kiss, "you look kind of ghostly," he finished, with a laugh.

"Just wandering about," she told him. "Our last night in the old place, you know!"

"That's right," George agreed, cheerfully. "Gosh—the times I've slid down those banisters!" he observed, looking up the dim sweep of the stairway. "Anything to eat?" he added, with interest.

"Why, yes—we didn't dine here, Louis took us out to the farm," she told him, leading the way into the kitchen. George attacked sardines and bread, jelly, and a whole quart of milk, with relish.

"Make you feel blue?" he asked, a little shyly, watching her.

"What? Our last night here?"

"Well—everything!"

Geraldine, sitting opposite him at the bare table, looked critically at her finger-tips, looked lifelessly into his eyes.

"Just—a little."

George munched on, smiling uncomfortably

"Wait until you've been out at Grandma's a while, with nothing to do but rest and get fat—" he began, sympathetically.

Geraldine shrugged.

"I'm not anxious to get fat—I'm too fat now!"

"You look stunning in that new dress," George said, consolingly. And as his sister made no answer beyond a faint smile, he added, "What will you do, Sis?"

"I wish I had some gift, George!" she answered, moodily. "I never realized before," she added, speaking as much to herself as to him, "what a frightful position a woman can be put into when a man chooses to act as Dean has——"

"Doesn't Dean send you money?" George asked, shocked.

"Yes, he does. But of course I don't touch it!" she answered proudly. The family had always admired certain little superb whims of Geraldine; George accepted this as her mother had.

"Of course not. Would it be enough to live on, anyway?"

"No," she said, reddening. "Thirteen hundred a year. We could never pay rent and everything out of that!"

"Well, I should say you couldn't," George agreed, but so cross-grained was Geraldine's mood to-night that she began seriously to consider the matter, and after George had gone off up-stairs to bed, she lay wakeful, in the fantastic shadows of the big room, Deanie's soft weight on her outflung arm, her eyes fixed on the ornate old gilded chandelier, and her brain busy with the problem. Could she and the children manage somehow on one hundred dollars a month?

Linda Fitzpatrick—Clem's wife—was a resolute and capable woman, and she had made up her mind that her own family, of husband and three boys, her husband's mother and aged grandmother, her brother-in-law, George Fitzpatrick, and her husband's deserted sister, with her small girls, should all be made comfortable in the old farmhouse. But when the additional family actually arrived, in the burning heat of September, a few hours only sufficed to prove to every one that the present arrangement was almost unendurably uncomfortable.

The old house was as ugly and as inconvenient as a house can be, although great trees surrounded and softened it. It was a Paradise for the children, and Linda, who never read books, and had no social ambitions, thought it Paradise, too. "Prettily situated between the cemetery and the poor-house on one side," Geraldine had said of the farm long ago, "and the Home for the Feeble-minded on the other."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick joined them naturally; she was getting old, she had always had an ideally harmonious relationship with her mother; they liked to be together. With Hatty and Linda and the various women callers, and the rollicking children, they talked and laughed all day. In this busy commonwealth Geraldine had no part. She felt alien and superfluous. Even her mother seemed strangely separated from her now. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her own mother were enjoying the unexpected little intimacy. Clem needed his mother for conferences, George consulted her on business; the children circled, shrieking, about Grandma. Geraldine was alone.

"What do you do with the money he sends you, Jerry?" her mother asked, one day, out of a clear sky.

"I don't touch it!" she answered quickly.

The women of the family were together, on the side porch, in the burning heat of mid-afternoon.

"I don't see't you accomplish much by that, Ger'ldine!"

"Nor. I," Linda said smoothly and swiftly, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick added a vague phrase that was a favorite of hers:

"I wouldn't give him the satisfaction!"

"The satisfaction of what, Mother?" Geraldine asked, shamed and annoyed.

"Why, you are entitled to support, and the children are," Linda said. "Clem says he could be *made* to take care of you!"

Geraldine winced in her soul. They were discussing it, then? Clem had expressed an opinion. Her grandmother and mother, too, had ready their looks of indignation and scorn.

"Sometimes," she said quietly, as unexpectedly to herself as to them, "I think I will go down to New York, and see Dean, and ask for an explanation, myself."

She had not meant to say it; she did not mean it in the least. Long afterward she thought that perhaps the fact that they had all discussed it, and had all agreed that that was what she must do, had really influenced her.

They nodded in deep satisfaction. Her mother observed that she was the best judge, her grandmother said that certainly that was her right. And Linda added, with just the right touch of sympathy and delicacy and hesitation. "Perhaps, after all, that will be the very best way!"

And suddenly they were all talking about Geraldine's trip to New York. An aside before dinner must have apprized the brothers of it, for Clem merely kissed his wife before touching upon the subject, and George apparently knew it when he took his place at the table. There was a stir in the listless air, an element of excitement in the meal.

And Geraldine, in her own room late that night, brooded over it somberly. Should she go down to the city and see him, face him unexpectedly in that beloved retreat of his, ask him what this madness meant?

She would go to the city, and she would see Dean; that much was quite as they had all planned. But if Dean proved cold and repelling, as she knew Dean would, then she would not come home. No; there were thousands of women working in New York, and she would be one.

Work at what?—mused Geraldine. She knew nothing of any work. A housekeeper—a companion—no, she said to herself suddenly, she would begin at the beginning. She would change her name, and become somebody's cook or waitress—or nurse for little children, thought Geraldine, feeling the tears in her eyes as she thought of her own.

"If Dean shows that he feels—differently," Linda said, a day or two later, "why, stay as long as you want to. We can manage perfectly well here—the children are angels——"

"You're awfully kind," Geraldine said heavily. She caught Deanie to her heart. "Kiss Mother good-by, Baby!" she coaxed. Deanie was absorbed in a new magnet, brought home to her by Uncle Clem. Even while her mother detained her, she was busy with the fascinating horseshoe.

"But you send your love to Father, don't you, Dean?" said her Aunt Linda.

"Apropos of their staying with you, Linda," Geraldine said slowly, when the children had run away, "it isn't right to have it a burden on you and Clement. Dean—or rather his uncle's firm—sends me a check every week," Geraldine pursued, struggling for every word.

"Oh, is that so?" Linda asked lightly.

"I've got five of them ——" Geraldine said lifelessly. "I thought I would need some of it, for the trip—perhaps fifty dollars. But I thought I would endorse the other checks every week to you, while the children are here," she added.

Linda, like all thrifty women, was not indifferent to money. She worked too hard to save ten cents here and twenty-five cents there, to be able to contemplate an addition of twenty-five dollars to her budget every week, without a thrill But she had thought of this, and was ready for it.

"MY DEAR—it's twice too much!" she said. Geraldine had a moment's realization that she herself would not have considered the matter at all in Linda's place. But she forced herself to quiet.

"Then call the rest for Mother's board. She counts, too, you know, and while she's here Lizzie and Aunt Mary keep coming in."

When Linda departed, a few minutes later, she felt as she said aloud to herself in her own room, "cheap."

Geraldine left Stockham on a Saturday, a still, soft Autumn day with fog-horns blowing on the river, and soft heat enveloping the world. For the first half-hour in the train she saw the flying landscape through a blur of tears It was good-by to Stockham, the streets and the houses she had always known, good-by to all the friends she had. She had told the family simply that she was going to Dean; the paper said that much baldly. For how long?—Mary and Cousin Lizzie and Aunt Lizzie had asked, Well, that just depended upon Dean.

"Deserted, and penniless!" she said to herself in the train. And she wondered if any of the other passengers, noticing the slender young woman in taffeta ruffles, would dream of her real situation.

Yet she was only twenty-six, and she was strong and well, and in spite of herself the unfamiliar trip interested her, and the sight of the great city, into which they roared and pounded at about four o'clock, thrilled her through and through.

In hot, crowded, West Forty-eighth Street she found a boarding-house. She had never heard of it, selected it idly from a hundred others that bore the betraying little white card next to the bell. She looked dispassionately at a small, hot, bare hall-bedroom; she agreed dully to the payment of ten dollars a week. She gave her name as Mrs. Mary O'Brien.

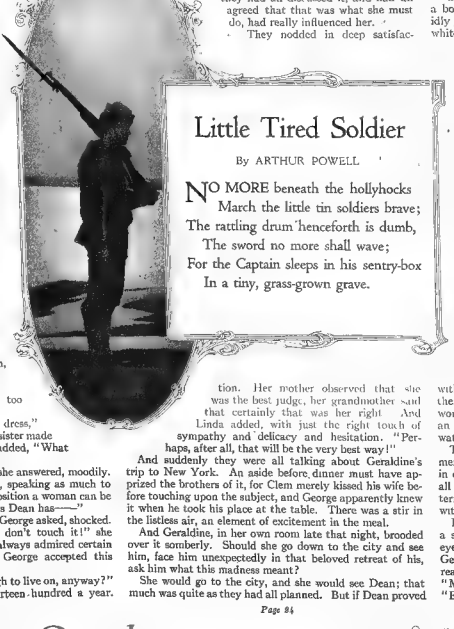
Why "Mrs. O'Brien," and why 266 West Forty-eighth Street? She did not know. But of course she would not give her own name. She was mildly surprized at the lack of interest her unannounced arrival excited. It was an underling who showed her the room and told her the price; she put her brush and comb on the bureau, hung a gown in the closet, washed her face and walked, unchallenged, forth into the streets again.

It was half past four; Dean would not be in his studio now, and she had decided that the studio was the place to find him. She had the address in her purse, something South Washington Square—long ago she had gotten it from Louis—but she would not go there until to-morrow.

She wandered down the Avenue. The street was choked with cars, crossing-policemen blew shrill whistles; the procession started, halted, started again, and the home-going crowd swarmed from the curbs like bees. Suddenly Geraldine recognized a home face; Mrs. Potts, down in the city to do her Fall buying. Her heart jumped with sheer terror, and she turned unsteadily into one of the smartest of the Avenue shops. It was a tiny place, with the single word "Emelie" on the window, and was so packed with buyers that Geraldine knew herself instantly lost among them. There was evidently a sale going on, for the saleswomen were too hurried and busy to pay any attention to an inconspicuous solitary woman, and Geraldine could watch undisturbed.

The shop was extremely handsome in all its appointments, and in here was softly lighted, and subtly enlarged in effect by a lining of mirrors. The gowns and hats were all unusual and expensive, and the buyers were on pleasant terms with the saleswomen, called them by name, talked with them familiarly and evidently trusted to their advice.

In the back of the shop, constantly coming in and out of a small office marked "Private," was a handsome, dark-eyed woman of perhaps forty, who appeared to be in charge. Geraldine had not watched for five minutes before she realized that this person, indifferently called "Miss Lucas," "Mrs. Lucas," and "Madame," was the real authority in "Emelie's." She, like the others, was severely and beauti-



Little Tired Soldier

By ARTHUR POWELL

NO MORE beneath the hollyhocks
March the little tin soldiers brave;
The rattling drum henceforth is dumb,
The sword no more shall wave;
For the Captain sleeps in his sentry-box
In a tiny, grass-grown grave.

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fully gowned in black, and had her hair elaborately dressed; she wore one magnificent ring, and the immaculate frill at her throat was held in place by a bar of large pearls.

Urged by a sudden impulse, Geraldine seized a moment when this personage was close to her, to say timidly, "Mrs. Lucas—"

"Yes, my dear!" the woman answered, with a quick, curious look. She had been rummaging in a glass-doored case, but she immediately gave her full attention to Geraldine.

"I've been watching how busy you are," Geraldine said, nervously, "and I wondered if you——"

"Tell me what young lady waited on you, and I'll have her talk to you!" the other woman said, as Geraldine paused. Her eyes meanwhile, roved the crowded room distractedly.

"I was wondering if you could—could use me as a saleswoman—could give me a job here—" Geraldine stammered, miserably.

Mrs. Lucas's face instantly changed, and hardened. A look of quick self-protection and reserve narrowed her eyes, and she began slowly to shake her head.

"You've had some experience?" she asked cautiously, resuming her quick inspection of the tickets on the gowns that were flatly packed in the case, and jerking each dress forward on the pole after she had inspected its size number.

"No," Geraldine said. "I just came down today, and I have to get something to do——"

"Yes, well — " the other woman said decidedly. "You see I get my girls mostly from other houses — you had better—" She looked sharply at Geraldine. "I was going to say you had better try one of the department stores," she said, evidently a trifle puzzled, "but I should think you would rather go into stenography, something of that kind! Josie," she said, quickly, "take this young lady to the office, and take her name and address—then in case anything turns up——"

Her words trailed off vaguely, as she hurried away. Geraldine, with hot cheeks, realized that she was dismissed. She went with the girl called Josie into a small office, and after a second's hesitation, gave the new name and the new address. This was no sooner done than Geraldine threaded the surging rooms again, and returned to the streaming Avenue.

"What possessed me to do that!" she wondered, shamefacedly. And she walked down to the Library, and wandered through its cool big rooms, trying to forget the indignity.

The boarding-house dinner was hideous. The effect of the drab, discouraged people, the drab, disparaged landlady, and tasteless food, the heat and odor, was appalling—to Geraldine at least. She found the cheerful ones as dreadful as the gloomy and silent; the cackling maiden lady who got her name so pat, and referred so breezily to "Mrs. O'Brien," the young men who gulped their dinner, after shoving a folded newspaper firmly behind them, against the chair, muttered a refusal of dessert, and were gone. It was all very terrible to Geraldine. Well, she would see Dean to-morrow, and then something must happen. The matter could not go on this way, that was clear. Something must happen; what it was she could not think. She would put on her pretty new dress, make herself look her best, and walk in upon him, as he worked.

THE omnibus, jolting along in morning sunshine, went straight to the Square. Geraldine, tightly veiled, with an unusual neatness of appearance, looked dreamily down at the world as she was rocked to and fro. The mornings were later now, and the evenings earlier, and even at ten o'clock there was a certain freshness clinging to the green squares and the parks. Windows of conservative old clubs were wide open, curb-carts of bright fruit were still wet; and yet the day was going to be hot, and all this freshness would be inexorably crushed and jaded in an hour or two.

She visualised—rumbling on past the Waldorf, and the Flatiron Building—a repentant Dean, a Dean who simply wanted a little humoring, who would welcome the idea of a reconciliation. How simply—how quickly—they could settle into housekeeping again! He had some sort of a small studio; she could share it; she saw them laughing over tiny meals on a gas-stove, trotting off arm-in-arm to little Bohemian adventures. He might write his plays, of course. Some day they would send for the girls. Geraldine's heart was beating fast, as she descended in Washington Square and walked the hundred yards between the terminal of the line and Dean's studio.

"Do you want Mr. Laird?—He isn't in!" said a girl's voice. Geraldine went up a flight, and saw a pretty creature, with clipped hair and a blue smock and with a small blue saucepan in her hand, leaning over the railing.

"He isn't!" she said disappointedly.

"I don't *think* he is!" said the creature, sweetly. "He said he was going down to Long Island somewhere, for the week-end, and asked me to take in his cream and his newspapers, you know—and I *guess* he's gone!"

Geraldine, disheartened, hesitated. Beyond the blue smock she saw another woman or two, clipped and smocked, and easels and a painter's litter, and a primitive luncheon equipment scattered across the end of a long bare table.

"Well, thank you," she said, somewhat at a loss. "I'll have to wait and see him on Monday—" Until Monday in that awful boarding-house — until Monday in this horrible city——!

"Well, I think that would be best," said the blue smock, and Geraldine went slowly downstairs again. "What name shall I say?" the girl called after her, evidently prompted by the curiosity of her companions, and Geraldine answered, after an imperceptible pause, "Mrs. O'Brien."

She paused again, in the lower hallway. Back in its dimness was a small table, and a telephone, and Geraldine thought that she might write a line to Dean—or would that be wise? Would it be wiser to come upon him unprepared? But then he might be back here before Monday——"

In a confused and undecided mood she went slowly to the telephone table, and sat down. Tears came to her tired eyes.

It was twelve o'clock, and her breakfast had been early and unsatisfactory; her head ached, and she felt faint in the midday heat.

"He Swept Her Figure with a Swift Appraising Look that Is a Man's Deference to Beauty. The Astonishing Truth Burst upon Her"

SUDDENLY every fiber of her being was electrified into sudden rigidity by the sound of his voice. Two people had come quickly up the steps from the street, and were in the hallway, and one of them was Dean.

Geraldine trembled and turned faint. Her husband was ten feet away from her.

He did not see her, nor did his companion. The street was dazzling bright and the hall dark, but more than that, she was out of the way, with her back half-turned to the hall, as she sat at the telephone.

His voice went through her like some weakening and instantaneous poison. His unforgotten, imperative voice! "I sha'n't be a moment——!"

Another voice answered, and Geraldine had a second violent shock. It was Kennedy Bond, with the old affectation in full force, the old English broadening of the first vowel, and the old drawl. She was saying something—Geraldine missed the sense of it —about trains, and time——

"You've got a bathing-suit, Dean? Stick it in—we shall need it!" Geraldine heard. "You haven't? No matter. Kitty must have a score of them. You run ahead, I'll follow up slowly——"

They went up-stairs. Geraldine sat as if glued in her place, perspiration on her forehead, her hands icy, her breath almost choking her.

She heard them laughing up-stairs, trembled afresh when the voice of the girl in the blue smock called down that a Mrs. O'Brien had called.

"Who the deuce—" Geraldine heard Dean say musingly. Then there was opening and shutting of drawers. Presently the two came running down again.

"We held the taxi—we've loads of time!" Dean said. "Don't kill yourself!"

Evidently Kennedy was looking up at him, for they both stopped, and Geraldine heard the laughter in the other woman's voice as she said, coaxingly:

It was one of a shabby brownstone row on the south side. Some of the old houses had little Bohemian restaurants in the basements, there was a church breaking the line. Cards stuck in the mail-boxes bore half-familiar names, many of the cards hand-drawn with exquisite dash and precision.

Reaching Dean's doorway, which like many others stood open, she heard airy laughter and the slamming of a door. She heard the bell buzz in invisible upper regions, when she pressed it with a firm finger-tip, but she stood waiting at the open doorway for several minutes. Trembling, but forcing herself to this last supreme effort, Geraldine rang again.

Again she heard the buzz, and as she waited an appetizing odor of frying floated down. Presently, among the laughing voices, one seemed to be calling something directly at her, and clearing her throat nervously, Geraldine called up:

"I beg your pardon?"

Google

"Somebody isn't mad, any more?"

They were standing still at the foot of the stairs.

"Never was mad—you little vampire!" Dean's voice said.

"O-oh, Dean! You were savage to that poor boy!" Kennedy assured him, childishly reproachful.

"If I was," he answered, in a rather guarded voice, "it was because I don't think he appreciates *you*——"

"What, even a vampire!" Geraldine could imagine the upward look with which she half-laughed, half-murmured the words.

"No, what you've done for him!" Dean said quickly.. Kennedy laughed.

"Never will admit you're the least little bit jealous, Dean?" she teased him. Immediately she must have run down the steps, for the voices stopped, and that was all Geraldine heard, except his eager, confidential beginning, "Listen, Ken—" as they got into the taxicab. She came to the sunny doorway; and the green square, and the crowds awaiting the omnibuses, and the great pale-grey arch, rising up against the background of pink brick façades, swam together in her sight. She was absolutely sick with the shock.

"I have lost him!" Geraldine said, half-aloud, sitting down blindly on one of the park benches, and looking up at the pale September sky. "I have lost him!" After a while she said, "But what shall I *do*? What shall I do?"

She sat there for an hour, and then walked slowly, like a sick woman, up the hot tunnel of the Avenue. When she came to a clean and shining little restaurant, she went mechanically in, and the food restored her somewhat, although she did not want it.

AFTER a while she walked slowly up the Avenue again, somberly studying the moving crowds. There was a tremendous exodus for the country: suitcases were everywhere. It was Saturday afternoon. Geraldine went to her little bedroom, and sat moodily at the window, looking down at the hot street, and brooding.

There was a letter for her; she opened it in surprize. Who knew that Mrs. O'Brien lived here? Not even her own family, for she had promised to let them know her address, and her fortunes, and had had no time to do so.

It was from Mrs. Lucas, writing for "Emelie." If Mrs. O'Brien could call on Monday in reference to the vacant position, perhaps they could make an arrangement, wrote Mrs. Lucas. A slip illustrating several advance Fall styles in cloaks and furs was enclosed. For eighty-five dollars, for two hundred and sixty dollars—this coat and wrap might be had.

For a long time she thought desperately. She might see Dean on Monday, to be sure, but there was small object in seeing him now. He was completely under the spell of his new work and his new friend. She could not go back meekly to Clem's house, there was no possible avenue of independence at home. She could only stay here, and—and do what?

"I will go to see 'Emelie'!" she decided, defiantly. Stupider women than I have made money that way!"

For three days she lived in horror of losing her job; it was a good job, and the pay was fifteen dollars a week. It appeared that, by an odd chance, a furious quarrel had broken out at "Emelie's" late in the day of Geraldine's first visit there, and that two of the saleswomen had left without ceremony. It was to this circumstance that she owed her opportunity there. Then Geraldine began to feel that she had never done anything else, and that she was an inseparable part of "Emelie's." She entered, from the brightness of the Avenue, at half past eight every morning, and went away, usually tired and rumpled, at six. At first she merely folded and checked the stock, laying the lovely, flimsy, spangled garments away in great drawers, straightening sashes and sleeves; it all shortly became simple—a routine, something to do, while she lived, she would think drearily. For in the sick confusion of her mind and heart, and with the chronic headache and heavy cold that she had managed to acquire, she felt a profound indifference to life, and a genuine conviction that death was not entirely out of her calculations.

Geraldine waited upon Mrs. Lucas for the first two weeks, bringing her what she asked for, and enduring some unkindness while the customers were there, which made her heart sink at first, but to which she swiftly grew accustomed.

"Don't be so extremely dull," Mrs. Lucas would say, "I said the dark blue, Mrs. O'Brien—it really is trying —Madame is waiting——"

After such a speech, Geraldine expected nothing less than dismissal, when the customer was gone, but the weeks went by, and it never came. The day came when she made a sale—actually took a check for a red, fur-lined coat that hung in a wardrobe.

"It's a blue tag, too—that stands you in seven dollars, dear," said one of the girls, on this occasion.

"I don't understand," Geraldine, who was still somewhat shaken by the excitement of making out the slip and address, said faintly.

"Why, it's a blue tag; that means it's more than a year old, and you get ten per cent." Miss Marks explained. She liked Geraldine, as they all did, the new saleswoman was so silent and so sad.

"Lucky she didn't sell it to a regular customer, or she would have had Lucas in her wool!" remarked another young woman. "Lucas doesn't like us to work off blue tags on old customers," she elucidated, to Geraldine. "Now, let's see—you get two per cent., anyway, that's one-forty, and seven more, that's eight-forty—not so worse!"

Geraldine smiled for the first time in "Emelie's."

After that, suddenly she began to feel at home there. Coughing and headachy, she was timidly friendly with the fitters. And she tried to understand the saleswomen themselves, but this was more difficult.

They were smooth-headed and rose-skinned, like young actresses. They wore marvelously fitting corsets, and heavy silk stockings, and outrageously high-heeled boots. They had an alarming armor of jabber and whisper, but under it they were quite simple, almost childish, and always glad to be amused. There were two mannikins, who displayed the gowns, rather stupid girls for all their reddened lips and absurd shoes, six or eight saleswomen, three or four fitters, and the messengers, besides Mrs. Lucas, who made occasional sales, and the three bookkeepers. Among them all Geraldine was as strange as a child in a jungle; they had seen much, but never her kind before, and they rather liked her.

Having accepted her, the girls came to love "Mollie," as they called her. They confided in her, while they changed to their shop stockings and shoes, and they laughed at her, and said that she was "cute." She gave them no cause for jealousy. Upon one occasion she remarked that she was just twenty-six. She saw that nobody believed her, and reflected with a little pang that she must look more than a few years older.

Women and clothes—women and clothes—women and clothes—the whole world began to revolve about them, to Geraldine. She began to notice types, and costumes; what was daring, what was really smart, what was simply handsome and expensive. She lived among stout women trying to look thinner, thin women complacently eyeing their angles in long mirrors, all women trying to buy clothes for less money than was reasonable, trying to look prettier and younger than they were. Many of them stooped quite admittedly to cheap and humiliating devices, to buy "Emelie's" frocks, and some of them had lost everything else in life—place, family, position and honor, wifehood and motherhood—for these fascinating combinations of spangles and crêpe, for stretches of creamy lace, and the coquettish tip of big hats.

Weeks flew by, and there was heaped, gray snow between the constantly moving stream of limousines on the Avenue. Geraldine, in the quiet mornings, would stand musing at the window—a window exquisitely draped in pearl, with one hat, and one mahogany chair, and one carelessly-flung furred wrap its only dressing.

The Beginning of the Story

WHEN Geraldine Fitzpatrick, good-natured and easy-going, married Dean Laird, she gave no thought to the fact that she and her husband had little in common. Even the two children failed to domesticate Dean, and the shiftlessness of his wife and his wife's family altogether disgusted him with life.

But when Kennedy Bond, just fresh from New York and successful as a playbroker, is introduced into Stockham society by Louis Redding, the artist, and she discovers in Dean a wonderful talent that Geraldine has regarded with laughing tolerance, things begin to happen. Dean, wearied of life in a small town, bored with his wife, and spurred on by new ideals, decides to try his wings, and Geraldine wakes up to the fact that her husband has left her.

The story is tense with action and is one of the best that Mrs. Norris has ever written and deals with one of the biggest problems women are compelled to face. This big new serial by Kathleen Norris began in the October number and is complete in four instalments.

She wondered if she had been a happy wife, in a small town, only a short time ago; a happy mother who came down to breakfast with the delicious bunch of warm little dressing-gown and fat little feats that was Janey, under her arm. Had she really sat darning, while Dean talked plans; had she been stopped, at the foot of the stairs, for his appreciative kiss, on Sunday mornings when she was looking particularly well? Had it been her happy privilege once to go into his office, and announce that she had come to take him to lunch; to take the girls shopping in a Christmas week only a few years ago, and laugh and whisper over the right selection for Dad? In a word, had happy, commonplace matrimony been hers, all its dear intimacies and homelinesses, and was she standing here now, alone in New York, watching the holiday crowd jam by, and selling furs and hats for "Emelie" of Fifth Avenue?

She missed her mother, and her children, but it was to Dean that her heart clung with an absolute passion of love. The others had leaned on her, but it had been her right, for so many years, to lean on him!

THERE were many days when she almost liked "Emelie's." It was always warm and luxurious and softly lighted, and that, in the bitter Winter, was a consideration. She disliked Sundays more than any other day, simply because the distraction of her work and of the girls' conversation and of the little life of the shop was missing.

She saw no particular future at "Emelie's," and yet in spite of herself she made herself useful there. In spite of the leaden weight at her heart and the heavy cold and headache she continually fought, she adapted herself to the new calling, and somewhat distinguished herself in it. One day Mrs. Lucas, whom she rather disliked, asked her to word a rather particular note to one of the really important customers, and Geraldine was quite disproportionately pleased when her employer expressed satisfaction with it.

"When we have the sales, I'll have you write those personal notes to about twenty of 'em," Mrs. Lucas said reflectively. "That nice handwriting—no sense to have it copied by the stenographer; I'll send it just that way—it'll make a hit!"

The customer duly came in for the requested interview, and Geraldine displayed her the Spring furs.

"What's your name?" asked the customer, who was a great lady indeed.

"Mrs. O'Brien," Geraldine said hoarsely, "Mary O'Brien."

"I'll try to remember you!" said the other woman, going out superbly to her waiting car. Geraldine went out to her lunch, feeling rather sick and weary. There were moments when it all thrilled her and delighted her, and she was glad to be a part of it. But she always felt ill; and the cough went on, and the headaches, and she grew thinner than she had ever been in her life.

"You'd ought to give me the address of your folks, in case you should be taken sick," said Mrs. Bellew, her landlady

"I won't be taken sick!" Geraldine answered. But she had to sit down at her bureau as she spoke, and tears of utter discouragement came into her eyes.

"You'll be in Bellevue yet!" persisted the landlady.

This was in the icy first days of January, when the thermometer played about zero, and her bedroom was almost insufferably cold. Her mother sent her snapshots of coasting and furred little girls, remarking that both needed under-flannels, and Geraldine sent them six warm and well-lined little garments each, and kissed them as she sent them—and went without the larger duplicates that might have saved her a physical crash.

For the physical crash was coming; she knew it; she knew she was merely pushing it off for a time. Noises began to hum in her ears, her back ached and her bones ached, she was dizzy and dazed half the time. She coughed incessantly, and could not eat, and could not sleep, but the weeks passed, and she pushed on.

ONE night, when the Avenue was absolutely black at half past five, and the shop being slowly emptied of the last shoppers, two telegrams arrived for Mrs. Lucas, who had gone home a few minutes earlier than usual.

"We'd better open them," said Geraldine, in the conference that was held.

"Yes, you'd better!" Miss Kling said darkly. "You'll start something you can't finish, Mollie, if you do!"

"Well, to leave these here until Monday—they might as well not have been sent," Geraldine argued.

"Let Harris take them to her—she's going that way!" said a pretty brunette called Rosie.

"Thank you for nothing, darling, I'm going out to dinner!" Miss Harris objected, airily.

"I didn't know that that was the thing to do," Geraldine hastily interposed. "I'm perfectly willing to take them. Where does Mrs. Lucas live?—that's all."

"She lives at No. 5 Broadway, up near Ninety-fifth—take the subway," said Miss Kling. "I don't know why you should do it, Mollie. There's Dora——"

"Oh, I don't mind!" Geraldine said. "It's quarter to six, I'll wait until closing——"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, go now—you freak!" Miss Kling said affectionately "You won't get home until seven, as it is!"

Warmed by the little touch of affection, Geraldine went out into the bitter dark, and struggled toward the subway. She felt extremely ill now, and decided that if her senses remained with her long enough to deliver the two limp, yellow envelops, she would simply fall in the street and let events take their course. An ambulance from somewhere would take her to a hospital somewhere, and there she would simply and obscurely die—that was all. It was rather sad about the children—Dean would have a pang some day, she hoped -but there was no use in keeping up this ridiculous and painful farce. She was ill—her head ached, her feet were icy, and she was faint with hunger.

"I am dying," she said to herself, with deep satisfaction, as she rang the bell in the ornate St. Satisfax, and asked dizzily for Mrs. Lucas. The swift warm up-rush of the elevator made her feel even more ill. "I can keep up for this interview," decided Geraldine, "and then I shall let go completely!"

Mrs. Lucas's rooms were warm and richly furnished and

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Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"It Was a Fine Day, That Day I Started Out to Make My Fortune in the World"

For Where Is Your Fortune Now?

By

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

AUTHOR OF "WHITE HANDS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANT T. REYNARD

MANY is the time my mother has stood at that window in the dead of a stormy night, when the roof rattled over our heads, and the wet shone on the cobbles, and boats came ashore on the beach; by the hour she has stood there in her bare feet and her nightgown, so still and ghost-like you wouldn't know it till you touched her in the dark. I've touched her more than once. Other times I've heard the Portugee grumbling, half in his sleep, to know what was up, and I guessed she would be there again at the window, keeping an eye out for my father.

Since the first I can remember, she was always fearful my father would be turning up again. It haunted her. Maybe it was a dream or some kind of a sigh. She never had much learning, and she put faith in things she couldn't understand, like signs and cards and printed words.

I'm sure that was the reason she never got married to the Portugee. When my mother got a thing into her head, it was there to stay—she made a lot of it, and brooded over it, and sometimes, seeing she had no learning, it came out a queer thing in the end. It was so about getting married to the Portugee. Somebody told her once there was a law against a woman's being married to two men at the same time, and that a woman could be taken away and locked up in jail for it. She never forgot that. The law was a thing she never saw head or tail to, and when she thought about it, it got to be a terrible thing, as terrible as a ghost or a dragon. She was more fearful of the law than she was of the church, for she could see the church, but she couldn't see the law. And even when the stone set up in the graveyard for all our men that went North in the *Magnolia* had been standing there as much as eight years—even then, she said, you never could tell. One might have got clear, she said, and that one might be my father.

The women down at the fish-flakes where she worked were always making game of her one way or another, because she would believe anything. Scarcely a day passed but one of them pretended she made out a strange sail opening the Head, like the *Magnolia* coming home again, and never once did my mother fail them. It lay on her mind, that's why. For a wink each time she stood there with her hands empty, and her eyes running everywhere over the water, and her heart in her throat.

"What would he do to me?" she was thinking.

She was a strong, big woman, my mother, with dark hair and red cheeks and slow blue eyes. I can see her standing there on the pier now, with her skirt tucked up over her rough, red stockings, and her sleeves cut short below the shoulders, and her hair blowing about her head, the blue water beyond her, and the boats, and all around her the fish-flakes like steps of snow, and the other women cleaning fish with her, and the slop and gurry from the tubs making the planks shine like the sky above. She stood like that, I say, looking for the loom of a ship that lay long years in the bottom of the sea, and her heart was in her throat.

She was never mad when they laughed, but afterward she would look at her tub a while, and shake her head and say, "I got a feeling here, girls—" and she would put her hand on her bosom "—I got a feeling here, girls, Ben Ring's never dead. That's all."

She made no secret of it. She wasn't the woman to make a secret of anything, nor was ours the village. She would say it no matter who was there, no matter even if the Portugee was there himself, and he often was, for he liked to watch folks work.

Sometimes he worked himself, tho not often. Once he drove cart a while for Haley, who put up travelers, and one Summer he took it into his head to go to the weirs with John Briar's crew. That was hard on my mother and me. Tho all the other weirmen went empty to the traps, my mother would get up at half past two to make the Portugee's breakfast, and with the two of them bundling about the kitchen where I slept, my sleep was broken, too. I used to lie there no more than half awake and watch them and their big shadows, my mother in her nightgown and wrapper fussing over the stove, with an eye peeping sideways as if she wondered if he wouldn't ever be tiring of it, and the Portugee getting his head through his shirt and hauling on his boots, one after the other, every motion slow and important, as if a great deal depended on it. And sometimes I used to wonder, lying there, what my father looked like, how my father used to pull on his boots, and get his head through his shirt, and wipe his mouth after he had drunk his coffee, and whether his footsteps sounded like the Portugee's going off down the cobbles toward the beach, smaller and smaller till they died away and my mother yawned and sat down on the foot of my bed and began to think about dressing.

It made a change in the Portugee too, having money coming in each week. Very often after supper he was out at Haley's, and sometimes he came home the worse for it. Once he hit my mother, tho I don't think it hurt her much. She thought everything he did was right, just as she used to think everything my father did was right. All the same she brightened up and things were better every way when the weather came on cooler with Fall and the Portugee tired of going to the weirs.

He was a good man in lots of ways, the Portugee. Very often he went clamming with me, and lay on the turf-bank at the edge of the marsh, watching the clouds sail by, while I filled my bucket. When I came home from playing I could almost always count on finding him waiting somewhere in the lane, sitting on some one's doorstep with his hands behind his head and his round, black beard in the air. And then he would walk home slowly with me, and if my mother wasn't there yet he would do what he could toward getting supper ready, peeling potatoes or something. He never talked much unless it was about work, but he loved to talk about work.

He seemed to take pleasure in tales of great pieces of work men had done, like the man who stood the wheel fifty hours in a gale of wind and had to have his hands cut off, and the like of that. Yet he always seemed a little sickly to me, and his eyes weren't strong.

And how faithful my mother was! She was the kind that's meant to be faithful, tho, and not to live alone. And perhaps she was more right than wrong to put faith in dreams and signs.

Everything in the Bible goes to prove it's the simple and the faithful that see God, and I've no doubt they see other things as well—angels and devils and fairies and the meaning of omens.

It's certain my mother had an omen of some kind, and if she read it just the opposite, it makes no difference. For it was on the very day my father came back that my mother had the first sure feeling he was dead and gone forever.

The night before there was a big gale of wind and rain, the kind you'll remember a long while if you live by the sea. That night we heard trees and chimneys coming down and the surf was thunder, for when the wind lies in the northeast the seas come clear of the Head mountain-high, and the beaches are one long lather of white. My mother was on foot all night, it seemed.

Around midnight a pane blew out in the front room, filling the place with wind and wet, but she would go back there for all of it. She was so restless. I don't know how many times I opened my eyes and saw her face by the light in the hall, like a dream.

IT MUST have been about two when she gave a big groan. It was an unnatural sound. I jumped up in a wink, but then I was fearful of going in and sat still till the Portugee came leading her out to the kitchen. She sat beside me wringing her hands.

"The sea's heaving up the dead," said she. She looked daft, with her eyes set and her hair all down around her.

The Portugee couldn't make head or tail of it, and kept asking if there wasn't something he could do or somebody he could get.

My mother didn't seem to hear him at all.

"What'll he do?" she kept on saying, wringing her hands and staring at the stovepipe. "Whatever will Ben Ring do to me?"

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The Portugee put on his shirt and boots by and by, and said he was going out to get some woman, but in the end he didn't get far.

The tide began to go a little before daylight, and that broke the wind. All of a sudden, just at sunrise, my mother began to laugh.

"I been so foolish," she laughed, "so foolish, so foolish!"

She laughed so hard and so long and her face got so red, that I don't know what would have come of it had she not turned to crying in the end. She lay on my bed and cried for ten minutes, I should say, as if her heart was broken. And then she got up and got breakfast.

YOU'D never have thought she had been up all night to see her at breakfast time. Everybody was out in the lane having a look at the wreckage, and a neighbor-woman came running in to talk it over, leaving the door open behind her and letting the sun in all over the floor, and the warm air of Spring. She brought up short, seeing my mother.

"Why—why, Annie—" said she. "Why, Annie, you look like a girl!"

She forgot all she was going to say, wanting to know what was up with my mother.

"It's all right," said my mother. "I been so foolish all these years, so foolish. But now I've seen him dead with his mates in the bottom of the sea. I've seen him sure as the sun in the sky."

"Where?" said Mrs. Hendie, sitting down and full of surprize.

"In here I've seen him." And my mother laid her hands on her bosom.

She didn't go to work that morning, seeing the gale had put things out of sorts at the pier. All morning she went around the house half daft, it seemed, picking things up and laying them down again without knowing why. If any one spoke to her she went red and white and said: "What?" and by her eyes you'd say she didn't know yet whether to laugh or cry. Toward noon she grew quieter. For as much as a quarter of an hour she stood in the kitchen, brooding at the Portugee's boots behind the rocker in the corner, and all the while the color coming and going and a queer look around her lips.

"I guess," said she by and by, "I guess I'd like to get married."

The Portugee was lying on my bed; seeing her so still, and his mind relieved by it, he was almost off to sleep when she spoke up. It surprized him. He didn't know what in the world to do. He began to wander all around the house, coming back now and then on the chance she had got over it. She was beyond him.

"What would I wear?" he wanted to know.

He didn't seem to have anything to hang to. After he'd wandered about a bit more he said he thought she ought to talk it over with somebody.

"No, no," said she. "I wouldn't want to."

I can't say whether she thought better of it, but late that day she put on her shawl and started to go out. She got only as far as the front door, tho, and in place of going out we heard her turning the key and throwing the bolt to. She came back and stood still in the doorway, with all the color gone out of her cheeks.

"He's standing out there in the lane," said she.

We couldn't make her out at all.

"Looking at the house," said she.

"Who?" said the Portugee.

"Him," said my mother. "Ben Ring in the flesh."

"What you saying?" cried the Portugee, starting up. But then he gave a sigh. She had got beyond him with her moods and visions.

"I saw him there in the lane," said she again.

"That's foolish," said the Portugee. But all the same he was taken aback more than a little to see her so deathly white and shivering from head to foot, and so was I. We went into the front room; both of us, and peeped out of the window. The sun was getting low by that, and the lane right away down to the water was red with it, and empty.

The Portugee looked down at me, and I looked up at him and he shook his head with a despairing air.

"She's awful queer," said he. He told my mother she had better lie down a while when we came back, but she would have none of it.

"I saw him there in the lane," said she, "as plain as I see you and Benjie now." She stood with her eyes fixed hard on us and her head nodding slowly. "He had on a gray suit and a brown felt hat, and in his left hand he had a bag and in his right hand he had a stick. He stood there abreast of June Sukie's step, looking up at the house here.

"And he knows," said she. "He knows. Else he would have come in, same as it would have been natural for a man to do."

It was well after dark before we had our supper, my mother was so distracted. And, seeing I had been up the night before, I was in bed and fast asleep before even the dishes were cleared away.

When I woke up it was the red of dawn. My mother was sitting on the foot of my bed, and on the floor with his legs sprawled out and a blanket thrown over them lay a man, sleeping like the dead. He was a large man, handsome in face, with hair turning grizzled above the ears, and when I saw the brown hat crumpled up beside him and the gray suit he had on I remembered my mother's words the night before, and the fear of him struck to my heart.

"That's my father?" said I in a whisper.

My mother turned to me with a queer, odd stare.

"Yes," said she. "He come in around two."

"What'll we do?" I asked, lying still for fear of him.

"I don't know," said she. "I don't know whatever."

"Why's he laying there? What's the matter of him?"

"He was to Haley's most all the night, drinking ale. He come in here on his hands and knees, and that's how he come, Benjie, and he went off straight to sleep like that."

She leaned down to smooth out the quilt a little and pull it over his feet, and I wondered to see her so gentle.

"When he wakes up," I wanted to know, "will he carry on?"

All the answer she gave me was to sit with her cheeks between her hands brooding at the floor. The sun was up

AFTER

By LUCENE L. GOODENOW

FADING the days of delight, dead the sweet clover
Curtain the picture quite, Summer is over.

Crush the grape with your heel, purple wine flowing
Over the far winnowed hills, cattle are lowing.

Out of the lingering sweetness, drain to the lees,
So perished loves of the past greater than trees.

Hold not the ash of regret, cooler winds blowing
Rather is Mem'ry more rare, richer from knowing.

now; it came in white at the window and it seemed queerer than ever to see my strange father sleeping there like the dead. I pinched my mother's sleeve.

"Let's run away," said I. Then I had another thought.

"Where's *he* gone to?" said I, thinking of the Portugee.

"He'll be half way to Squoisett by now," said my mother. "We thought it best he should go somewheres else, and so he took his things and a dollar I gave him, and he was out on the highroad by three, and that's the last of him. We thought it best on account of your father."

And she had no more than got the words out of her mouth when the door opened and there came the Portugee himself, shuffling in with a bundle over his back and his eyes on his boots.

My mother rose up on her feet, and I never heard her so sharp.

"What you doing here?" she wanted to know.

He let the bundle down on the floor and shifted from one foot to the other and hung his head.

"Where would I go to?" said he. He never looked at my mother.

"If only you'd tell me where I'd go to," said he.

He sat down in the rocker and my mother sat down on the bed and everything seemed hopeless enough.

"Well," said my mother by and by, "seeing you're here, you'd best lend me a hand and we'll fetch him in on to the bed, for the floor's no place to be sleeping."

And they did that, the Portugee taking his shoulders and my mother at his feet, and they laid him on the bed in the other room.

MY MOTHER took me along when she went to work that morning, for we were both fearful of what my father would do when he woke up. Everybody at the pier knew all about it, of course, my father having been at Haley's the night before, and they were asking my mother a hundred questions.

"I don't know," she had to answer. "I don't know, and I don't know."

Her hand was tight on mine when we came up the lane for dinner that noon and mine was tight in hers. The two of us wondering hard enough whether he had come back to his senses yet. And when we got to the door we found my father up in his stocking feet, playing pitch with the Portugee.

"I've twenty-eight for game, and be damned if you can beat it!" he was crying, with a huge bang of his fist on the table. And when my mother heard that, the strength went out of her hand, and she stood there leaning all her weight on the side of the door, for it was never the voice of a man who came with harm in his mind.

He was a big man, as I've said, and a handsome man. He sat there for a minute, taking her in from head to foot and never saying a word, and then he gave the table another bang with his fist, crying:

"By the good God, Annie, girl, what a fool a man is!"

He pushed back his chair with a clatter, and striding across the floor he took hold of my mother's shoulders and held her off from him. He had a way with women, my father did.

"And what a block of wood I've got on my shoulders after all!" he cried. "Or else I'd have been here in my own house these eight years past, and be damned to all the slim waists, and bad luck in the world!"

You should have seen my mother then. For what with this sudden turn to all her frights, and what, too, with the look of my father's admiring eyes, the red was chasing the white over her face and tears were raining down and her knees were gone. It was beyond belief, beyond belief. She had never looked to see him reasonable, and that was why.

"I've done you a great wrong," my father went on, drawing off and looking at her mournfully. "You'll never forgive me, Annie, never."

That was all. Not a word of her and the Portugee, and the Portugee sitting right there in the flesh all the while and hoping everything would come out right.

"That's Benjie, is it?" said my father, and crooked a finger to me.

"Benjie," said he, laying a hand on my hand, "Benjie, I've done you both a great wrong. I've give up my rights to everything a man would want, and I can never look to have you forgive me, and that's my deserts, that's my deserts."

He blew his nose, and I saw tears in his eyes.

All the rest of the day that mood was on him, and tho he ate a great deal of fried whiting at dinner, and made himself comfortable, and played endless games of pitch with the Portugee, yet he would never be presuming, never a hint of reproach crossed his lips.

He gave us no word of how he had come to get clear of the *Magnolia* when she went down, but then, the news was old with him and he'd had to answer so many questions at Haley's the night before that I suppose he was tired of it. That isn't to say he didn't talk. He talked the better part of the time, but mainly in scraps, jumping here and there—how he had missed one fortune by a hair at such a time, or been done out of another at another time. Bad luck had followed his foot-steps no matter where he chose to go. He had done more than a few big pieces of work out in the world, but others had got the name for them; every time, it seemed, there was somebody or other ready to step in at the last minute and get a name and a pot of money, and bad luck sat on my father's shoulders. Tho that wasn't to say it always would.

The Portugee never got enough of listening to him, nor I, for they were all strange tales to me. To hear my father talk, you would think our village was nothing; he was all for the huge, high cities, and the big rivers, and plains a hundred miles across.

"A man's got a chance there!" he cried, pounding the table. "Down here," said he, "when a man turns out of a morning, he knows pretty well what he'll turn in at night, ain't that so? But out there a man can never tell. Turn out a pauper and, like as not, turn in a millionaire. That's right! I've known them to!

"Not to say that's everything," he went on after a minute in a soberer voice, shaking his head. "Millions ain't everything. No—no."

AND after supper, when everybody fell silent for some reason, and uncomfortable, and did nothing but stare at the lamp on the table, he said the same thing again, "Millions ain't everything. No—no."

He looked at my mother sidewise and then at the Portugee and bit his lip.

"I've done a great wrong," said he with a sigh. "It's my just deserts." He felt around in the dark under the table till he found his shoes.

"Well," said he, his face all red from stooping. "It's getting late, I guess." He put on his hat and took it off and coughed once or twice. Then, seeing my mother still staring at the lamp like a dumb one and her fingers picking at the edge of the plate, he said, "Well, I guess I'll be turning in." And with that he went out and down the lane to Haley's, to put up for the night.

The Portugee took to wandering about the room, out of ease as any one could see, scratching himself and coughing and rubbing his wrist across his mouth, thinking of the good ale down at Haley's and my father so good-natured all that day and ready to stand him a glass, no doubt. In the end he couldn't bear it, and saying he guessed he'd have a look around, he put on his hat and went off down the lane, too.

Through it all, from first to last, not a word did my mother say; not a look did she give a one of us. But after she had washed up the supper things and got the kindling in from the wood-house she sat on the foot of my bed with her hands clenched on her knees and a red spot standing on the white of her cheek and her eyes half-closed, staring at nothing whatever.

How long she sat there I can't say, for I was off to sleep in a minute, and it was only the sound of her crying woke me up again. It seemed like a dream to see her lying there on my bed with her hands in her eyes and her shoulders working up and down, the lamp burning low and all the house so still I could hear the beach awash and the breeze blowing in the trees.

"What's the matter of you?" I wanted to know, but she wouldn't take her hands away to look at me, and said, "Be still, Benjie!"

"What you crying about?" said I, for I couldn't be still.

"I don't know—I don't know!"

"Is it my father or something?" said I. And with that another notion came into my head. "And if he's my father,"

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said I, "then why doesn't he come live to home, same as other folks' fathers?"

"Be still and go to sleep, Benjie," said she, and I saw the red creeping up between the fingers on her cheeks. "Go to sleep," said she.

I suppose the thought came to her then that she'd best be doing the same herself, for after a minute she got up and started off across the kitchen, fumbling at her buttons. But she had got no more than half the way when she brought up of a sudden and stood there listening.

There were foot-steps in the yard, and we heard my father going on to the Portugee.

"Who are you?" he wanted to know. "Who are you, anyway?" He sounded good-natured enough now, as if Haley's ale lay well on his stomach.

"If I've changed my mind," said he, "what business is it of yours? Who the devil are you, to be coming between man and wife?"

"You're a good fellow, all right!" said he, and we heard him give the Portugee a good round slap on the back that made him cough and scatter pebbles with his boots. And after another minute we heard the hinges squeaking out on the wood-house where the Portugee went in, and my father's voice from the kitchen step, "That's the man, now. I've slept in worse places myself, and plenty's the time."

All the while my mother stood there with her hands on her bosom and her lips half open to her breath. When my father opened the door and saw her there so still in front of him, he seemed taken back, and for a minute it was touch-and-go whether he would come in or not.

"Oh!" said he, kind of laughing and out of ease. "You were sitting up?"

He stepped in and closed the door, pulling it to several times before it seemed to latch, and all the while his face was red as a beet and his eyes everywhere.

"Hello, Annie!" said he. He cleared his throat, and then he smacked his hands together, making a great fuss, and seeing my mother hadn't stirred yet, nor so much as made a sound, he began patting her shoulders with both hands. "My, my!" said he. "What a handsome girl! What a handsome, dear girl, Annie!"

And the next thing I knew, there was my mother laughing and crying at once, and her arms around my father's neck.

YOU should have seen her the next day. She was so happy and her eyes were so bright. All the time you'd say she was just getting ready to sing a song, or her feet to fall into a dance. Yet there was a shyness about her, and a way of turning red at nothing whatever. And what a fine day it was for it all, with the sun shining bright, and the sea as blue as blue, and the willows breaking out in a feather of leaves, and a wind blowing.

My father went with my mother to her work, for he couldn't leave her a minute. He sat there all the morning on a salt-cask with a pipe between his teeth, telling tales to *the Portugee*, and it's hard to say whether it was at him or at my mother folks looked the more.

That was splendid that morning, but my father wasn't the man to put up with it long. He didn't think it right my mother should go out to work. He was ready to do anything, any sort of work a man could turn an honest hand to, and he wanted the Portugee to stand on his own feet, what was more and earn his own salt. The two of them went around the village next day, and my father talked with a great many men, only a few words with some, while with others he went on at a great rate in his loud, good-natured way. But with all of them it came to the same. He just couldn't help laughing at them.

"What you think I am?" he kept asking them, and one of them said:

"What you want is the earth, Ben, with a gold fence around it."

At dinner he was still laughing and carrying on at the lot of them.

"My, my! Old Harriott, and his 'dollar a day'—imagine! Ha, ha, ha! That makes me laugh. And I've seen the day when I've put up my nose at—well, I won't say. My, my!"

My mother watched him with a cloud in her eyes.

"By God!" he cried, banging the table. "What chance has a man got in a hole like this?" He waved his hand behind him. "Out there—" said he, looking at my mother "—out there where I come from it's another thing!"

My mother's eyes went down to her plate again, and all the recent brightness was gone from her face.

"Oh well, I'll have another try around," said my father, but if my mother didn't shake her head she might have, for she knew as well as any one that my father was wasting himself in a village the size of ours.

You wouldn't say any more that she was going to sing a song. All afternoon and evening she kept quiet, and when my father was shifting about from window to window and staring out at the sky for minutes at a time, my mother was looking the other way.

I can't say what time it was that night when I woke up to see her on her knees by the bed, watching me with the saddest look on her face.

"What is it?" said I in a whisper, for it was all queer in the weak light from the moon.

"Nothing," said she.

"What you crying about?" said I.

"I don't know," said she. "I don't know."

But she kept on looking at me as if her heart had been broken, and her eyes wouldn't let me go.

BY AND BY, after we had been quiet a while, she said:

"Oh; Benjie, I want you should be a fine, great man when you come to it; it's not right you shouldn't have the chance. But what chance has any one got in a hole like this? It's not the same as it is out there, Benjie—not here it ain't—and I know it well."

I wondered to hear her go on so, and to see the round tears dropping out of her eyes.

"What's the matter of you?" said I.

"Your father wouldn't be staying here a great while," said she. "And you'd best go along with him when he comes to go," said she, "and make yourself a fortune out there in the world, Benjie, boy." And before I could catch her nightgown even, she was off running in the dark.

In the morning it seemed my mother had been foolish enough, for the first thing my father did was to put on his hat and coat.

"Let's have another try," said he to the Portugee, "and see what side of their mouths they sing to-day." And then, seeing Haley coming into the yard, he gave a laugh. "Well, here's one of them already."

Haley was a smallish man with glassy eyes, always going about in his apron and talking short with every one.

"I come to see about that little bill," said he, when the door was opened, and he stood with his fists on his hips looking at my father.

"Little bill?" said my father.

Haley had it in his hand, figured on a bit of paper.

"Yes," said he, "little bill! There's one night's lodging, with supper, for one thing, and there's seventeen glasses of ale first and last I've carried on the board, and three half-plugs of Mayo's, the same, figuring two-thirty-five, all told."

"*Two-thirty-five!*" My father put his head back and roared with laughter. "Haley, on my word you'd think 'twas two hundred and thirty-five dollars, the way you act. *Two-thirty-five!* Dear, dear!"

Haley kept standing as he was, with a sour look on his face.

"That's all right," said he. "It's easy enough to say 'Two-thirty-five!' It's easy enough to say 'Remember it, will you?' It's easy enough to say 'Chalk that up, that's the boy!'"

"Look here!" cried my father, growing purple and shaking a finger in Haley's face. "By God, Haley, you'd best take care. Whenever have I robbed man or woman? Say! Stand there and tell me the date when Ben Ring's word wasn't good for whatever he asked of any man. Sing out!"

In place of answering, Haley closed his lips tighter and looked beyond him where my mother stood by the table, her face red and her eyes down.

"Come Saturday I'll 'tend to it," said she, hardly over a whisper.

"That's enough," said Haley. He bowed double over his apron. "That's all I want to know, all I want to know. Good day to you, ma'am."

I never saw a man so mad as my father was. It was just as well Haley was quick into his cart and quiet about it, for my father stood at the gate like a wild one, his face the color of meat, cursing him by every oath I ever heard.

"And as for you!" he cried at my mother, who was out behind him. "And as for *you!*——" He stopped and pinched his forehead hard between his thumb and forefinger, to get the better of himself.

"It's no use, Annie," he went on in a kindlier voice. "You can see for yourself, Annie. Them and their ways are beyond me, beyond me, and I guess I'm beyond them, too. It's no use, Annie, girl."

And with that, giving her a kiss, he was out in the lane before my mother could say "Jack Robinson."

My heart went down and down. I began tugging at my mother's hand.

"Ma!" said I. "Oh Ma—*you* know!"

That seemed to bring her wits back; we were out of the gate in a wink and my mother calling: "Ben! Ben!"

"Ben," said she, when we came up with him. "Take Benjie."

My father was dumfounded.

"Take *Benjie?*" He began to laugh and shake his head. "What on earth would I do with *Benjie*, say?" Then he turned soberer, "There, there," said he. "It's ten chances to one I'll be back again before you know it, bringing a pot of money for you both. There, there!"

"Take Benjie," said my mother in the same tone.

It took my father shank to see her standing up to him. Her hand was so tight on mine it hurt, but she wasn't fearful of him nor of anybody now, and her face was like a doll's face or a dead person's, so calm it was.

"Take Benjie!" said she, and that was all she said.

I could see my father didn't know how to take her, nor what to do, and with that my heart was going up again.

"Ma," I whispered. "How about my clothes and everything?"

But she gave my hand a fierce grip.

"S-s-s-h! They don't amount, they don't amount. Go! Hurry now. Go! Go!" said she, seeing my father moving off, half of one mind and half of another.

She never kissed me; never so much as a "God bless you!" did she have to give me; you'd think she had no feeling in her. All the while my father and I were climbing the hill to the high road she stood there in the same spot watching us, quiet as a stone, her face like a doll's with the pink washed out, or a dead person's.

It was a fine day, that day I started out to make my fortune in the world. The high road runs along the ridge there with all the world spread out below, and that morning a big soft wind was blowing across it, the sky was full of little puffs of white cloud, like the ships we saw sailing far out to sea, and along the road the bushes were in bloom.

"'What'll He Do?' She Kept on Saying, 'Whatever Will Ben Ring Do to Me?'"

MY FATHER was like another man. At first he paid me no heed, but walked on straight and stiff. After he seemed put out to find me still tagging at his heels, and I was of two minds about turning back. But in the end he couldn't help it; he started whistling and swinging his arms with the tune, and then he gave me a good slap on the back and said that he and I would show them what was what.

We walked on so all morning. Toward noon we stopped in a lonely part and he had me take off one of my shoes and put a penny in it.

"That's all right," said he, when I complained how it hurt to be walking so, and he clapped his hands and cried "Fine! Fine!" to see me limping and groaning. And we had no more than come around the next bend when there was a farmhouse by the road and a kindly, white-faced woman who gave us a good dinner and made all manner of me, calling me a lamb and a poor baby and the like. When we came to go, after she had kissed me, she gave my hand a shake, and I found a shiny half-dollar left in my fingers. I gave it to my father, once we were on the high-road again, for my pockets were full of holes, and then he took the pebble out of my shoe, laughing merrily all the while and thinking more and more that I was a fine fellow.

So we walked on, and when my father wasn't whistling or singing a song, he was telling me tales of the great cities and of what he was going to do and how we were going to show them what was what. It made me feel good to see him so big and handsome and able, and to know he was my father and I was his son. It made him feel good too, for he told me as much. Once he grew sober. We were having a rest, stretched out in the grass above the road where a hill ran down into a valley full of farms, and the sea at the other end like a blue teacup. We lay there a while watching the clouds, and then my father began in a solemn way.

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YOUR PART IN WINNING THE WAR

CONDUCTED BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

Enlist in the Students' Nurse Reserve

THE Government is making a very definite appeal to women to enroll in the United States Students' Nurse Reserve. Twenty-five thousand student nurses are needed at once for training in the hospitals in this country. Every young woman who can qualify should enlist, as the need is urgent. Women between the ages of 19 and 35 are eligible, and those who register are expected to hold themselves in readiness until April 1, 1919, to be assigned to training schools in civilian hospitals or Army Nursing Schools where they will be trained for active service. The urgency of the call is shown by the fact that the official call to the young women of America is signed by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, the Surgeon-General of the Army, the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service, the Chairman of the Red Cross, and the Chairman of the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense. Register with the Woman's Committee in your city or State, or with one of the above officials at Washington. There are 1,579 nurses' training schools in this country. The student nurse gets her board, lodging, and tuition free at practically every training school and in most cases receives a small remuneration to cover cost of books and uniforms. This is an opportunity for personal service that no girl can conscientiously miss.

WE VOICE A PROTEST

THE policy of this page and of this magazine is constructive. The whole purpose is to serve. In the face of stupendous achievements that have amazed the whole world and made sure the victory of the allied arms, any criticism of our Government is inconceivable.

But PICTORIAL REVIEW would not be true to the great army of a million and a half women it represents, if it did not voice their protest against a seeming injustice to the women physicians who are asked to serve in our Army.

Very respectfully, but very earnestly, we call the attention of the Army Medical authorities to an apparent oversight, and very earnestly we urge them in the interest of efficiency to rectify a mistake.

Women now working in the Army Medical Corps are given no rank and are paid less than men physicians doing exactly the same work.

Women ask equal rank and equal pay for women physicians doing the same work as men physicians.

Women are asked to enroll in the Volunteer Medical Corps. All physicians barred from active service in the Medical Reserve Corps by physical disability, age, essential institutional need, essential public need, dependents, *and sex*, are eligible to this corps.

Should women physicians, physically, socially, and professionally fit to do army work for which there are not enough trained men—women willing to assume the sacrifices and the burdens of active service—be classed *en masse* with men physically unfit, men too old, and men kept at home because of dependents?

Women ask that sex shall not disqualify them if in all other ways they are eligible for service.

PICTORIAL REVIEW asks that the President, the Secretary of War, and the Surgeon-General of the Army give prompt and earnest attention to these facts.

Save the Khaki for Our Soldiers

CIVILIANS are asked not to wear khaki-colored worsteds, which are so much needed for our soldiers. The Quartermasters Corps of the Army is making this request, and this department is backed up by the American Association of Woolen and Worsted Manufacturers. The civilian wearing of soldier cloth is at best an exhibition of bad taste.

A Chance for Service in Italy

AMERICAN women who speak Italian fluently and who are trained in social service work are being sent to Italy by the Red Cross to help with the refugees and children, to conduct soup-kitchens and nurseries, and to organize and carry on forms of relief work. For service with the American Red Cross Commission to Italy a few women are being sent as stenographers and warehouse clerks. Passport regulations which affect women sent to France apply also to workers going to Italy. Address *Personnel Bureau, American Red Cross, Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York City.*

Training Women as Ticket-Sellers

BECAUSE of the need for skilled ticket-sellers and the difficulty of obtaining enough trained men, the Railroad Administration has opened schools in several sections of the country for training women to fill these positions.

The present force of trained men ticket-sellers will be retained whenever possible because of the expert character of their work, but it has been found necessary to supplement their activities with women. This is due partially to the increase of traffic and partially to the loss of men to the Army and Navy.

When thoroughly trained, women ticket-sellers will be paid the same salaries as men doing the same work. After preliminary training of from one to two months, the women who show aptitude will be given the work of selling the simpler forms of tickets and gradually will work into the sale of more complicated forms. Apply to *Mr. Gerrit Fort, United States Railroad Administration, Washington, D. C.* (or your nearest city).

Spanish Translators Wanted

WOMEN who translate Spanish rapidly and accurately are in demand and should communicate with the postal censorship board of the *Post-office Department, Washington, D. C.* Assignments are to the postal censorship in New York and other port cities.

Women as Meat Inspectors

INSPECTORS in charge of meat inspection have been authorized by the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, to select women as "assistants in meat inspection" at all stations where men are not available and it is possible to utilize the services of women. Because of war conditions the bureau is experiencing difficulty in obtaining men as lay inspectors and at a number of the larger stations women already have been employed.

MRS. IDA CLYDE CLARKE

Putting Women in Men's Places

THE Government has spoken in no uncertain terms concerning the employment of women in war industries. Every month about a quarter of a million men are withdrawn from civilian occupations and this fact, together with the increasing naval and military demands of the Government, makes it necessary for women to be employed in increasingly large numbers. The War Industries Board recommends that women be given such employment as clerical and cashier service, accounting in manufacturing, mercantile, and financial establishments, in the offices of transportation companies and other public utilities, such as sales-clerks and floor-walkers in mercantile establishments, including department stores, specialty stores, shoe stores, men's furnishing stores, florists' shops, jewelry stores, drug stores, soda-water fountains, etc. Women should not be employed to replace men in occupations or places of employment clearly unfit for women on account of physical or moral conditions. Girls under twenty-one years of age should not be employed in occupations or places of employment clearly unfit for them owing to their youth. The Government discourages the employment of women in work involving special hazards. It counsels rigid adherence to rules already laid down for the protection of women workers. Recruiting of mothers of young children is discouraged. Women who wish to serve the Government by working in war industries should write to the *Division on Woman in Industry, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.*

Turn Your Trash into Cash

IS YOUR town systematically trying to save the domestic waste? If not, you have something to do. The annual loss is enormous in such things as tinfoil, lead, brass, copper, aluminum, old gold, silver, broken bits of jewelry, paper, rubber, cotton and woolen rags, glass fruit-jars, tin cans, furniture, and innumerable other articles. If you are in doubt as to just how to go about starting a campaign for the salvage of this waste, write to *Mrs. John Allan Dougherty, Chairman, National Salvage Committee, American Civic Association, Washington, D. C.*

A Call for Women Chemists

WOMEN chemists are needed by the Government. Every woman of training in this line should write to *Captain Frederick E. Breithut, Chemical Section, National Army, Office of the Surgeon-General, Washington, D. C.* Two types of women are eligible, chemical workers with some experience, who, tho not graduates of technical schools, have acted as laboratory assistants: and graduate chemists with four years or more of training in technical schools or colleges. Captain Breithut asks that college women and women's clubs cooperate with him in registering women for this real emergency. It is said that at least 1,600 women chemists are needed immediately. Capable women should lose no time in filing applications. The need is great and the scope is broad.

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"With vigor and vim in body and limb—
Campbell's Tomato just keeps me in trim!"

cup (i. e., one-half pint or a large soup plate-ful) of milk soup flavored with vegetables yields a little more energy to the body than the same amount of milk. A thick meat soup with pieces of meat and vegetables in it, a fish chowder, or a rich vegetable soup, such as cream of tomato, yields half again as much energy as the milk;

So says the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

The above extract is a *photographic reproduction* from the *Weekly News Letter* issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Notice that it says a Cream of Tomato Soup yields 50 per cent more energy than the same amount of milk. This fact—proven by the dietary specialists of the Department—is one evidence of the exceptional food value you get from

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is not only a wholesome stimulus and appetizer but it has a special value in strengthening digestion and aiding the body processes which create energy and vigor.

By means of the improved Campbell method we retain completely the remarkable tonic properties of the fresh vine-ripened tomato in this tempting soup. And we heighten these qualities by skilful blending with other choice ingredients.

The contents of each can just as you receive it produces two cans of rich soup, perfectly cooked and seasoned—ready to serve on your table in three minutes.

Simply by adding milk instead of water, you have a Cream of Tomato that is full of pure nourishment, delicious and economical. It involves no cooking cost for you, no labor, no waste.

You can make it even heartier by adding croutons, grated cheese, boiled rice or noodles. Served in any of these ways it becomes in itself a substantial part of the meal.

The practical way is to order *Campbell's Tomato Soup* by the dozen. In this way you save extra deliveries, and have it right at hand when you want it. How is your supply today?

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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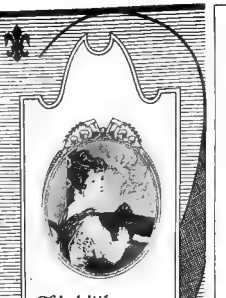

This Little French Woman Opens Her Heart

CAN'T you imagine her—this dainty little person—whose first duty always is to be beautiful? And now especially must she be her loveliest, that she may better inspire and bring courage to her fellow-countrymen. In this land of soul and sunshine, ideals are never forgotten. Beauty is necessary to each day's living. There is eagerness in every word she writes:

"Chantilly, France.
My Dear Monsieur:
It is a great calamity that has befallen me. No longer can I secure the wonderful face cream that gives beauty to my skin. Your Crème Elcaya has been my best friend for more than eight years. No other is like it. Is it possible for you to send me three or four pots direct? It would give me the greatest happiness.
Yours,
F— L—"

Wouldn't you feel happy to know that you were responsible for something that was every day helping to increase the number of beautiful women? When I get such letters as this, I am more glad than I can tell you that we have been able to produce Crème Elcaya—a cream that can do so much toward revealing the utmost of personal loveliness.

This ideal non-greasy disappearing toilet cream, used every time before you put on your face powder will bring out the beauty Nature meant you to have. There is nothing difficult about it, just follow this formula.

A little Crème Elcaya rubbed gently into the skin; then if you need color, a very little good Rouge, spread carefully over the cheeks before the Cream is quite dry; and after that the film of face powder over all.

Watch the improvement in your skin from day to day. Before many moons you will wonder why you ever envied that friend her charming complexion.

A package, including Crème Elcaya and Elcaya Complexion Powder, may be obtained for 10 cents if sent to the address below, addressed to Department 21. Use Elcaya Rouge or your own, as you please.

James Colcraine

Sole Agents
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North, South, East, and West the Women Ask for Suffrage

By DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW

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to the Federal Constitution. Since the famous Bill of Rights was given to the world declaring "all men are equal," there has been no other proposition so momentous in its magnitude, beneficent, and far-reaching in consequence as this.

The labor, patience, and fortitude evinced by the women of this country in the face of opposition, custom, prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, marks one of the most unfaltering, courageous, and heroic struggles in the progress of human freedom.

The appeals, petitions, addresses, and discussions of the early advocates of the movement, in diction, logic, eloquence, and legal acumen, have never been surpassed. They called to its support the leading intelligence among men and women, and in the years to come, when the struggle for human freedom shall be recorded, the names and services of the pioneers of the suffrage movement will be accredited as among the most noble advocates and defenders of the ideals of that democracy for which the civilized world is in arms to-day, for they and all their followers for more than three-quarters of a century have been fighting for the things which they have carried nearest to their hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government.

No act of the United States in this struggle would prove its sincerity more than the passage by Congress of a Federal Constitutional Amendment declaring equal protection to all its citizens in their citizen's right to self-government, thus proving that in practise as well as in theory it is worthy to fight the world's battle for human freedom and justice.

While most of the statesmen of the last fifty years, however intellectually able they have been, have never dared or cared to touch the great moral elements of National life, but have been content to devote their energies to tariffs, to national prosperity, to State laws, and the shallow heartless trade of party politics, the woman suffrage discussion of the last half century has been the power which has kept alive the ideals of democracy upon which our government was founded. Without this agitation, the ideals of the people would have been wholly absorbed in the desire for political aggrandizement and partisan advantage. Then the deepest sympathy, it appeals to the highest moral sense, it embraces within itself the greatest social movements, and is the lever which is enlightening the mind and inspiring the soul of the whole human race with the love of freedom, equality, and justice.

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

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the government, too. All of them. The women of the South as well as the women of the West. The women of Ohio as surely as the women of New York. Their full half-share of the dignity and responsibility that comes with authority. The New Day needs that half-share.

Western women know that only a National Suffrage Amendment can give this comely justice to the women of all the States. The bungling, wasteful State by State method is too laggard for molten days like these.

Therefore, it is quite as hard for us as it is for voteless women to watch United States Senators holding up the amendment and so making a travesty of democracy for which our sisters and our sons—nurses and soldiers together—are dying.

By MRS. ANNE DALLAS DUDLEY

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spired by the hideous memory of old wrongs.

But shall we be the ones to hold our nation back when her honor is at stake, when she is clearly pledged to give the ballot *now* to her twenty million unenfranchised women? Shall we of the South blot the golden page of her history of altruistic courage with inconsistency and insincerity while we whisper darkly of oppressive injustice to our victorious brothers in by-gone years? Can we face the light of the new day that is dawning for the whole world when we are indeed a free nation? Will not those who make the laws by which we must live let America be true at last to her best ideals?

By KATHARINE LUDINGTON

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New England have some reasons of our own for desiring it. The people of the New England States have rested for years in a comfortable consciousness of leadership, of a secure pre-eminence in educational and reform movements. We laughed about the "New England conscience" but were privately proud of it. We were so sure of our high-mindedness and our progressiveness that we laid them on a shelf and rarely looked to see if they were still there. Now the inevitable is happening and we find ourselves outstripped by more energetic and, possibly, less complacent sections.

In the time of the Civil War New England led the fight against slavery, and yet in the struggle for justice to women, the West, Texas and Arkansas in the South, New York State, Canada, and even Old England have gone ahead of us. And now, in this great war for democracy, a majority of the Senators from the New England States are opposed to the extension of democracy to women by means of the Federal Amendment.

The section that poured out its best blood against the doctrine of sectionalism and States' Rights has now to listen to the arguments of New England men who join with Southerners in basing their opposition on the ground of States' Rights.

We are proud, and rightly so, of the record that New England is making in this war. She is giving her young manhood to the fight for freedom. In all that concerns the military prosecution of the war or the work of relief she is playing a fine and honorable part. But what of the leadership of ideas? What of that activity of the mind, that grappling with new problems which a great crisis such as the present should develop?

The President of the United States has become the recognized leader of thought among the Allies. He has defined for the world the issues for which we are fighting. He should receive his strongest support from New England if she were true to her great inheritance. He says that the political liberation of women is necessary if we are to be consistent in that democracy for which we are sending our men over the seas to fight. Here is a chance for New England to measure up to her own standard. Will her political leaders grasp this, or will they fail him?

New England was founded by pioneers of religious liberty and was a leader in the liberation of the slaves—we who love her and have drawn our inspiration from her vigorous past long to see her resume her old rôle. She will if she has the vision to stand beside the President in his fight for a larger freedom.

By CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

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war upon the "king business" as an intolerable usurpation of authority, and on the other hand maintains the "divine right" of males to rule over all the people in a land pledged to self-government. By what line of thinking does an American justify the vote extended to an illiterate alien after a five years' residence and deny it to a woman college president? Is there any other word than despotism which defines the procedure? The despotism on the right and on the left differ only in degree. The famed defender of militarism, Treitsche, said: "We Germans, who know both Germany and France, know what suits the Alsatians far better than that miserable people knows itself." Is there an American so lacking in humor that he fails to see the insufferable impertinence of that point of view?

Recently a United States Senator ejaculated, "I'm opposed to giving the vote to women. We men know far better than they do themselves what they want." Treitschke's twin soul in the United States Senate dealing with aims in a war for democracy!

"Find out what your enemy wants you to do and then don't do it; find out what he doesn't want you to do and then do it," is a saying credited to more than one great military strategist.

What does the Kaiser dread more than armies or navies?

A democratic uprising in Germany which will have no place in its scheme of things for a king by divine right.

What will induce such an uprising?

The infection which will reach the Germans through the spread of such movements elsewhere.

The German papers did not print the news that Great Britain had enfranchised its last class of men who heretofore had not had the vote, about two millions in number, and that it had enfranchised its women, about six millions in number.

When the United States extends the vote to women, the German papers will not print the news. If it refuses to extend the vote to women at this time, will Germany get the news? Certainly. Why? Because the Kaiser is fighting to make the world safe for autocracy and he knows that its only real menace is democracy. His censors will try to keep the German people know that in the United States the President, Congress, and the Legislatures have said once more that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth." That they place no trust in kings or kaisers but do trust the people; yes, even the women. And the news "verboten" will creep through the bayoneted defenses slowly but surely and will revive hope and courage in every believer in democracy in Germany. The Kaiser stakes his all on the intimidation of the world through the ruthless might of militarism led by autocracy. Why should our Republic hesitate, while meeting might with might, to plant in Germany the seeds of the only certain force which can permanently destroy autocracy and militarism—democracy? Great Britain and Canada have given the pledge of their sincerity in a war for democracy. Why should the Great Republic hesitate? What does the Great Republic fear?

It is due to the world that America give to the world the final pledge of sincerity in American war aims! She must make democracy triumphant at home by the enfranchisement of her women, so that the Republic may war upon its treacherous enemy, autocracy, without a spot on the national escutcheon. She must do it now.

THE rich seal effect of Salt's Peco Plush and Salt's Esquimette Plush is borrowed from the natural fur—and improved. Its durability, economy and pliant conformity with fashion, drape and comfort—these are qualities developed by Salt's alone and not to be matched elsewhere in furs or fur textiles.

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The Luck of Geraldine Laird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

surprisingly pleasant. The apartment was large, and there was a nice maid. She immediately asked Geraldine in to see her mistress, who was seated before a dressing-table in a large bedroom, in a handsome oriental robe, combing her hair. Geraldine had never much fancied this woman, but she rather liked the face that was turned toward her, framed in graying hair.

"Thank you, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Lucas, after reading the damp sheets, "this takes a sort of load off my mind! I was expecting to have to go up to Spuyten Duyvil to-morrow to see a man from Chicago that only has three days here, but he says he can come in Tuesday morning. And the other is from my brother, asking me to come down to Long Island and spend the day. He has four of the cutest children I ever saw in my life—they look like little princes. Take off your coat, and don't be in a hurry," she added, hospitably.

Geraldine thought to herself that she had never liked her employer so much. There had always seemed to be a wall between them. They did not understand each other. But she felt suddenly drawn to this woman who liked children.

"I really ought to go —" she murmured, loosening her coat, nevertheless, and sinking back into the chair. "You're very comfortable here," she added, timidly.

"This place," said Mrs. Lucas, indifferently, "belonged to Mrs. Ross, and Mrs. Ross" she added, significantly, "was Emelie!" She had that business, and she no sooner got it going—and she had the goods, too, for she was brought up in France—than she married a Canadian named Ross and proceeds to have a household of children!"

Geraldine laughed shakily, and Mrs. Lucas, who was of the garrulous type that likes to be laughed at, went on vigorously:

"That was when I rented it to two ladies, very successful, garrulous woman who had stretched out a kindly hand to her, in this bitter hour, for a moment the idea of Bellevue faded, and she felt tears of pleasure in her eyes as she said,

"I'm awfully glad—I'm awfully pleased! But I don't see myself to be such a dummy——"

"You're dressed all wrong, if that's what you mean," conceded the older woman, frankly. "But I imagine we can fix that. I get very tired of the chickens," she added, "like Rosie and Kling and Floss. No brains, you know, no brains! Clever little saleswomen, because they have so much nerve, but you need more than nerve in this business. The minute I saw you come in—by the way, is your husband living?"

THE direct question almost deprived Geraldine of breath.

"Yes—he's living," she conceded reluctantly.

"Divorced, huh?" asked Mrs. Lucas, studying in a hand-mirror the effect of a jeweled hairpin.

"Well—yes. That is——" Geraldine came to a full stop.

"That is, he's gone off with another woman," Mrs. Lucas said, cheerfully. "And you've two little girls with your mother?"

Geraldine nodded

"But you yourself are free?"

"Absolutely!" the younger woman said quickly and proudly.

Mrs. Lucas, completely finished as to head, turned about, and for a moment abandoned her toilet.

"Now, this is my idea," she said, earnestly. But she interrupted herself sharply. "You feel sick, don't you?"

Geraldine felt, indeed, that the walls of the warm, comfortable place were about to collapse upon her, that she was about to be violently separated from above all, that she was going to faint. To reach the open air was her first imperative need, and she half-rose with the intention of doing so. Then the walls did really fall upon her, and she crashed down with them, babbling something incoherent about Bellevue, and feeling a delicious blackness and softness envelop her as she fell.

"Now, I hope you had the sense to take me to Bellevue, and not to frighten Mother," she said to herself, with shut eyes. A delightful lightness and space seemed to be holding her up, she felt revivified, made over, floating indeed in a sort of ease and sweetness that restored every fiber of her body. Eons seemed to have passed, and whole worlds moved on their way from chaos to chaos, and yet she confidently expected to open her eyes upon the quiet walls of Bellevue, or what she thought Bellevue walls might be.

She did open her eyes, and moved them slowly from the face of a smiling woman who looked vaguely familiar, across the luxurious bedroom, and to Mrs. Lucas, who sat buffing her nails, not far away.

"Well, you're coming to life!" smiled her employer.

"I fainted?" Geraldine was surprised to have her voice come out a mere whisper. The two women exchanged smiles, and then Mrs. Lucas said, kindly,

"Never you mind what you did. Go to sleep, dear!"

Geraldine was only too glad to obey. But after a while she awakened, and it was night. Subdued lights were lighted, and she heard a clank of supper-things. She watched Mrs. Lucas, who was busy with soup, at a tray, until her gaze drew the other's gaze, and then whispered again.

"Where will I sleep?" repeated the costumier, cheerfully. And she called to some one out of sight, "Ida, she wants to know where I'll sleep! I'll sleep on the big, comfortable couch in the sitting-room, dear," she said to Geraldine.

GERALDINE looked steadily at her, and after a moment she laid down her soup-spoon, and came across to the bedside, and Geraldine, whose face was streaming with tears, laid a white, emaciated hand upon hers, and tried to lift it to kiss it.

"You mustn't do that—you poor thing!" said Paula Lucas.

"How long?" Geraldine whispered. The other shrugged cheerfully.

"About ten days."

"Ten days!" Geraldine's whisper was full of dismay.

"Haven't remembered any of it?" the other asked, curiously, still maternally petting the spoon-thin hand. Geraldine faintly shook her head.

"Well, now you go to sleep," her hostess said. "That's the thing for you to do!"

Again Geraldine obeyed. After that she was vaguely conscious of drinking warm milk, of being suddenly bundled, and slipped into fresh linen, and of sleeping again. It was almost three days later that Mrs. Lucas, coming cautiously in at six o'clock saw her guest studying her from the bed, with eyes that were rested and sane at last.

"Blizzard!" panted Mrs. Lucas. But Geraldine beckoned her to the bed.

"Come here," she said, and when she had laid aside her wraps the other woman did go over to her, and sat beside her, and they clasped hands.

"I had a glorious sleep, and a glorious bath," Geraldine began, "and I know all about it. I know it was overpowering, and that there was a trained nurse, for a few days, and that you watched over me as if I had been your own sister! And I know just how you and Ida have been spoiling me, buying me nighties—and goodness knows what else—and having the best doctor in the city twice a day——"

"Well?" asked Mrs. Lucas, and she tried to laugh. But the laugh would not come, and her lips trembled instead, and she merely compressed them, and smiled with filling eyes.

"Well," said Geraldine, sure of her touch upon this honest heart, "I don't know when or how, but I will pay you back!"

Mrs. Lucas kissed her.

After that they had a long talk. Mrs. Lucas, whose energy had given Geraldine almost to weak tears, explained her plans frankly.

"When you're better—it's an awful thing to get over!—I want you to let me take you in hand," she said. "You're good-looking, and you've got an elegant figure, but you might as well be as homely as venial sin—for all you do with them! You look," said Mrs. Lucas, frankly, "like a lady. Now, I need some one to keep an eye on the girls when I'm gone, and to help me when I'm there. Any one of the girls could do it—if she had the brain. But they've got no more ambition than baked potatoes!"

Geraldine laughed joyously. Lying here, warm and rested, and with her head clear, and her whole body free from pain and aches, it was easy to laugh.

"I don't mean that you'll get much more money," Mrs. Lucas continued thoughtfully, "altho of course it'll lead to that, in time. But I want some one there—always dressed in the smartest black, with real lace cuffs—you get me?—always ready to listen and explain—a specialist, that's the thing! They tell you their troubles and you let 'em talk—that's the whole story. And I want you to look smart —you'll have to get your own clothes, and I want you to wear, and pick out a street costume for you. And—well, there's one in Wonder's window wistfully, "who has a regular English accent——"

"I could have that!" Geraldine laughed, as she spoke.

"You could?" said her employer, brightening. "Well, my dear, you'll be perfectly invaluable to me! You've got a little of that sort of thing! You know you can pay a window dresser," she went on, rubbing her nose discontentedly, "and you can get the gowns and the lights—and the girls are all right as far as they go—" But atmosphere is what these places need, and atmosphere is the thing that draws. 'We'll go see Mollie, at "Emelie's," they say. You look at them seriously, and say, 'Mrs. Townsend, I've put a little gown aside for you—but it's pretty daring!' That sort of thing."

Geraldine's impulse was to waver; "Oh, but I *can't*—I haven't the nerve!" but she answered somewhat warmly. "That's what I want you to do. Just act. I'll get you some things to-morrow—" she added, studying her guest dispassionately. Geraldine laughed and flushed; it was acting a part indeed, all of it.

A few days later the manicure came, the corsets were tried, and Geraldine's thick, neglected hair was dressed. Her face, rubbed and creamed and powdered, felt strange, as did her tightly drawn and netted hair. But the "harness," as she called it, was the least of all; it made her move slowly, and stand erect.

She slipped on a wisp of silky blouse, over a wisp of silky camisole, fitted the little tailored skirt trimly, put on the plain jacket, straightened the frill. Paula Lucas pressed on the tiny hat, with its rakish angle, and tied the veil, and Geraldine wheeled, and studied herself in the mirror.

HER illness had thinned her, the two weeks' rest had given her a lovely color. Her figure, long-limbed, slender, long-waisted, was superb. A fluff of burnished hair, caught by the veil, spread itself against the black hat; the curve of the red lips, the arches of the dark brows, the blue of the Irish eyes were all subtly enhanced and emphasized. She was beautiful, she was amartness personified; Geraldine did not know herself, and the smile that suddenly brightened her face was full of innocent amusement.

"Now, that's a beginning—that's the way you've got to look!" said Paula Lucas, draping a handsome foxskin across her shoulders as a finishing touch. "You need this, too—I've worn it two seasons!" she remarked parenthetically. "You've got to take care of your skin, of course. And you must get your nails done. Do your hands for five minutes every day, and half an hour on Sunday, and wash your hair every Sunday—that's what the girls do. The suit was a model, two-fifty marked down to one-eighty, and it was in the last sale for ninety, but I'll give it to you. You owe me twelve dollars for the corsets, the doctor sent me a receipted bill yesterday—they're all awfully decent about that—and the nurse, Ida paid out of your purse. So there you are! Don't come down to the store for a couple of days, but keep out in the air. That's what you need."

It was a March day, and Geraldine went out into sunshine that was somehow like Spring—that was hot. There were crowds on the tops of the omnibuses; she walked and rode about aimlessly, but in deep excitement and satisfaction. Every shop-window gave her back her slender, charming person; she saw in every man's eyes that she was beautiful and young.

With the odd sense of newness she ate her frugal lunch—sweets were not for her. A sort of pleasant faintness remained from her illness, an aloofness. Women looked sharply at her and veil, and hastily averted their eyes. The whole world was flashing and preening for the Easter sunshine, and she was of it at last. She sent Janey and Deanie Easter eggs, and went into the Cathedral, and prayed. But she felt like entirely different woman from the Geraldine Laird of last October, not a changed woman, but one who had never been that actual, half-dead person.

IT HAD been arranged that she should stay at Mrs. Lucas's for another week or two. Geraldine knew her mother would not have approved of this, or of Mrs. Lucas at all, but she felt only a pleasant indifference to that, as to all the influences of the old life. She was turning back from the sun-bathed Avenue, to walk to the St. Satisfax when she encountered Dean.

He was walking slowly along, looking about in his keen, quick way, and alone. Every drop of blood deserted Geraldine's heart, and if he had been an armed foe she could not have had a more sickening sensation of reluctance and fright. She *could* not meet him—she *could* not speak to him—she was not ready for the ordeal of Dean——

He glanced at her, swept her figure with a swift appraising look that is a man's deference to beauty, and walked on. There was no change of color in his face, no change of expression. The astonishing truth burst upon her, and she went swiftly on, walking quickly and quietly, only anxious to put the block—and another—and another—between them. She entered the St. Satisfax, went up-stairs, sank into a plush chair, and panted.

Her husband did not know her.

The first instalment of this serial appeared in the October number; will end in the January issue.

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FOR WHERE IS YOUR FORTUNE NOW?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"You ought to do well, Benjie," said he. "You keep right at it and tend to your knitting and you ought to have a name and a pot of money one day—when I'm dead maybe, and you're a man."

He told me he was unlucky. He lay on his back staring at the sky and running on like a man talking more to himself. He said he was born to be unlucky, and that was all there was to it. The world was full of chances, he said, for a man that was lucky and had his eye out all the while and kept clear of women.

"Take a man's word on it," said he, "and keep clear of the unlucky animals. Never let yourself get tied up with a woman, Benjie; not with any woman, good or bad, good or bad."

BY the time we came to Squoisett, where the railroad is, I was tired to death and my feet so sore there was no need of pebbles to make me limp. There wasn't any farmhouse there either, nor any kind woman to give us a meal, but we had that money now and we walked into a lunch-room, bold as you please, and ordered coffee and doughnuts of the girl.

My father's spirits had come back again. We were the only ones in the lunch-room, and there wasn't a minute when he wasn't laughing or talking with the girl, even when she seemed sharp with him, or made a face, or turned her back and paid him no heed.

He took a great while to finish his doughnuts, and then he ordered some more and when the girl set the plate down he got hold of her hand.

"Fresh!" said she. She jerked it back and tried to give him a slap, but he only roared with laughter, and after she had made a face at him she began laughing too and patted her red hair up and asked him which way he was bound.

"Oh," said he, "just out for a walk."

"Oh, you like to walk?" said she.

"Do you?" said my father. His eyes were bright as water and a smile was on his face. As for me, I might as well have been in Topheth for all the heed they paid to me.

"I'm through already," I whispered to my father, wishing he would come now. But all he did was put his elbows on the table and look at the girl.

"Do *you?*" said he, again.

"Oh, it's all according," said she, looking at her finger-nails.

"All according to what?" said he.

"Oh—to the weather," said she, with a toss of her head.

"It's elegant weather," said my father. "And what a nice road out there beyond the freight-yard, don't you think? What?"

"Fresh!" said she. She wouldn't answer anything but "Fresh!" or "Smart Aleck!" after that until we went. But all the same my father was in the highest spirits, humming a dance-tune under his breath, while we walked off through the little street. There was scarcely any one about, for the sun was going down and people were at their suppers, and everything quiet and peaceful in the glowing light. Just beyond the last houses some freight-cars stood on a siding, red as blood.

"Here's where we get our train," said my father. "Our private car," said he, with a laugh and a thumb over his shoulder at one of the box-cars that stood with its door open, looking black enough inside. And after that he fell silent.

It came on cooler with the sundown, and there was a feel of rain in the air. Everything was so still. The sky turned from red to yellow and then to green, darker and darker all the while till the stars came out, very faint for the mist in the air. Across the road lay a broad field with a wire fence around it and woods beyond; you could almost see the dark coming out of the woods and creeping in across the field.

I TRIED to think of something to say. I wished my father would talk and carry on the way he had that afternoon, and give me a good slap on the back. Everything was so still here; there wasn't any sun here, and the only light was a red light burning down the track a way.

After a while I saw somebody coming out along the road under the embankment, and I didn't want my father to see, for I knew as certain as anything it was that girl from the lunch-room.

"Pa," said I, taking hold of his hand. "Let's talk about what you and I are going to do."

"Sure," said he. "Sure we'll talk about it. By and by we will."

He dropped my hand and got up on his feet.

"You sit here quiet and I'll be back in a few minutes," said he. "It's all right, all right; no hanky-panky here."

And with that he was stepping down into the road and coughing a little against his sleeve.

"Whither goest thee?" I heard him saying in a comical kind of a voice.

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl. And then they both laughed and started walking off along the road side by side, growing smaller and smaller, and dimmer, and dimmer, till the trees came around them and I couldn't bear them any more.

Oh, but how I hated my father! And how lonely I was, and fearful, sitting there all by myself in that strange land with the empty field in front, and the empty box-cars behind, and that one red light looking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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FOR WHERE IS YOUR FORTUNE NOW?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

at me like an eye from down the track. And how I cried, with my face in the grass, and my backbone running chills, and my heart full of bitterness and the awful longing, to be home. I wanted to be home.

By and by I got up and started home. I ran at first. I ran through the town of Squoisett, with people staring at me from their door-steps and calling after me, some of them, and I kept on running along the high road till my breath gave out and I had to walk. I had been tired to death; now I wasn't tired any longer, nor lame, nor anything.

How I kept to the road I can't for the life of me say. What with the darkness and a passing shower of rain and all, I might have come out on a dozen by-roads and been no wiser. The moon rose late, and then it was better, even if I could see how long the blue road lay before me. I began to be tired again, my legs ached, and the soles of my feet were raw. And once I grew ashamed, and wondered what my mother would say to see me, coming home so soon with never a fortune to my name.

But then I didn't care. A wind came up a valley from over the sea, carrying the smell of salt and weed, a wind with a glitter of pearl in it, and there I was on my toes again and pounding along with all my might. For I was coming near now, coming near, and I could see the hills before me rolling down and rolling down to the shores I knew.

THE moon stood high and pale, and the gray of dawn was coming up the east. The wind blew stronger. I never knew so sweet a wind, full of the ocean and flowers. And when I came along the ridge over our village, where the high road branches to go winding down and a big dark rock stands in the elbow of it, who should I see but my mother sitting there in the gray with her back to the wind and her hair blowing.

I never would have looked to see her there at such an hour, for a minute I was fearful something had happened to her.

"Whatever you doing here?" I cried, and that was the first she knew I was there.

She sat there looking at me.

"Whatever is it?" said I, going closer to her.

"I don't know," said she. "I don't know."

But, then all of a sudden, she began to cry as if her heart had been broken, and the next thing she had picked me up in her strong arms, crying: "You shouldn't have come back, Benjie, you shouldn't, you shouldn't," and there we were going down the hill with the pebbles spattering away in front and the sun up red on the roofs and the Portuguese sitting at the bottom of the hill, waiting, with his hands behind his head and his round black beard in the air.

"You shouldn't have come back," my mother kept whispering over and over all the while. "Oh, Benjie, Benjie, you shouldn't have come back to me," and her tears fellwet on my face. But yet her eyes were shining with the light of heaven, and it was more like a song she sang in the morning wind.

"You shouldn't have come back to me, Benjie, never, never; for where is your fortune now?"

QUEER HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"That's a funny way to put it— Well, after *that* Ellen an' Pete got married. They're mighty happy, mighty much so."

"H'm! I see—How does it happen you are so familiar with the details of what transpired? You can't have known—"

The face of the swampman flushed. With a flip of his right wrist he rolled back the tattered left sleeve of his shirt. A red jagged scar gleamed from elbow to shoulder.

"That's how I know—I'm Pete."

"Oh—" A long pause. "Well—the story was interesting—very. I'll buy the place—for cash. We'll have the deed made out to the Columbian Hunt Club—"

PETE drove the man from the city to the train next day and saw him safely aboard.

"You'll be down soon?" the swampman inquired.

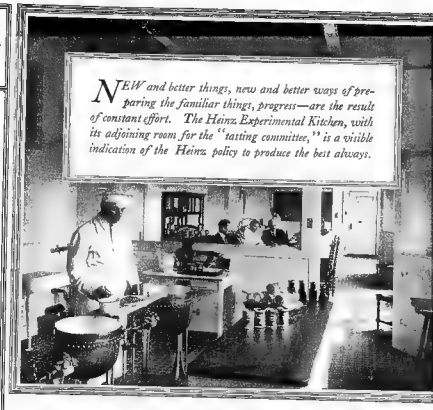
"Perhaps—we may spend a month or so here."

"Don't stay long, Mister. A man's born in one place and he b'longs there. Like that queer one I was tellin' you of: call or no call—a man's what he is. He can't transplant hisself."

The train moved slowly northward. The men waved farewells to each other—the gaunt denizen of the swamp country and the immaculately groomed product of an effete society. The man of the swamps turned his mule homeward, the man of the city made his way to the drawing-room which had been reserved by telegraph to Charleston. He made himself comfortable, and turned to stare at the flying landscape —the dull, drab, gray landscape—moss-covered pines and oaks; cotton, corn, swamp; swamp, corn, cotton; cotton, swamp, corn—always the same——

He leaned back and his eyes closed. A half-smile played about his lips— The city man was contented. The motion of the train was soothing.

David Simmons dozed.



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Beauty Powder
Adds a pearly clearness
Stays on unusually long

Its Fragrance Captivates

HE NOTICED

HE noticed the fascinating fragrance; the pearly clearness of skin, that was still fresh and attractive when they said "Good-nights;" the youthfulness that comes with looking one's best.

How can I become more attractive—now—today? The answer is Pompeian. First apply Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and protects it from dust and weather; also serves as a powder foundation. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder.—At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance which captivates the senses.

These three beauty aids can be used separately, or together as a "Complete Beauty Toilette." They are guaranteed pure and safe by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

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Pompeian BEAUTY Powder It has a delightful fragrance. It adds a pearly clearness to the skin and stays on unusually long. Pure and harmless. Shades, white, brunette and flesh. Sold by druggists in a beautiful purple box, 50c.

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City ..... State.....

Blush shade will be sent unless white or brunette is requested

Making the World Safe for Monogamy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

of the United States. Enter the Congress of the United States. Enter various organizations of men, some of them boasting they were "red blooded"—very "red."

And all these forces decreed that the old indecencies must not be tolerated for our fighting men. Fighters must be kept clean—for the fight's sake.

That meant the throttling of a whole brood of plain and fancy lies about "necessities" and "biologic urge"—their throttling by some of the very medical men who used to foster them.

And young wives waiting for the return of their soldier husbands, young girls dreaming of their lovers, know the full story. They know, now, that practices which make men unfit as fighters make them unfit as bank clerks, also. They know that if men must keep clean for the sake of killing other men efficiently, they must keep clean just as surely for the sake of their children waiting to be born.

They will not forget their knowledge when peace comes.

So the New Marriage wins from the mouth of the cannon!

The New Marriage must be founded, also, on economic equality.

That does not mean a wife, in order to attain economic equality with her husband, must shake her pay-envelop in his face.

Some of the feminist energy now spent in exulting over that pay-envelop might better be used to make it a part of our race-understanding that a woman who is bearing and rearing children for the race, who in her home is the center of comfort and light and happiness, is just as truly "economically independent" as her husband who is tunneling mountains. And the family income should be divided accordingly.

In some of our States the law decrees that when a man dies, half of what he possessed goes automatically to his wife. I see no reason why a dead husband should be more just than a living one—and the law should see no reason, either.

If a single pay-envelop is not enough to provide for the family while children need their mother's nestling, then industrial and economic conditions are at fault and we must develop enough intelligence to right them—in the New World—not merely send the mother into the factory.

Of course when the children no longer need that nestling care—but that is a later and another story.

ONE sign of the present happiness of American marriages is the large percentage of divorces!

If we leave on one side the economic conditions which bring disaster to marriage, these divorces are chiefly due to the fact that as a people we are unwilling to say "Yes" to the lower ideals of marriage.

A young acquaintance was telling me the other day why she had returned to her desk in a large brokerage business, as I was going apart from her husband.

"My husband was unfaithful to me," she explained.

"Oh," I murmured, with sympathy and some surprize, for, tho I never liked John, I had thought him too frugal for polygamous impulses.

"I put everything I was into our marriage," she went on, "and John had agreed it was to be an equal partnership. But he had no knowledge of the meaning of those words in marriage. He would never consent to any division of the family income but, when he felt in a generous mood, he would put a silver dollar on the corner of the dining-room mantel for me with quite the air of tipping a waiter. I tried to show him how in this and some other ways he was unfaithful to the spirit of our marriage, but he would not listen. So then I went away. If divorce is granted for the lesser infidelity—that of the flesh—I do not see why it should be withheld for the greater infidelity, that of the spirit.

THE difficulty with most of our divorce codes is they are unable to recognize that no isolated act is just grounds for divorce unless the marriage is a failure—in which case the quiver of an eyelash is cause enough.

Still following the direction of marriage in our America to-day, it is possible that, after the war, society may decide it is as important to train men and women for marriage as it is to train them for toe-dancing.

Certainly the New Marriage will provide that a door is left open for exit as well as for entrance.

But *both* of those doors must be guarded by society, for the sake of childhood and for the sake of society.

Many a door has been thrown wide open that a pair might enter marriage, when society should have padlocked the door against them, and called the police to guard it.

And many a woman who entered just such a door, that should have been bolted instead of opened, has had to escape from marriage by getting out on the roof, and over the eaves-gutter, and down the neighbor's fire-escape.

The New Marriage must supply an exit as dignified as the entrance.

These are some of the ideals of marriage that have been shaping themselves here in America and that, as I have tried to show, point the direction of the ideals of the future—

A marriage founded on mate love—and exclusive.

A marriage purged of the ugliness of any property rights of man in woman.

A marriage of full equality, economic and social and moral.

A marriage that puts divorce in with the category of other surgical operations that may be necessary.

Then, after looking once more over the list of ideals as I have written them—ideals, I repeat, that point, not so much to a definite goal as to a *direction*—I take up a copy of a letter that lies on my desk, a letter written by a high German official and smeared all over with Prussianism. It sets forth the value of "secondary" marriages and the Fatherland's need of cannon-fodder.

So my thoughts turn again to the men of the Allied armies, holding the line against the Hun and the Harem.

That line will hold—Young Lovers!

A Thanksgiving Dinner-table for the Children

See Cut-out on Page 37

IF THERE is to be a large family gathering at Thanksgiving, the children will enjoy decorating a table for themselves. Four place-cards can be made by pasting the pumpkins, fruit, plum pudding, and ears of corn on four white cards. Dolly Dingle, Billy Bumps, and the turkeys can be cut out and set up to make attractive center decorations for the table. Four candy-boxes may be made by folding and pasting the four strips of pictures, using the small squares for bottoms.

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DOLLY DINGLE GIVES A THANKSGIVING DINNER

See Instructions on Opposite Page

By GRACE G. DRAYTON

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YMCA YMCA

How Great Is Your Mother Love?

IS it limited to your own son or sons who are now in khaki?

Or is it great enough to extend to a million, two million other boys like him who are ready to give up their lives for you?

You have knitted for those dearest to you; have written them letters of cheer, and have sent them many little presents which will contribute to their comfort.

Don't forget the others. You can show your thoughtfulness for every one of them.

Every woman of America, whether married or single, must rejoice in aiding the work of the Y. M. C. A.

For it is the work of "mothering" the boys—not coddling them, but looking after their real welfare; keeping their spirits high and their courage strong; giving them the nearest possible substitute for the home life they have left; ministering to their minor—but still important—needs; and reminding them of the gratitude and affection of those for whom they are fighting.

And their sense of the *appreciation* on the part of their countrymen and countrywomen of what they are doing is, though an intangible thing, one of the greatest factors in maintaining morale.

They feel that they are not forgotten.

The Y. M. C. A. supplies them with free entertainment, music, lectures, theatricals; it supplies free writing paper and reading matter; it gives religious services of non-sectarian, non-propagandist character; it offers instruction in geography, history, French, and English and other subjects; it helps the convalescent; superintends all sports and athletics and furnishes the means of engaging in them; and it conducts all post exchanges, at which the lesser necessities may be had at the lowest prices. In giving to the Y. M. C. A. you are "mothering" every soldier abroad; strengthening his body and spirit and helping preserve in him the ideals and standards for the preservation of which he himself is fighting.

The Most You Can Give Them Is Less Than They Are Giving You

Four allied activities, all endorsed by the Government, are combined in the United War Work Campaign, with the budgets distributed as follows: Y.M.C.A., $100,000,000, Y.W.C.A., $15,000,000, War Camp Community Service, $15,000,000, American Library Association, $3,500,000.

Y.M.C.A.

Contributed through Division of Advertising, United States Gov't Com. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by ***Pictorial Review***

Excellent Diversional Work for Our Soldiers and Sailors Convalescing in Hospitals

Rope Work, Picture Binding, and Sealing-wax Craft

Beautiful Vase Decorated with Green and Rose Sealing-wax

Sandwich Basket Made of Crêpe Paper Rope Woven over a Wire Shape

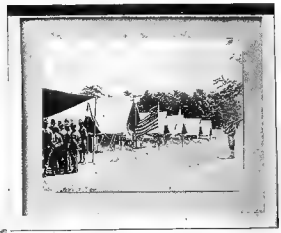
China Vase Made Exquisitely Effective with Dull Green Sealing-wax

"IT'S the last long mile" that seems the worst to the marching rookie, and so it is with the convalescent soldier. He bears up with amazing fortitude under the cruellest, most agonizing suffering, and tho racked with pain, he will try to force a smile for the sympathetic nurse or visitor. But when the stupor of bodily illness is gone, when the "last long mile" of convalescence must be traveled, weakness and ennui and shattered nerves combine to make this period the hardest for our boys. So it is absolutely imperative that during this time they be amused, and interested. Work of a simple, interesting sort is the very best panacea, and here is a page of suggestions for recreational work that PICTORIAL REVIEW believes is just the thing that will appeal to them.

A Glass Vase was selected and decorated in Delicate Pink Sealing-wax

WEAVING is an art that appeals to everybody, and practically no training is required for making these crêpe paper rope-baskets. The paper rope is soft and pliable and makes no mess or clutter. It is woven over wire. Equally fascinating is the making of cardboard which are glued to the glass. The effect is of a regular wooden frame, and it may be wide or narrow as preferred. All sorts of wood finishes may be achieved—mahogany, walnut, ebony, or plain solid colors. The possibilities of wax craft are endless in beauty and variety. Lovely boxes, place cards, strings of gorgeous beads and vases are but a few of the many objects of art that can be developed.

Picture Binding is one of the easiest forms of recreation work. In this illustration a black border with a narrow white one encloses a picture of Our Boys at Callisthenics



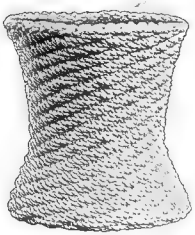
If one does not prefer an entire black border three sides may be bound in white and the top in black. Different colors may be also combined

Candles may rest in hand-painted sealing-wax holders

Unusually attractive is this Rope Paper Basket for Fruit, Nuts, or Cookies

Another Vase of Glass with Coating of Gray Sealing-wax

This Cream Jar is exceedingly pretty decorated with background of dark green with rose and light green dotted here and there



A Waste-paper Basket made of White Crêpe Rope Paper

An attractive method of Framing a Pretty Picture with Picture Binding

Necklaces of Beads may be made with Sealing-wax in any shade desired

If your dealer does not carry material for these articles, Pictorial Review will tell you where they may be obtained. Send stamped, self-addressed envelop to Department E.

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To make your skin fine in texture - lovely even when seen closely

MANY a face that is attractive at a glance, loses all its charm when seen closely.

For your face to be truly lovely, even when seen closely, the texture of your skin must be fine and smooth, the pores should be *hardly visible*.

Take your mirror in hand, now, and examine your skin closely by the strong light. Notice the pores on the cheek, on the chin, on the wings of the nose. Compare them with the pores on the inner surface of your arm.

The skin of your face is more exposed to wind and dust and cold than any other part of the body. Its delicate pores contract and expand under the influence of cold and heat. Irritating dust is carried into them. They clog up and become enlarged. If you neglect your skin, it becomes in time quite coarse. The pores lose their power to contract again.

This is why it is so important, in order to keep your skin fine in texture, to use the proper method of cleansing and stimulating it with a soap prepared especially to meet its needs.

This famous treatment has helped others: Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently

This treatment, if used persistently, will strengthen the small muscular fibres and gradually rebuild a smooth-textured skin. Within a week or ten days you will notice an improvement, but, remember that you cannot correct in a day what years of neglect have caused. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you that greater smoothness and finer texture you *can* have.

For a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general cleansing use for that time, you will find that the 25c cake of Woodbury's is ample. Get a cake, and begin tonight the proper treatment for your skin. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 311 Spring Grove Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 311 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Blackheads—How to get rid of them

If you are troubled with blackheads, try the treatment given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. It tells you the cause of blackheads and how to get rid of them

Conspicuous nose pores—How to reduce them

Conspicuous nose pores often spoil an otherwise flawless complexion. A special treatment for reducing conspicuous nose pores is among the famous treatments given in the booklet you get with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

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If you are not satisfied that Wilson's Certified Brand Hawaiian Pineapple is of the highest possible quality, just ask for your money back.

We give this unqualified "money back" guarantee on all Certified Brand fruits, vegetables and table delicacies. The name Wilson & Co. stands for the highest class in these products, just as it designates superior quality in Majestic Ham and Bacon and all other Wilson food products.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Wilson's Certified Brand write us and we will quickly arrange for him to be stocked. Our distribution is national.

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THE WILSON LABEL PROTECTS YOUR TABLE

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The Man Who Looked Back

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

followed along—too—after him—— I said I followed along—too—to their door—and their mother opened it—— Their mother opened it—and I saw her face— God! *Oh—God—God—I saw her face!*

I AM back in the Fatherland, fellow citizens! I suppose that's a good place for me to be, isn't it?

What would you say? Because it makes no difference what you say—I'm here anyway! Can't tell you just how it happened, either. Not quite clear on that. But I got here. *That's* the point. And I found my old quarters, too. My old quarters of University days. Thought I'd rest up for a day or so. I was among the missing sure enough, so I might as well rest up.

And I tell you, Frau Schäfer looked so pleased to see me again—that I was glad I'd come. I was a glad man when I saw Frau Shäfer. Glad I'd had the sand to come back to the Fatherland—where I belonged. I'd see Sharlie that evening.

Sharlie had done her best, you know. But she knew that she'd failed. She knew that I was fighting for the Fatherland and —she had deep feelings on the subject. I realized that. And perhaps you couldn't blame her. But I'd got to see her that evening—come what might.

I found her. Oh, yes—I found her. And her face looks clear to me *now*—as it was under the flickering flame by the hall stairs. She was looking me up and down very quietly, but with something in her eyes that I didn't like to see.

"I didn't expect you, of course," she said, with no ill-feeling in her voice, just a sort of continued question. "What is it? A furlough?"

"No—it's—well, in the nature of an accident— I began.

"Have you been hurt?" she asked me.

She moved quickly beside me, as we left the flickering flame in the hall, and went inside—— "Have you been hurt?" she asked again.

I told her about it then. About *my* accident, you understand? Not about anybody else's. It didn't seem just the time for it! And she didn't prod me with questions. Oh, she's a lady, you know! She didn't even ask me where it happened, since I hadn't the grace to tell her. I felt like a crook, and she looked thoughtful. Troubled, too.

"Are you sure you aren't really hurt?" she asked. "Have you been properly looked after?"

I fancied there was a restless quality about her, and my courage rose

"You know I haven't been able to understand how you *could* do—just what you've done," she went on. "And I've excused it simply because I know you — and your Great Enthusiasms. But—to do *that!* To fight for a country not your own —and for one so wrong—so wrong! How *could* you?" she finished in a helpless dilemma.

"It was all I could do for the country that had given me all that I asked for," I answered, with my eyes on a level with hers, "and for the country *that seemed to me the best one on God's earth.*"

She took in a little, quick breath, but never stopped looking at me.

"It seems—that way to you," she said. And I hung on her words like a dog, dreading its punishment, and fawning for favor. "It seems—that way to you?" she said again, with a break in her voice, and all my bones relaxed. *She knew I was honest!* She knew I *believed* in the business—anyhow! I was sick with the notion that she was going to doubt it. She still *trusted* me, then! Oh—*that was enough!*

Excuse me, please, there's a point there that you must be clear on. We weren't *engaged*, you know. That's curious, too, when you think of it. I'd been in love with her long enough to be engaged and married and a settled-down father of a family. But it's the truth that I'd never known whether she was actually *in love* with me or not. And I have a cautious streak. Comes near being funny, doesn't it? It's the truth, men, I have a cautious streak. And I'd never been willing to take a chance on being turned down by Charlotte Thorndike.

DID I say I shouted? Well, I didn't. But perhaps that little treacherous break in her voice wasn't a relief to me! I know I came near going to pieces, anyway, just from sheer thankfulness and—reaction, I suppose you'd call it.

"It seems—that way—to me!" I agreed, like a sick idiot, and I dove, with my hands at my wet eyes. "I guess I'm not—quite normal!" I apologized lamely. "I've been through—rather a shock—I suppose!"

The frightened look lifted her eyes again, and she put her hand up to my face.

"You ought not to be knocking round like this," she said, and it might have come from her own deep-voiced G string. "You know you oughtn't—— You need rest— and care—

Care! It almost made me laugh. But it was her voice that was undoing me now. Making a finished mess out of me. I gave another dash at my eyes—and when I faced her, there—I'll wager she saw all the Hunger and Thirst and Hellish Loneliness that my poor soul was stamping, without pity, on my face.

"I'm—a poor fool—" I stammered weakly. "A—sick coward—"

"You're not just my idea of a coward," she said, with a funny little teasing twist in her eyes. She was trying to *cheer me up*, you see! "You aren't really—at *all* my idea of a coward. It doesn't go with your clothes, to start with!"

I suppose I put out my arms.

"Poor, battered boy—" she meditated. "Even your *clothes* look battered."

"Yes—I need attention—" I agreed in feeble fashion—— I put my arms out then, anyway! I—put them way out—and *I fell* her for the first time.

Do you understand that, men? I—was I was a *gentleman*—you see! Good joke, isn't it! I don't care—*I fell* her, anyway, under my arm there—like a crumpled flower—a crumpled——

Don't disturb yourselves! I'm as clear as crystal. And I got her voice again.

"You've been through the wars'—haven't you?" it came from down there under my arm. Made you think of the little sweet thread of a flute now, as much as anything else. "Was it—worth while?" it asked me.

I started to answer her—but I got confused for a minute. I was just going to answer her, you see, but I got confused, poor fool, and besides, there was something that was wiggling, right there before me——

BEEN better if I hadn't noticed it, I suppose? Maybe you're right—— But it was *there*—you understand? They were *there!* And I could see them—too—— A little dim—maybe—but I could see them—— I could get them—— Kid faces looking up—looking up and shivering at the sight of me—— Getting thinner and planner—till there was one so plain—I put out my hand—— He—he was right there before me! Staggering right there before me! With a—limp and bloody bundle in his arms! Staggering along—*with the stark-white terror on his face* and—and Donny in his arms! You—remember *about Donny*—don't you? *Don't you?*

Because I'll—tell you something—if you can keep it to yourselves—— He—*still hung on to that little new blue primer!* Now—what do you know about that? *Still hugged his little new blue primer! Under his little old blue sleeve!* And all the Nations on God's Earth—couldn't make him give it up—either! You'd know what I mean—if you'd seen the way —he had it clutched! And I swear— *I saw the whole thing*—gentlemen! I swear before—the Whole Jury—that 'twas *what that little dead lad—did!*

"*Hugged his little new blue primer—under his little old blue sleeve!*"

——Pretty good tenor, eh? But there's not time enough to sing—— There wasn't —time enough to sing—— I had to reach out to help Poor Brother—— You remember? He was taking Donny home? Did I tell you? I mean before? Taking him home—*with that staring, stark-white terror* on his face? I did! Sure I did! And I told you—I told you that he couldn't have been—more than eight years old—himself!

Be quiet there—— I'm as level as you are—— And I'll stick to my story—— I promise you! I know *exactly*—where I am! I know where I was—when I was close to Sharlie—— She felt so crumpled and—and so tender—under my arms—

I got it sewed! I got it away from her! God forgive me—for—having had it there —but I—got it—away—

I was off somewhere—alone—now— Looking at her from somewhere—way off—and she was looking back at me, frightened. Looking back with a frightened face—like the rest of them!

Don't argue with me! Because I don't know—what I said! I know I tried to tell her a little—to make it easy for her! Lied a little—to make it easy for her— And then I *darted away from her right——*

Some one tried to stop me—on the street—— But it didn't work—— Don't you suppose I can run? Well, I showed them—*and it didn't—work!*

You needn't argue with me about the night, either! Because—don't remember going to sleep—and I don't remember waking up in the morning. Ha, ha! Reckon the point there is—that I was already awake. I know I felt as if I had been awake always, anyhow.

I suppose the night didn't done me much good. Perhaps there had been too much of it. And I was slow about getting up— I remember I glanced at the glass, over my bureau, as I passed it, and got the reflection of my face. I got the notion maybe I looked like a butcher. It came over me just as I turned my head! It may have anything like that? Ever have the feeling come over you that perhaps *you'd see something* reflected in your own face in the glass? Nasty feeling, anyhow! Spooky! The night hadn't done me much good, you see. Too much time in a night, after all—— Too much blackness—and time—— Too much time, anyhow——

Frau Schäfer kept much time in a night, after all—— Too much blackness—and time—— Too much time, anyhow——

Frau Schäfer never took very close track of me those days. I wonder if she knew I was among the missing. She wouldn't have told me if she had. Oh, she didn't tell all she knew. Frau Schäfer never made a mistake like that! But she watched me. She watched me very closely, and said coyly, with a wagging finger, that she was afraid I was in love!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

Sterno Canned Heat

For Instant Cooking

SAVES FUEL

FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

For Warming Baby's Milk

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$2.50
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STERNO CANNED HEAT is the new and improved method of cooking. Canned Heat is a reddish paste, like cold cream, that lights at the scratch of a match. Burns with steady intense heat, as hot as coal, gas or electricity. Safe; won't spill; smokeless; odorless; sootless. Retails at 10c. a can. Far West, 2 for 25c. Canada, 15c.

There is a Sterno Convenience for every need of INDOOR AND OUTDOOR Cooking and Heating. Illustrated Catalogue showing complete assortment will be sent on request.

Send your Soldier Boy Canned Heat and Sterno Cooking Devices. They will add materially to his comfort and physical welfare.

Ask your dealer to show you the complete line of Sterno Stoves, Boilers, Sad Irons, etc. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. Send 10c. for a sample bottle of Sterno Household Disinfectant and Antiseptic.

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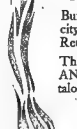

SAVES FUEL

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Why Teeth Lose Their Glitter

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Leave the Film

Why do well-brushed teeth discolor and decay?

Why does tartar form?

Why does pyorrhea start?

Millions of people are asking those questions, and the answer is this:

A slimy film constantly forms on your teeth. It clings to the teeth. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays, and your brushing doesn't remove it. And most tooth troubles are due to that film.

That film is what discolors — not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, and many internal troubles are due to them.

These facts have been known for years. But dental science found no way to effectively combat the film. A vigorous dental cleaning from time to time, was needed to remove it.

Now a way has been found to combat it. That way is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. You can prove it, as thousands have, by a simple one-week test. This is to urge that you do it — at our cost.

See the Difference

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin will not serve. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has now found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, employed in Pepsodent, makes teeth-cleaning vastly more effective.

Able authorities have made clinical tests of Pepsodent. In thousands of cases they have watched its efficiency. Now we are urging all people to prove it in their homes. It means results you do not get without it, and they are all important.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

That film is your teeth's chief enemy. One week will show you that you can combat it. Then you will always clean your teeth, we think, in this scientific way. Cut out the coupon

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(133)

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 187, 104 S. Wabash Ave
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Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

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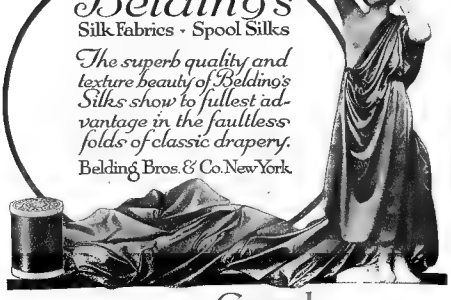

Belding's
Silk Fabrics - Spool Silks

The superb quality and texture beauty of Belding's Silks show to fullest advantage in the faultless folds of classic drapery.

Belding Bros. & Co. New York.

THE MAN WHO LOOKED BACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Oh, no! I corrected her. In love? With whom, would she tell me? Who was I to be in love? Who was I——?

I made a mistake when I once started asking myself that question. Because I got to repeating it. Who was I—to be in love? Who was I——?

Who was I? That was it. And it began to get after me. It had something to do with the faces. If I could have gotten rid of the faces—I wouldn't have minded it. But they tagged me round, curse it! I couldn't get rid of them! They tagged me round—feebly by day—and they started at me out of the darkness—at night——— They looked up at me—shivering at the sight of me—I tell you I couldn't get away from them! They were there—pressing round me—clearer and clearer—till, clearest of all, there always came, staggering, the little lad with the broken bundle in his arms—— I'm perfectly steady now, doctors——

The broken bundle that still clung so tightly to its new blue primer—— That little pair was always *clearest of all*, doctors ——I could have touched them—with my hand——— But I wasn't noticed——— And the little staggering lad always pushed ahead——— He never saw me——— Just staggered ahead—that fearful terror on his face—to find his mother———— I have told you several times—that he couldn't have been —more than *eight years old*—himself——— And I tell you now——— *I tell you now*—that he and—D-Donny—had the right—to go to school together—and to go home unmolested!

I tell you now—*that the man who struck—to shatter the life—from—a baby—with its primer—will Answer For It—By God!—As long as there are—White Men—on the Earth! D'you hear it—you flying butchers! You—you—baby hunters! It's —going to follow you—you bloody-handed devils! And—you'll answer for it—as sure as there's a God—Hell ruling!*

It's—all right, doctors——— Thank you —thank you! For taking such good care of me! I know——I wandered off a little——— Yes——— And let's see——— Where was I? I'm not *crying*, men. I was only feeling my face. 'Twas a habit I got into in the night-time——— Yes—I'm clear again—thank you——— And I swear I'll keep so——— 'Twas a habit I got into in the night-time! You see I used to *feel it*—to make sure that it was my own! And that I was myself! And not—well, a butcher with a stubby beard—and a jaw that snapped up children.

YOU can't wonder that spooky notion about the looking-glass always hit me when I passed my bureau—in the morning—can you? Scared of it! Scared to look in the glass! Scared of *finding somebody else* there—looking back at me! Scared of finding the butcher with the stubby beard—and the jaw that snapped up children! Ha, ha! Pretty idea—wasn't it? And it gained on me. *The butcher with the stubby beard—gained on me!* He had a mouth—that was red and raw—and he had eyes! Br-r-r-rh! *He had eyes*———— And there was a night of ceaseless nightmare, doctors——— Ever go through it?

But I got up in the morning—just the same. There couldn't anybody stop me now! I got up—and I stumbled over to the glass that hung above my bureau.

Am I making it very clear to you? Very clear? I *must*——— Because—oh, God! *It was there!* It—*was there*—I tell you! I was there—either! Let me *alone!* I'm—just telling you the *truth*—you cowards! What you—afraid of? I'm just telling you—the *truth*—and there can't anybody—stop me! *It*—*was*—*there*—and there can't anybody—stop me s-saying it! *It*—*was*—*there*—you c-cowards! *It*—*was* —*there*—you quitters! It—was—there— it—was—there—it—was—let me *alone!* Sh-sh-sh! Yes——— I understand——— I'm excuse me! No——— I won't talk any more. I promise you——— But it—was there—*looking back at me—from the mirror—gentlemen!* Looking back—at me—from—the mirror.

I apologize. Yes, I know. I talked too loud. I—know it. And I forget. I apologize—gentlemen. And—I'm almost through. And clear and steady again—both. Give me just a minute more. And then I'll keep still.

Oh—men—I'm used to it now! But it did me then! I did me to a finish——— I was chattering and shiving at—there in the corner when Frau Schäfer knocked softly and came in.

"*I won't hurt you!*" I screamed. "*Don't —be afraid! Don't—be afraid!*"

She looked at me so sorrowfully. Poor Frau Schäfer!

"*Mein lieber Herr ist nicht wohl!*" she said gently.

I guess she was right. I wasn't very well——— No, I wasn't—very well.

But she took such good care of me—until they brought me here! And turned the looking-glass to the wall, when I asked her, without a question——— You've done it here, too, haven't you? Trying to help me out—aren't you, doctors!

And we're getting so used to it that we don't mind much now—do we? I won't hurt you—you know that! Don't be afraid. I've done my worst. I'm clear on that. I've done my worst. Oh, things clear up first-rate when you've done your worst—and get used to it—don't they?

Thank you, doctors. You treat me like a gentleman.

A Money-Saving Suggestion That Will Help

You Fill Your Thrift Stamp Book Quickly

Instead of buying expensive cuts of meat, buy the cheaper ones; save from five to ten cents a pound, and with the money saved purchase thrift stamps. Think how much you will save in one week! And in fifty two weeks!!

You can make a most appetizing, nutritious and *tender* pot roast from a neckpiece or any of the other cheaper cuts of meat in a

"Wear-Ever"
Windsor Kettle

—without grease—without water —without basting.

Heat the empty kettle over a low flame; sear the roast on all sides; then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. Turn the meat when half done. Thus a "Wear-Ever" kettle REDUCES BOTH YOUR FUEL AND MEAT BILLS.

Because of their wonderful durability, "Wear-Ever" utensils save you money and the annoyance of continually buying new cooking utensils. Compare the price of a "Wear-Ever" kettle with that of the best enameled kettle of the same size. You will be surprised that "Wear-Ever" utensils can be bought so cheap.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

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Northwestern Safety First High Chair

is a blessing worthy of the spirit of thanksgiving. Its one-piece white porcelain food tray safeguards baby's health against disease-breeding germs. Closed strap over table places safety strap prevents baby's sliding down or climbing up and child can't fall accidentally because of this daring feat.

Choice of Styles

Wide selection of styles, period or mission, in both wood and reed. Booklet No. 60, with many styles children's chairs and rockers mailed free. Write

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Resinol Soap

makes you proud of your complexion

There can be no luxury for a woman equal to the consciousness that her complexion is clear, fresh, delicately radiant. To keep it so, no amount of cosmetics can excel the *regular* use of a soap which thoroughly cleanses, and at the same time has just the right soothing, healing action to maintain the natural health and beauty of the skin.

It should not be necessary to urge the merits of Resinol Soap, nor *is* it necessary to people who have tried it. They know that Resinol Soap clears the pores, removes excess oils, cools and clarifies an angry skin.

You doubtless know that the selection of a toilet soap is —or should be—of considerable importance.

Improving poor complexions, or keeping good ones clear and radiant, is very often a matter not of soap, but of the right kind of soap. Soap purity is not a question of price or perfume or appearance. It should be compounded as carefully as medicine which goes into the body.

Resinol Soap contains only the purest ingredients. No harsh drying alkali can be found in it, nor is it artificially colored.

Resinol Soap used as a shampoo helps to impart that much-to-be-desired lustre and sheen that gives the real beauty to the hair. It does not dry out the vital natural oils that are so necessary to hair health.

Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Discriminating men like Resinol Shaving Stick because it soothes and refreshes the face.

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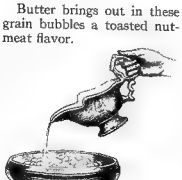
How This Home Uses Puffed Grains

This is but one of a million homes which houses Puffed Grain lovers. But the folks who live here have discovered many winsome ways of serving — perhaps some which you don't know.

Beside serving Puffed Grains with cream and sugar, they serve with melted butter. And the majority of people who come there or live there like the butter better.

Butter brings out in these grain bubbles a toasted nut-meat flavor.

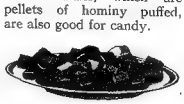


Puffed Grains, crisped and lightly buttered, are served to hungry children in the afternoon. This in place of tidbits which less easily digest.

These airy grains, when served in this way, are like food confections.

The girls make fudge with corn syrup. And they stir Puffed Rice in to make it porous and nut-like.

Corn Puffs, which are pellets of hominy puffed, are also good for candy.



These flimsy, flavored globules are also used as garnish for ice cream. Also as wafers in soups. No other suitable morsels are so thin and crisp and airy.

Puffed Grains are served in every bowl of milk. There is no other way to make a milk dish so likable.

And they are mixed with fruit. Puffed Grains add to fruit what crust adds to a shortcake, tart or pie.

Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

(2004)

HOUSEHOLD

What to Do with Your Pork

By M. B. MITCHELL

THIS article is not intended for the farmer, but for the father scared amateur who has raised his pig as "his bit" toward increasing the food supply, and now wished to know the best, cheapest, and, above all, safest way of caring for the precious product.

In farming communities there usually is an expert with a group of assistants who go from one farm to another, butchering and dressing the pigs, the farmer supplying the large kettles or tubs for scalding, and all other necessary apparatus.

In suburban communities the only way is to find a man who will take the pig to his own place, butcher and dress it, and return the meat cut up and ready for use. In villages and small towns the local butcher will usually do this, charging about a dollar and a half.

A great deal depends on the killing and rapid curing of the meat, so do not trust this part of the work to any one without experience. Poor, low grade meat will often result from killing hogs which have been excited before slaughtering, or from insufficient bleeding or cooling.

After the butcher has finished his work, the meat will be returned to you in pieces about like those in the accompanying diagram.

If necessity arises, any one with strong hands, who has a good, sharp butcher's knife, a block of wood, a cleaver, and a saw, should be able, by following this diagram, to cut the pork properly.

Remember, whoever does the work, to have all pieces closely trimmed—hams rounded, bacon and salt pork square on the corners. Ragged edges mean decay. All trimmings can be used in sausage or lard.

Do Not Eat Too Much Fresh Pork

MOST farmers, when they kill, eat pork almost uninterruptedly for weeks, to the utter ruin of their digestions and their tempers. It seems entirely probable that this is one great reason why farming people age more quickly than they should, and suffer so much from rheumatism. A little more trouble will put all safely away for occasional use.

The loin you will roast or use for chops. The tenderloin, split open and fried in not too hot a pan, is a dish to remember. Also the spareribs, roasted in a hot oven about twenty minutes, are a delicious morsel. These do not show in the diagram, but are easily recognized. Before roasting, they should be broken across the middle with a heavy knife or hatchet; otherwise, like the famous custard pie, they will be liable to "muss your ears" when you attempt to eat them. The chine may be roasted and eaten cold, but is very rich. It is wiser to use it for sausage and lard. Pickle the feet, and make the head into headcheese. The bones, with potatoes and onions added, make a fine stew.

The Sausage

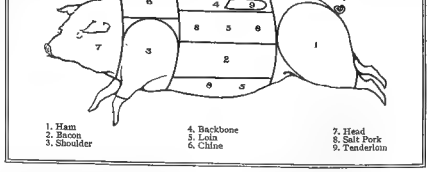
ALL meat on the backbone, the trimmings from hams, bacon, and shoulders, and the chine, if you wish, will go into the sausage. Shoulders may be used also, if they are not smoked or roasted fresh. One-third fat to two-thirds lean is about the right proportion. Cut all pieces about an inch square, and mix thoroughly with the seasoning before grinding. Use large clean bowls or pans. Metal wash-tubs are fine for this, and for handling the lard fat. The grinding can be done at home with an ordinary meat-chopper—it always used to be, in fact—but the butcher saves endless labor by putting it through his power chopper, charging about one cent a pound. To obtain the best result, put it through the chopper twice.

The old family recipe calls for forty pounds of meat, a scant pound of salt (about twelve or thirteen ounces), one-fourth pound of pepper, and one package (about four ounces) of leaf-sage ground fine.

Have ready bags about four and a half by sixteen inches, made by simply stitching up, with the seam on the outside, cheese-cloth or strong old muslin, with a hem turned once at the top for strength. Stuff these hard, squeezing down a little at a time, leaving no air-spaces and, when nearly full, tie with a string. These should be hung in a cold dry place. When used, tear the cloth down and slice as required.

This is the method commonly practised, but we like better packing the sausage in small pans, four or five inches deep, and covering them either with hot lard or paraffin to a depth of about one-half inch. If not used at once, the sausage in bags is apt to have a slightly strong taste on the outside, while that in pans keeps perfectly.

The bags may be dipped in hot lard or paraffin, tho this involves some waste. The lard on top of the pans is perfectly good if covered to keep out dust.



Headcheese

THE head should come to you cleaned and ready to use. Boil head, ears, and tongue in salted water until very tender. Then strip the meat from the bones and chop fine. Season well with salt, pepper, sage, sweet marjoram, a little powdered cloves, and one-half cup of vinegar. Mix well together and pack hard in small bowls or pans, placing at intervals small squares or triangles of the tongue about an inch in length. Place a wet plate on top of each mold, and a weight upon this to press the cheese into shape. Turn out and slice after the third day. If you wish to keep it for some weeks, immerse in vinegar, paring away the outside when you use the cheese, if it is found to be too acid.

Souse

AFTER the feet are well cleaned, boil them in salted water until tender. Pack in stone jars while hot. Pour over them a pickle made of one-half gallon of vinegar, one-half cup of sugar, three dozen whole black peppers, a dozen blades of mace, and a dozen cloves. Boil this one minute and use while hot. In two days the souse will be ready for use, either cold or dipped in a thin batter and fried. Souse will keep for two months.

Making the Lard

LET the most careful person in the house make the lard. The process is not difficult. Take first the leaf-lard which you will find in one sheet or roll just as it comes from the animal. Break or cut it in pieces about an inch square, and place in a clean kettle at the back of the stove. All other perfectly clean fat should be cut in pieces, and treated in the same way As it melts, draw forward over the fire, stirring often. Never cook it fast. If cooked at too high a temperature, the lard will be dark and not so sweet in flavor When done (usually in seven or eight hours) the pieces will sink to the bottom of the kettle. Remove from the fire, cool sufficiently to handle, strain, without squeezing, through a clean cloth into a new tub or a stone crock. When perfectly cold, cover with a thin white cloth well sprinkled with salt, put on a tub or crock cover, and keep in a cool, dark place. The leaf-lard is somewhat finer and, if there is enough to make it worth while, should be made and put away separately. When there is only a little, we put it all together. The cracklings, if squeezed and then strained through a cloth, will yield a considerable amount of fat for immediate use, perfectly good tho a trifle colored. A potato-ricer or a small fruit-press are best for this work, but it can be done with the hands by using a strong cloth.

Salting or Curing the Pork

ALL meat to be cured should be thoroughly rubbed all over with fine salt; then packed, skin side down, in a barrel (preferably a molasses barrel), and covered with a liquor made as follows:

Make a salt-and-water solution strong enough to float an egg or a potato the size of an egg; add to this one gallon of molasses

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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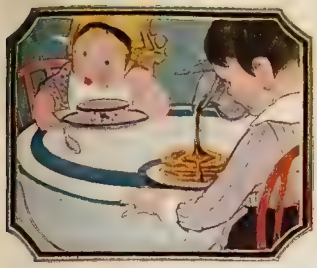


The Breakfast for Every Kind of Morning

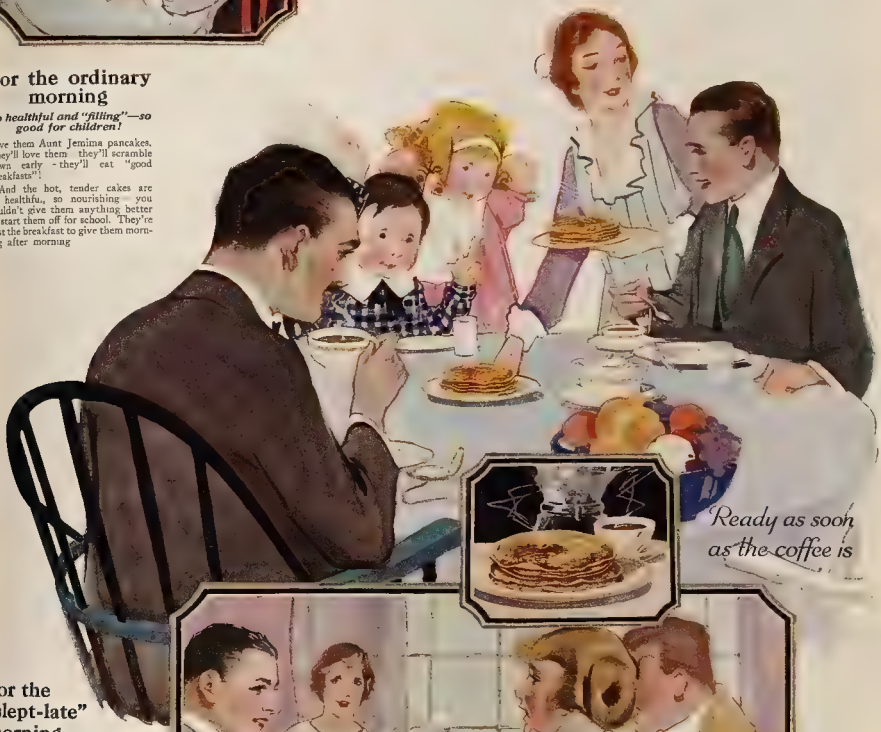
The breakfast everyone likes best! That's easiest for you! And the most economical!

For the ordinary morning

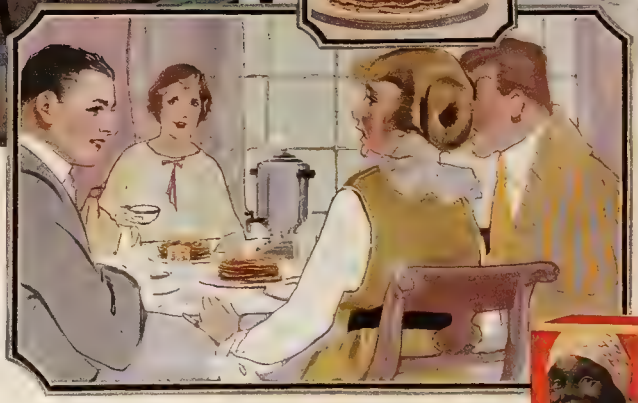
So healthful and "filling"—so good for children!

Give them Aunt Jemima pancakes. They'll love them they'll scramble down early - they'll eat "good breakfasts"!

And the hot, tender cakes are so healthful, so nourishing — you couldn't give them anything better to start them off for school. They're just the breakfast to give them morning after morning



Ready as soon as the coffee is



For the "slept-late" morning

So QUICK—so EASY to make

No mixing to do—no measuring — everything is ready mixed in the flour — even the sweet milk. You just add water, give the batter a brisk beating, and less than a minute later you are lifting the tender, golden cakes off the griddle!

And they are so economical, too! *Three* Aunt Jemima breakfasts cost less than *one* of meat or eggs!

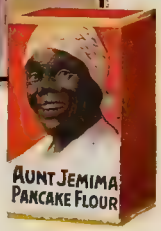
For the morning you have guests

Perfect cakes EVERY time

When you want to be sure that breakfast goes off delightfully, serve Aunt Jemima pancakes. They are prepared so carefully for you that you cannot help making perfect, brown, tender pancakes every time!

Your guests will exclaim over them — they have so much more delicious flavor than ordinary pancakes. The sweet milk powdered and mixed in — the specially ground flours — give Aunt Jemima pancakes a flavor you cannot get in any others. Order a package of Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour, too, when you order the Pancake Flour

Make muffins and waffles and breadsticks of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, too. See how light and fine flavored they are.



Send for the Jolly Rag Dolls

Send one Aunt Jemima box top (either Pancake or Buckwheat Flour) with only six cents in stamps and get one of the famous Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. Or for four tops and only twenty-four cents you can get the whole jolly family. Aunt Jemima and Uncle Mose, and two cunning pickaninnies all come in bright colors, ready to cut and stuff. Send to Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

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AMERICAN TRAINING SCHOOL, 1552 La Salle Av., Chicago.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR PORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

and two ounces of saltpeter to every 100 pounds of meat. Have sufficient solution to completely submerge the meat, placing on it a board weighted with stones or brick to insure its being well covered. Leave undisturbed for six weeks; then remove from the brine, allowing it to drip until thoroughly dry before placing it in the smoke-house. All pieces to be smoked must be hung up by strong string like binding twine. Holes for the string may be made with a large skewer or stout piece of wood.

Put the salt pork down in small tubs, using a solution of salt and water strong enough to float an egg. In this the pieces can remain until used.

Smoking the Hams and Bacon

ONCE more we say, find some near-by farmer who has a smoke-house and knows how to use it.

An ordinary smoke-house will accommodate six or seven hundred pounds of meat, making it practicable for two or three neighbors, when they have found the man plus the smoke-house, to make the trip and have the work done, together. If you are not able to find such a smoke-house, you may buy one of several varieties of portable smoke-houses which are advertised and set it up on your own premises. Or you may already have the outbuilding which you can convert into a smoke-house.

This building must be seven or eight feet in height and somewhere from four by six to ten feet square, with a door and an earth floor.

To fit it for use as a smoke-house, cut holes about four inches square on opposite sides, close up to the roof. These allow the smoke to pass out slowly. Cover or cork any large crevices, and place strong hooks in the roof just far enough apart so the pieces of meat will not touch each other.

Now build a small fire, not more than a foot or so across, taking care to keep it together in the middle of the floor. Use green wood, hickory or apple preferred. Corn-cobs do very well. Do not use locust or pine, as the flavor of these is too pronounced.

The fire must be like a smudge—all smoke and as little heat as possible. Allow it to cool off at night. At the end of ten days steady smoking the meat should be brown and firm, ready to be wrapped in paper and put in a cool, dry place. If mold gathers after a time, it does no harm, provided the meat is dry and cool.

If the real smoking can not be done, there is yet another method, not nearly as good, which is used by many people. A preparation of creosote, which is advertised in nearly all farm papers, is thoroughly rubbed into the meat according to directions. This substitute method of smoking is, I may add, the way in which much of the ordinary smoked pork is prepared.

HERE ARE TWO VALUABLE BOOKLETS

How to Handle the New-born Baby

Young mothers can learn all about this subject, and also much other equally important knowledge that mothers must have, by reading

KEEPING BABY WELL

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON
Editor of Pictorial Review's Baby Pages

The many instructive articles in this booklet are of immense value to mothers and prospective mothers. *Every mother must have a copy.*

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Cranberry Sugar Saving Recipes

SHOW how to serve cranberries frequently, and save up to one-half the usual amount of sugar.

Cranberry Sauce

No. 1—1 qt. cranberries, 2 cups boiling water, 1½ cups of sugar.
Boil the sugar and water for five minutes. Skim if necessary. Add the berries and cook without stirring until all the skins break—or about 5 minutes over a hot fire.

No. 2—The same ingredients as No. 1 with a pinch of salt added. Cook the cranberries in the salt water until tender, remove from the fire and stir in the sugar as the sauce cools.

No. 3—1 qt. cranberries, 2 cups boiling water, ¾ cup of syrup (white preferred) and ¾ of a cup of sugar.
Boil the syrup, sugar and water for 5 minutes. Skim if necessary. Add the berries and cook without stirring until all the skins break—or about 5 minutes over a hot fire.

As institutional issues very we have suggested three recipes for Cranberry Sauce.

Cranberry Pie

Short pastry made with barley flour, corn flour, or mixed war flour, and shortened with butter substitute.

For the filling:
2 cups cranberries, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup sugar (or ¾ cup sugar and ¾ cup syrup—white preferred), ½ cup water, a pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons butter, or butter substitute.

Boil the water, salt, butter (and syrup if you use it) in a saucepan, thicken with the sugar and flour stirred together, add the cranberries. Cook 5 minutes, cool, then turn into a pastry lined pie-plate, put strips of pastry over the top and bake in a moderate oven. Will serve six persons.

Cranberry Jelly

Cook any quantity of cranberries in water until very tender, using one pint of water to each 2 quarts of berries. Drain the juice through a jelly bag, and bring it to the boiling point. To each pint of juice add a cup of sugar, boil five minutes, turn into tumblers or molds.

Cranberry Butter

Three pints cranberries, ½ cup water, 2 cups sugar (or one cup of sugar and one cup of syrup—white preferred).

Cook the cranberries and water until the skins of the fruit are broken; add the sugar (and syrup if you use it) and cook for ½ hour over a very gentle fire, stirring constantly, when slightly cool turn into jars, and cover closely.

This makes a delicious and healthful spread on hot biscuits, bread, or cake.

Cranberry Betty

Slices of stale bread, buttered, unstrained cranberry sauce, grated lemon rind. Cut the bread thinly, butter it and lay two or three slices in a deep baking dish. Add a generous layer of cranberry sauce to which the lemon rind has been added, then more buttered bread, and proceed till the dish is filled, having bread for the last layer. Cover the dish and bake half an hour, then remove cover to brown the top of the pudding. Serve with a hard or liquid sauce.
(See recipes for Cranberry sauce.)

With Pot Roast

Cranberries cooked with pot roast and the cheaper cuts of boiled meats make the meat exceedingly tender and delicious. To prepare a 5 lb. pot roast, brown the meat first in 3 tablespoons of hot fat; when surface is brown, remove meat from pan and add 2 cups of water; stir until boiling, then add 2 cups of cranberries, replace meat in pan with gravy and cranberries and proceed with cooking in ordinary way, adding flour to thicken, also salt and pepper to taste, when cooking is about half finished.

Cranberries make the most economical sauce because: There is no waste; the whole of the fruit is used. They require little time for preparation and for cooking. A quart of cranberries will serve 12 persons, at a cost of about two cents per portion. The delicate, distinctive acid of cranberries counteracts the cloying taste of fatty meats and gives a delicious flavor to the coarse, but nutritious cuts. Always specify

Eatmor Trade Mark
Cranberries

a selection of the choicest cultivated varieties.

AMERICAN CRANBERRY EXCHANGE
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Chicago New York

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Pictorial Review Mother Club

Send in the Registration Blank and Become a Member

Conducted by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

BEFORE taking up the day's program, a debate by club members —"Systematic versus Haphazard Methods of Baby-Raising"—we must give brief consideration to a serious situation with which American mothers are confronted—the milk shortage.

The health, the very life of your children, is threatened by this unfortunate phase of war conditions.

The high cost of feed for milch cows, the increase in the cost of milk production, including labor, and the natural rebellion of housekeepers against the corresponding rise in price to consumers have reduced the number and efficiency of dairies in sections where the supply of milk for babies and young children has been none too plentiful.

In planning your family diet, remember that *there is no substitute for milk*. Except in rare cases, it is the one reliable, safe food for young children. You can not replace it with cocoa, made of part water and part milk, with broths, thin gruels, and, least of all, with tea or coffee.

In milk, proteins, carbohydrates, and minerals are properly proportioned for the development of bone, muscle, and blood, and for the generation of heat and energy. It should be the last item of your household supplies to be reduced, yet thousands of American women have cut out milk because the price has been raised two or three cents a quart, while they have continued to buy other food products at much greater increased prices.

You can do no finer service for your country and your children than to encourage the dairy industry in your community by placing milk first on your list of purchases. If you have no dairy in your community, form a committee of mothers to wait on your chamber of commerce, your boosters' club, or your town board, and demand that a reliable dairy be established near the town, even if this means subscribing capital for the enterprise. Take as your slogan—"Our children must be saved by milk."

Meantime, if you can not secure clean, fresh milk, make a thorough study of the best substitute—condensed or evaporated milk. Much of the prejudice and all of the danger connected with its use will be eliminated if you give it the study which any foodstuff for young children deserves.

The Question of Canned Milk

AS a mother who had to raise three babies on condensed milk in a community where fresh milk was unobtainable, I know that condensed milk can be modified in a variety of ways to agree with almost any digestive condition. The most common cause of digestive disorders following its use is the same unintelligent, careless mixing of milk and modifier which makes trouble if you use fresh milk. In preparing condensed or evaporated milk, bear in mind these facts: First, all utensils, bottles, and nipples must be immaculate; second, a fresh supply of the bottled or tinned milk must be kept on hand; third, it must be used while fresh, and be carefully corked and protected from flies; fourth, it must be mixed according to rule and not by "guess."

Canned milk, as we shall call it, to include all varieties, comes in the form of sweetened condensed milk, unsweetened evaporated milk, and dry milk or milk powder.

The first is whole, clean, fresh cow's milk, sweetened with cane-sugar, heated until the sugar is dissolved, then evaporated until the bulk is reduced to half of the fresh milk. Under the Federal food and drug laws, the result must contain at least 8 per cent. of fat and 28 per cent. of milk solids. The cane-sugar and heat combine to preserve it, just as you preserve fruits. If it is sweet and fresh when you purchase it, this milk should run in a thick, sticky fluid. If it is so firm and stiff that you must dig it from the can with a strong spoon, it has been standing on the grocer's shelves too long, and you should insist upon a fresher supply.

In making evaporated milk, no sugar is added to the fresh, whole milk, but the water is removed until the finished product is half or two-fifths the original bulk. It is then turned into sterilized cans, and again sterilized by steam under pressure, in a sustained temperature high enough to insure absolute sterility to the product, and to give the milk sufficient body to prevent the separation of the butter-fat in subsequent transportation and storage. The finished product is the consistency of sweet cream.

Most of the dried milk or milk-powders on the market are made from skim-milk and they are often desirable for very young infants, or children who can not digest fat. No mother should use milk-powder without learning its exact composition, and without consulting her physician. Also, do not confuse milk-powder with malt-sugar. They are two entirely different products.

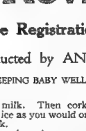
In many communities, condensed and evaporated milk can now be purchased in both glass jars and tin cans. Small cans are preferable to large. In opening, make two round holes to supply air-pressure for pouring out the milk. Then cork these tightly and set on ice as you would ordinary bottled fresh milk.

In modifying condensed or evaporated milk, use the proportions furnished by the manufacturer of the milk, not those suggested by your neighbor. Canned milk may be modified, like fresh milk, with barley water when there is a tendency to diarrhea, or oatmeal-water when the tendency is toward constipation.

A baby raised on any sort of canned milk should have orange-juice at an early age. Some physicians advise it as early as two months, starting with one teaspoonful of the strained juice of a very sweet orange, given between milk-feedings, never with the bottle-feeding. A "canned-milk baby" should also be given water that has been boiled and then cooled, at least twice a day.

If explicit directions for modifying condensed milk do not come with the brand you purchase, send a self-addressed and stamped envelop to the Public Health Editor, PICTORIAL REVIEW, 216 West 39th Street, New York City, for a complete modification table for babies from three days to twelve months old. These modification tables have been prepared in twenty-eight languages, so if direct from in French, Yiddish, Italian, or Bohemian would be more helpful to you or your neighbor, than those in English, state in your letter the language you need most easily. It is important that instructions for mixing milk for babies should be understood perfectly.

"When I knew that another baby was coming, I began to study, and went to good doctors and nurses for talks on the care of children. On July 20, 1916, a baby girl was born to us, but she did not weigh as much as the boy—only five and one-half pounds. At the hospital they started her nursing every three hours—6 and 9 A.M., 12 noon, 3, 6, and 9 P.M., and 2 A.M.—and I stuck to that rule. At six months, she weighed eighteen pounds. After she was three months old, I never nursed her after 9 at night. At one year, she weighed twenty-two pounds, stood 27 inches high, and had 12 teeth. She weaned herself at eleven months.



Drawing by Franklin Booth

"She still has nothing except bread and milk for supper, and cereal and fruit for breakfast. For dinner she has mashed potatoes, bread, a little butter and stewed fruit. She drinks a great deal of water.

"We had to learn by bitter experience that to go by the clock in everything—feeding, sleeping, playing, and bath —was the best way."

Mother Problems Solved

Prevention, plus a little common sense, often solves problems in baby-raising.

PICTORIAL REVIEW offers *you* this invaluable help free, in the following pamphlets, compiled by the editor of our Mother and Baby Department, Anna Steese Richardson.

The Prospective Mother's Own Book.
Feeding Chart for Bottle-fed Babies.
Cake and Its Care.
Diet Suggestions — Ten Months to Four Years.
Diet for Listless Babies.
Hot Weather Dishes for Young Children.
Treatment for Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months.
Treatment for Constipation in Babies from Nine Months to One Year.
Treatment for Constipation in Children of Two Years and Over

Decide which pamphlet will meet *your* needs, and send a stamped and self-addressed envelop to the Public Health Editor, Pictorial Review Building, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

P. S.—Have you seen our latest Special Fashion Sheet of Maternity Clothes and Layette? Free to prospective mothers on receipt of stamped envelop

NOW for our regular program. The debate will be opened by the first-prize winner, Mrs. C. A. B——, of Wisconsin.

"Four years ago, our first child was born, a boy weighing nine pounds. He gained three pounds the first six weeks, after which he seemed to fail, and, when he was nine weeks old, we called a physician who was an expert on babies. First, he asked if I nursed him, and I said, 'No, he is on patent food.' Then he asked how often I fed him, and I answered, 'Whenever he cries, of course.'

"Then he asked if the nurse had not fed the baby by the clock, and I said, 'No—any time, day or night, that he cried.' Well, the doctor said my baby's stomach was worn out, and he put him on —— milk, but he was afraid the baby would not last long. Three weeks he cried, day and night; then went to sleep to wake no more—all because I did not know how to care for him.

"Baby weighed eight and one-quarter pounds when born, and thirteen pounds when four weeks old. At present, he weighs twenty-seven pounds, has had nothing but breast-milk since birth, and has never been sick, except for a fever which ran two days while he was cutting two teeth at once. He never had colic or any baby ailments, walked when nine months old, and is a fine, husky youngster.

"Baby never was on a schedule, and has been petted and made much of, almost since the day of his birth. I do all my own housework, sewing, baby's washing, and all of my own ironing, yet still find time to read one weekly and the usual papers, and from three to five magazines a month.

"I rise at 5 A.M. If there is any of baby's washing or ironing to be done, I have it finished before baby is awake, which is about 7 A.M. He usually stays in bed for 20 minutes or more after waking. Then he is taken up and dressed, after which I go about my housework and have it finished at 10:30. Baby gets his daily bath at 11 A.M., the only thing I have given him at a regular time each day. Then he is taken out-of-doors. We lunch at 3:30, and after that the dining-room and kitchen are tidied up, and I amuse baby for a half-hour or more. He is very fond of his daddy and is always ready for a romp with him.

"Seven P.M. is baby's bedtime, that being the hour when he is sleepy. He always sleeps for three hours in the middle of the day.

"In conclusion, I really never could understand how any mother could resist cuddling her baby or taking him up at all. That is one of the joys of owning a baby."

The above letter was selected for the debate because it proves that many women do not realize how elastic is the phrase "schedule in baby raising." Here is a dear mother who does not believe in a schedule, yet her fine baby sleeps and wakes, is bathed and has his outing, and evidently is fed at almost the same hours daily. The very schedule by which she accomplishes her housework proves that she is an efficient, systematic home-maker.

The "Schedule" on a Farm

NOW for a debater who has worked out her schedule on a farm. We give her a prize because she has had the good sense to plan a schedule for her baby that fits into her own busy life.

"As the busy wife of a very busy West Texas farmer, I must rise at 5 A.M. during the year round and prepare breakfast for my husband and two 'hired hands,' do all my housework, and care for my garden.

"Our baby is about the same age as your Junior. Previous to his coming, I tried to organize my life as far as possible according to the methods laid down in 'The Prospective Mother's Own Book.' I continued doing my own work, with the exception of the family washing and ironing. An hour in the garden every morning and afternoon furnished ample outdoor exercise.

"I gathered and prepared my vegetables in the afternoon, and put them to cooking while I prepared breakfast. By the time I had finished with my dishwashing and housecleaning, the dinner was cooked, enough warmth remaining in the big range to keep the food warm for serving. This gave me time for my hour in the garden and several hours for sewing, etc., before noon.

"My diet consisted of plain, unstimulating food, and as a result baby came a healthful, dimpled, seven-pound piece of humanity.

"From the very first I have followed a carefully-worked-out plan for our baby. I bathe at 9 A.M., and he is ready for me until after I finish breakfast. I nurse him at 6:30, and at 9:30. Then he promptly goes to sleep, and I do my housework and gardening. He has his bath every day at noon while his father and the hired hands eat their dinner, for I like him at this unusual hour because it is more convenient for me. After his 12:30 feeding, he sleeps while I wash the dinner dishes, bathe, feed my baby and take my afternoon nap. At 3:30 he is nursed again and I take him with me to the garden for his airing. He has a mosquito-screened play-pen, as you recommend, built by my husband and the hired hands at small cost. He now sits in it, playing, while I, a busy farm-woman, steal time to write you about his care. This much I know—it behooves any farm-woman to raise her baby systematically. A well-worked-out routine will eliminate all drudgery and make life worth while.

"With the exception of a slight attack of Summer complaint, our baby has never been ill. Then, before the doctor arrived, I treated him according to your article on Summer complaint in PICTORIAL REVIEW, thus avoiding what became serious with several in our neighborhood's children. The doctor seemed much surprised that I, so young a mother and inexperienced with babies, knew how to combat the disease."

"MRS. J. R. H——, Texas."

MRS. E. S——, of Florida, writes:

"I should like to say just a few words in favor of the old-fashioned way of raising babies.

"My eleven-weeks-old girl weighed nine pounds at birth and fourteen pounds at two months. After consulting a reliable physician who advised me to let schedules alone, I began bathing the baby as soon after she wakes up as possible; to nurse regularly on the breast, so I feed her whenever she is hungry, if it's every half hour; rock her to sleep; and allow her to be handled whenever she is awake. She does not give me any trouble, but is content to lie and play until she gets sleepy or hungry.

"I open comparing her with a schedule baby, that she is superior in both weight and strength, as she is trying to sit alone. So far she has never been ill and I see no evil effect of allowing her to be just baby instead of a machine run by schedule."

I should like to hear again from Mrs. E. S. six months from now.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB

REGISTRATION BLANK

Please register my name as a member of THE MOTHER CLUB and send me in return, free of charge, a copy of Baby's Weight Record.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

November, '18

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SAVANNAH · THE SOUTHERN COTTON OIL COMPANY · NEW ORLEANS
For all cooking
SNOWDRIFT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE
Pure vegetable shortening
GUARANTEED PURE AND WHOLESOME AND FREE FROM

SNOWDRIFT

Do *you* know how much better shortening *is* when it is really *fresh?*

vegetable shortening

Snowdrift is pure, rich, vegetable fat—white and sweet and fresh.

Snowdrift is sweet—what you mean when you say "sweet" cream. Snowdrift is fresh—as you use the word to describe new-laid eggs. You know how much nicer eggs and butter and cream are when they are fresh. Did you ever stop to think that *all* shortening is fat, and is just as much better when *it* is fresh, too?

In its new air-tight package Snowdrift is sweet and fresh when you open it in your own kitchen.

After it is opened Snowdrift "keeps" just as well and as long as any other shortening. Its advantage is that it is fresh when you start to use it. Its air-tight package protects its purity and freshness, as no other package could, while it is on its way to your grocer and from your grocer's store to you.

This freshness makes a great difference. Try Snowdrift and see if you don't agree.

Your grocer has it or can quickly get it for you.

It comes in *full weight* packages—2, 4 and 8 pounds.

As you open the package you see why it was named Snowdrift.

This whiteness is a symbol of its purity. Snowdrift *is* as pure and clean as it looks.

Snowdrift is rich, vegetable fat and nothing else. If you have never cooked with vegetable shortening before, the Food Administration has done you a service in suggesting that you try it now.

As you use Snowdrift you will be pleased with its creaminess. It doesn't get too hard in winter or too soft in summer. We are proud of Snowdrift's "texture," as we call it. You will find it a delicate shortening—as you speak of "delicate" cake.

Try it in cake. Snowdrift is rich and delicate enough for your choicest recipe. Fry in it. Snowdrift is not only an economical frying fat, but has many other advantages. It will not retain odor or taste—not even of fish or onions. In deep frying use it over and over again.

Use Snowdrift just as you would any other shortening except, when you use it in place of butter, use a quarter less (Snowdrift is all pure fat) and add a little salt (Snowdrift is not salted).

Perhaps Snowdrift won't really make you a better cook, but the family are likely to think so because Snowdrift makes everything taste a little better and cost a little less.

SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY
120 Broadway, New York

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Interpreting the new Fall styles through

CHENEY SILKS

THE most vexing problem of autumn dress is solved through the coming of the new Cheney Silks:

Cheney Jersey Crêpe—a soft, semi-transparent silk in a Jersey-like weave, particularly pleasing for blouses and tea gowns.

Cheney Satin Barré—the famous Cheney lustrous Satin with a slight barré thread running through it, lending a dash of simple elegance.

Cheney Rubaya—the first all-silk serge, a cloth that looks just like the finest French serges, wool-conserving and ideal for the new styles in dresses, capes and suits.

Sold at shops of the better sort.

CHENEY BROTHERS
NEW YORK

A suit with a long coat, with a surplice cape collar, fur trimmed, and a skirt quite tight, form the modish features of this suit in taupe Cheney Rubaya, the all-silk serge.

Of Cheney Satin Barré, navy blue, trimmed in ermine, this pleasing gown has both a high collar and the new drawing that leads to a striking ensemble.

Wear this comfortable shoe with every smart new line!

Active women, who are learning to insist on comfort in good-looking footwear—are wearing The Red Cross Shoe more and more. For long hours of war work seem not nearly so long when you are wearing a shoe that *never* gives a moment of discomfort!

And in spite of the wonderful ease of The Red Cross Shoe—the result of the famous way it "bends with your foot"—it has sacrificed none of its style!

See these and other models at your dealer's. And write for "Footwear Style—Without Extravagance" sent free. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials, each the standard of value at its price. Address THE KROHN-FECHHEIMER CO., 530 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Red Cross Shoe

Look for this trade mark on the sole

Model No. 555. The "Cores." In either the golden-brown of the harvest, or in black glazed kid, this charming model is equally appealing

Model No. 508. The "Combination." You will find a veritable storehouse of comfort in the broad ball and snug-fitting heel and instep of this simple model

Model No. 540. The "Del Rio." What is more charming than this clever combination of brown calf and gray topped with field-mouse brown kid?

MOTHER AND BABY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

SURELY the mother who has raised twins successfully through their first year deserves a place on this program, so enter Mrs. N. K——, of Oregon.

"When my twins, Margaret and Elizabeth, were born we were with their grandmother who pooh-poohed the four-hour feeding interval ordered by our doctor. She said it was cruel, but I had just read Junior's set rules and said I to myself—If a mother with one baby should have system, then a mother with two babies *must* have system,' so right about face, I began. At first the babies resented the radical change from Grandma's methods to mine. No more feeding after vomiting, the Grandmother would insist they needed more—the poor little stomach was empty; no more being rocked to sleep, nor being picked up when they whined. After two days of relentless system (no easy matter when I not only had them to deal with but also their grandmother) they took most kindly to the new management. I followed Junior's schedule as nearly as I could, and to-day they are *ideal* babies, pictures of health. They have been far less trouble than my first baby—raised with little system. Rarely do they disturb me while I read or write, for I seldom pick them up—except between 5:30 and 6 when either their father or I hold them and play, and they look for the hour. They have both begun to walk, and have seven teeth each, which were cut without trouble."

REPLYING to Mrs. N. K——'s contention that babies should be held and amused only during their play-hour, Mrs. J. T. A——, of Pennsylvania, offers this comment on a letter published in PICTORIAL REVIEW for February.

"I have a darling baby boy, three months old. I believe in regularity in feeding, bathing, sleeping, etc., but I do think Mrs. D—— is a little too severe in her schedule.

"For four hours she neither speaks to, nor sees her babies, and then only for a few minutes. Now babies were put here to be loved, moreover they are babies such a short while, so why not love them a little instead of trying to make them into automatons? Looking back in later years, will she not miss those memories of the smiles and gurgles that come when baby is chucked under the chin or touched on the cheek? When she has no babies in her arms, will she not wish she had cuddled them and whispered silly little nothings in their ears while they were there?

"Further, if baby is in pain, does she let him cry and scream until he hurts himself or stops from exhaustion? Until my baby was two months old he suffered from wind and colic. I could not let him lie there drawing his little knees up and crying so pitifully.

"Again, babies left to themselves all the time are not as bright as those talked to and made over. I have an example in the difference between my brother's children and my sister's. My brother's wife is somewhat like Mrs. D——, and her only child, aged eight, is dumb in front of any one, even relatives; while my sister's child, aged seven, can hold an intelligent conversation. She has never lisped nor used baby talk."

But right back comes another busy farm-mother, Mrs. T. S. M——, of Kentucky. Notice her breezy style.

"I speak from experience, as a farmer's wife with two babies, one twenty-seven months, weight thirty-six pounds, the other eight months, weight nineteen pounds. One advantage of schedule is, that a baby fed at regular intervals does not fuss every time he cries. I know a man who raises thousand-dollar hogs. He takes the pigs away from the sow and only lets them suck at regular intervals. If it is best for pigs, why not for babies?

"At the age of seven months my doctor advised one bottle of condensed milk for my little girl, then two, and so on. When it became necessary to wean her at eleven months, it was no trouble.

"One morning not long ago, about 3 A. M., the baby began coughing and could not sleep. I gave him oil. He seemed well the next day, but still coughed now and then. The third night the doctor advised 1-10 of a grain of calomel, followed by oil. When I took baby up the next morning, I found him very red and his eyes swollen. The doctor pronounced it German measles, but gave no other medicine. The baby had one degree of fever for two days and at the end of the fourth day the rash was gone, the older child did not have it. My theory is that, because they are raised by the book, it did not make the baby sick and the other child did not have it.

"They are said to be lusty, born good. That is true, for I believe in prenatal influence, and I did all in my power to make them the best, but I know that under other conditions they would be cross, fretful, and sick.

"Here are several things which have helped me: A Radiolite watch, which I keep under my pillow and can use in the dark; a thumb-guard made of silver wire which enables the child to use the hand, and is sanitary. Half-pint milk bottles with paper tops into which the milk is strained night and morning. The big broad nipples fit these bottles."

THESE dear little wearables keep baby pretty, warm and happy from head to foot. Made of finest, soft yarns, in baby's own colors.

You know them by the label of the lamb—it identifies the genuine Ascher's Knit Goods, maintained at highest quality for nearly half a century

You can get this same superb quality in fancy knit goods for infants, children, and women,—Booties, Sacques, Leggings, Sweaters, Shawls, House Jackets, Caps, Afghans, Play Suits, Mittens, etc.

Write for name of nearest dealer selling Ascher's Knit Goods, and Aunty Dee's book for the children, "The Chubbies Sail to Dodoland."

Simon Ascher & Co., Inc.
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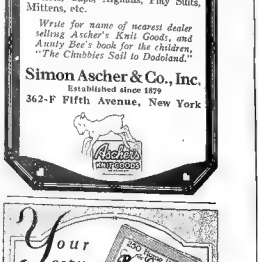

Your copy of this little Booklet awaits your request

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The valuable information it contains was supplied by wide-awake women in 48 States, Canada and Mexico.

It is a "hint book" showing how elastic may be used in 250 different ways in the home. It was compiled by the makers of REELASTIC for your benefit. Address

The American Mills Co. of New York
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Vapo-Cresolene

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

COUGH stopped BY

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough's 4th, Spasmodic Croup at once, if used at the commencement before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *vaporized cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Rat ngton Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this remedy."**

The a carrying the therapeutic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breath ng easy and relieves the coughing, assuring restful sleep.

It is a boon to Asthma Sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is a valuable auxiliary power I germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 46 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of alfalfa, pine bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene, every one a known cure. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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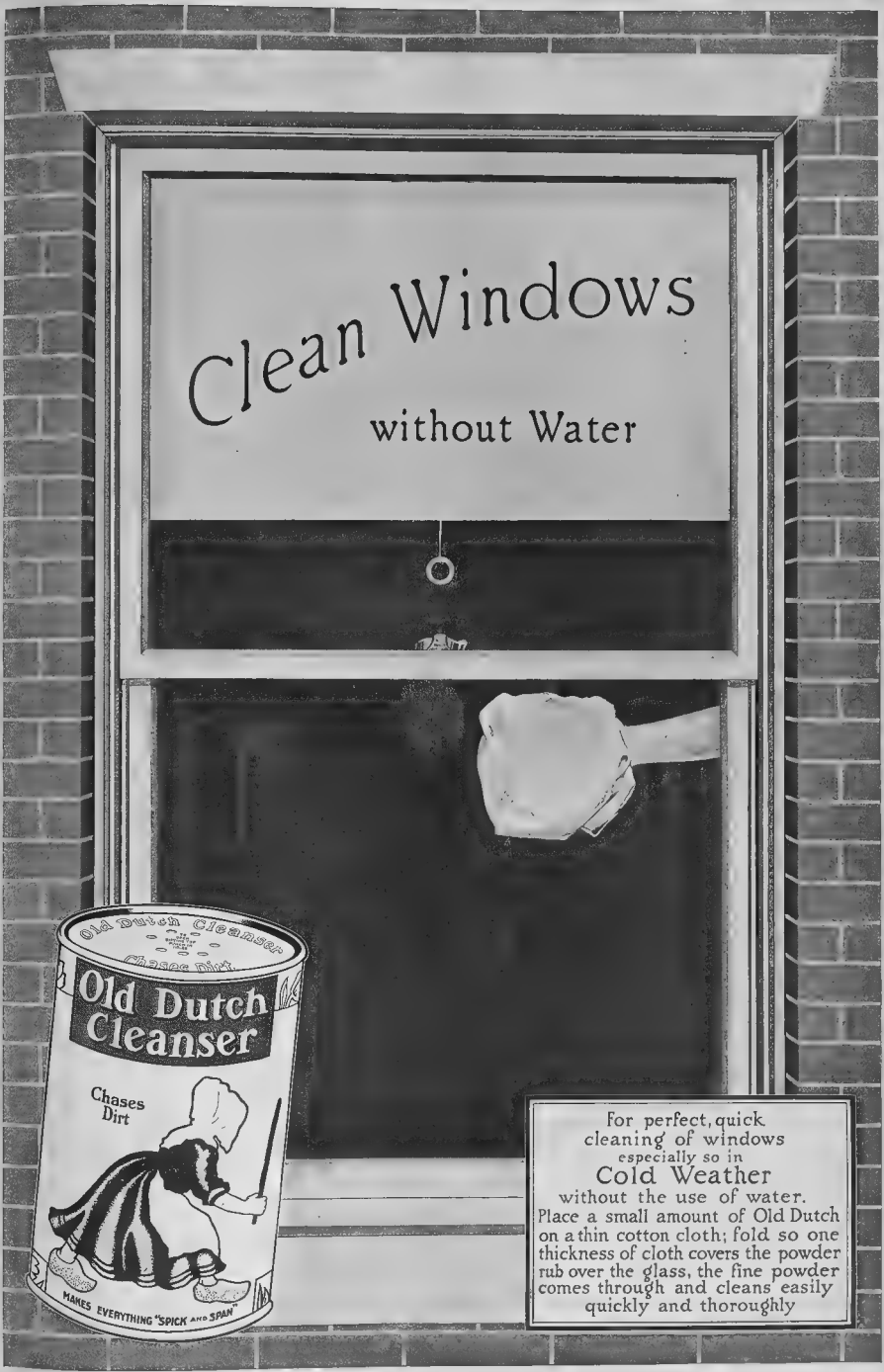
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MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"
For perfect, quick cleaning of windows especially so in
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Place a small amount of Old Dutch on a thin cotton cloth; fold so one thickness of cloth covers the powder rub over the glass, the fine powder comes through and cleans easily quickly and thoroughly

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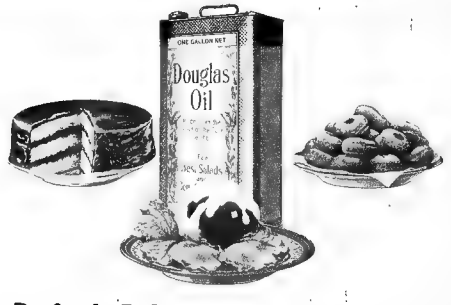

Perfectly Delicious—Highly Nutritious

Made From Corn

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Users report it perfectly delicious. Food experts pronounce it highly nutritious. Economy suggests its adoption for every salad and cooking purpose.

Douglas Oil is the ideal salad oil, better liked than olive oil and costing much less. It equals butter for shortening, but is more economical. It is the best of all fats for frying and will not absorb flavors or odors.

Your dealer has Douglas Oil or can get it for you. If you cannot secure it write us direct, giving us your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied.

The Douglas Recipe Book, compiled by food experts and published to sell for 50 cents, is offered FREE for a limited time to users of Douglas Oil. Beautifully illustrated in colors. Send your name, address and dealer's name.

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Use Douglas Corn Starch Douglas Corn Starch is the finest quality that can be produced—made by the world's largest exclusive corn starch manufacturers. Makes the best sauces, gravies, desserts, pastry flour—recipes on package. Highly nutritious—a splendid food for children.

Insist on getting Douglas Corn Starch (99)

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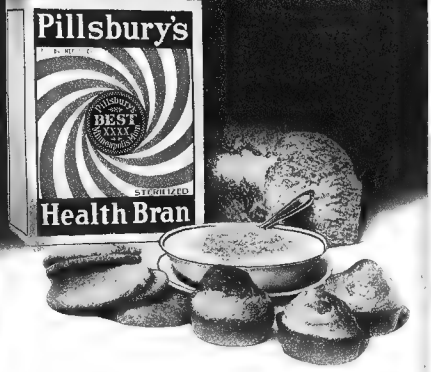

THE special Pillsbury Health Bran recipes on the package show how to make delicious bread, muffins, cookies, etc., that you surely will enjoy.

Be sure to ask for Pillsbury's as it is milled especially for human consumption. This extra clean, flaky, sterilized Bran supplies the roughage necessary to correct intestinal and digestive troubles

Health Bran foods should be made a regular part of your daily diet. Ask your Doctor

You will like bran muffins made the Pillsbury way. They have the desired laxative effect.

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Pillsbury's Health Bran

COOKING

The Last of the Pickles

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

FOR the woman who has not yet filled all her pickle jars, late Autumn still offers opportunity. The end of the garden season yields tomatoes and cucumbers. Apples have come into the market and mushrooms and dried fruits are to be had the year round.

It is essential that the best of ingredients be used for making pickles, that is, that the vegetables or fruits be crisp and freshly gathered, the vinegar of good quality and the spices pungent. As well it is most essential that only porcelain-lined or agate kettles be employed, and that a wooden or silver spoon be used for the stirring. A few slices of fresh horseradish added to the pickles in the jar give life to the vinegar and prevent molding, therefore it is well to provide oneself with a root of this spicy condiment at the beginning of the pickling time

Catchups and chutneys may be counted as part of the pickle family and are easily made, the chief consideration being that the ingredients are properly cooked and the containers thoroughly sealed afterward. It is well to pack the pickle jars in thick paper bags, so as to keep out the light. This simple precaution will make a good deal of difference in the keeping qualities of the products.

Sweet Pickled Prunes

4 Lbs. Prunes
2 Lbs. Sugar
2 Cupfuls Vinegar
½ Oz. Cloves
1 Stick Cinamon
½ Oz. Whole Ginger

WASH the prunes well, soak in cold water for 24 hours, and then bring them to the boiling-point in the same water. Boil together the sugar, vinegar, and spices for 10 minutes; add the prunes, drained from the water, and simmer gently till tender. When cold, pit in jars and seal closely.

Spiced Cranberries

3½ Lbs. Brown Sugar
2 Cupfuls Vinegar
2 Tablespoonfuls Allspice
1 Tablespoonful Cloves
1 Three-inch Stick Cinnamon
3 Qts. Cranberries

TIE the spices in a piece of cheese-cloth, add them to the sugar and vinegar and boil all to a syrup. Wash the cranberries, add these to the syrup, simmer for 2 hours, then turn into jars and when cold cover closely. This is particularly good with turkey or chicken.

Mushroom Catchup

Mushrooms
Onions
Spices
Vinegar
Salt

SELECT firm mushrooms; break them into pieces and place in layers in a stone crock or jar. Sprinkle each layer with salt. Set aside for 48 hours, stirring two or three times a day. Bring slowly to boiling-point, then strain and press all the juice possible from the mushrooms. Measure and to each quart of liquor allow 1 cupful of vinegar, 1 small onion, and ½ cupful of mixed whole spices, tying these up in a muslin bag. Cook all ingredients together slowly for half an hour. Cool, bottle, and seal.

Pickled Mushrooms

Mushrooms
Vinegar
Spices
Salt

QUANTITIES can not be given as it depends on the number of mushrooms to be prepared and the extent to which they cook down.

Peel the mushrooms, preferably using small ones. Wipe them with a cloth, moisten with vinegar, lay on a flat dish, sprinkle with salt and leave for 48 hours. Place them in a saucepan with the liquid which has flowed from them, and simmer gently for 3 hours, by which time most of the moisture should have been absorbed. Turn into jars and cover with strongly spiced vinegar; that is, vinegar which has been cooked with cinnamon, allspice, ginger, cloves, and bay-leaf.

Indian Chutney

2 Qts. Tart Apples
1½ Lb. Raisins
3 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Cayenne Pepper
2 Qts. Green Tomatoes
1 Small Onion
¼ Cupful Salt
1 Cupful Sliced Green Ginger Root, or 1 Tablespoonful Ground Ginger
3 Cupfuls Vinegar

PUT the fruit and vegetables through the food-chopper, mix with the other ingredients and set away in an earthen jar overnight. In the morning set the jar in a kettle of cold water. Let the water heat slowly, boil six hours, stirring often. Pour into preserve jars and seal. This will keep a year.

Chili Sauce

2 Doz. Tomatoes
3 Green Peppers
3 Onions
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Ground Cloves
2 Tablespoonfuls Salt
1 Tablespoonful Nutmeg
1 Tablespoonful Ginger
1 Tablespoonful Allspice
1 Qt. Vinegar

SCALD and peel the tomatoes, cut them in small pieces and put with all the other ingredients into a saucepan. Cook very slowly for 3 hours, and then bottle and seal.

Cocoanut Shells Needed for Gas Masks

THE carbon from charred cocoanut shells is the best absorbent of poisonous gases yet discovered. Hundreds of tons of cocoanut shells a day are needed by the Government for the manufacture of gas masks.

The more cocoanut American housewives use, the more shells are turned over and hence the more gas masks can be produced.

Dromedary Cocoanut can be used in a number of ways to add food value, flavor and variety to timely conservation dishes.

Dromedary Cocoanut is the universal favorite because it is so delicious in corn muffins, waffles and griddle cakes, cookies, gelatine, rice and bread puddings and fruit desserts, and as sugarless frosting for cocoa cakes and war cakes.

Dromedary Cocoanut Is Economical

It is safe to buy Dromedary Cocoanut in large quantities because there is no waste. The cover of the "Ever-Sealed" package may be replaced, thus keeping the unused portion fresh, moist and fully flavored.

Write to-day for our new book "Dromedary War-time Recipes" which gives many appetizing suggestions for patriotic housewives.

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PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Children's hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating mothers use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

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Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store, and a 50-cent bottle should last for months.

If your druggist does not have it, an original bottle will be mailed direct upon receipt of the price.

Splendid for the whole family

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Eno's "Fruit Salt" is Nature's own corrective, derived from fresh ripe fruits; pure, safe and pleasant to take. A teaspoonful in a glass of cold water makes an effervescent, refreshing, saline draught which prevents acid stomach, biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, rheumatic poison and other ills caused by constipation. Good for the adult and the child.

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ENTERTAINMENT

After the Thanksgiving Dinner

By MAMIE JEFFRESS

WHEN family and friends gather for the Thanksgiving re-union this year there will be many vacant places. For this reason the wise hostess will see to it that she is ready with games and contests with which to help her guests make merry during the dinner-hour and after the meal is over.

Games to play at the Thanksgiving Dinner are a familiar perplexity. These described below were used at a jolly family dinner. The decorations on this occasion were particularly attractive—yellow Jack-o'-lanterns and masses of golden chrysanthemums and Autumn leaves.

The place-cards were made in the shape of small boats, like miniature Mayflowers, made on manilla board and set up, easel fashion, at each plate; they were ornamented with a Plymouth Rock chicken (cut from a poultry journal) and a suitable verse or quotation.

Thanksgiving Conundrums

AS THE dinner neared its close, a bowl of walnuts was passed. These walnuts were tied with yellow ribbon and, when cracked, disclosed a slip of paper bearing a conundrum—the walnut meats had been removed, of course, and the two halves glued together after inserting the slip of paper. Each guest then read his or her conundrum aloud and everybody had an opportunity to guess the answer, and the "wild" guesses were the source of a good deal of amusement. The conundrums follow:

Why did the Plymouth Rock?—It was the cradle of American Independence.

Why did Priscilla spin?—She was the top of New England society

How did the Pilgrim Fathers get the Mayflower out of the harbor?—They had to back her (tobacco).

Why was Miles so Standish?—He was a son and the sun (son) never sets.

Why did the Pilgrim Fathers find Mass. at Bay?—Nature had treed her.

What did Virginia Dare?—To be a woman.

Why did the Pilgrim Fathers smoke?—They were on fire with freedom.

Why was the Indians' wigwam (wig-warm)?—It was made of skin.

Why should the world have a large population of Indians now?—They are peace pipers.

Why did Governor Bradford invite the Indians to the first Thanksgiving feast?—The white guests were few and the Indians came to "fill up."

Why was the Indians' contribution to the feast so costly—It was dear (deer).

What kind of ship did Miles Standish captain?—A courtship.

Why did Priscilla know that her wedding petticoat was too long?—She saw Nantuck-it (Nantucket).

What sin did the Indians bring into the colony?—Mocca-sin.

What did Priscilla say had become of her spinning wheel?—Paw-tucket (Pa-took-it).

What kind of keys did the Indians use to unlock the Puritans' hearts—Tur-keys.

Why was Priscilla like the Mayflower?—She "landed" a Pilgrim.

When all the answers had been found, sheets of paper were passed about, with the following version of the famous "Courtship of Miles Standish." On these, the words in parentheses were left blank, and every one was told that the answers might be found in some part of the Thanksgiving banquet just concluded.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

OF ALL the maidens in the little Puritan settlement it was Priscilla whom Miles Standish most admired. The minute he saw her he decided that she was a (Peach) and that if she would consent to make a (Pear) with him, he would be eternally happy.

But Miles Standish was much more used to the sword than to the arts of courtship, so he resolved to delegate the task to John Alden, his clerk and loyal friend. No. John himself secretly thought Priscilla "some (Chicken)" and to seek her for his friend was like sticking a (Knife) into his own hopes. But John was nothing if not loyal and so he resolved to make the best of the (Pickle) in which he found himself and not to let sour (Grapes) interfere with his quest.

The beautiful Priscilla, however, for all her fairness, had a mind a good deal firmer than (Jelly) and some very definite ideas of her own as to who took the (Cake) with her. So when John came swooing for friend Miles, telling Priscilla that she was the (Apple) of Miles's eye and altogether the whole (Cheese) with him, what was his astonishment to hear these demure words from Priscilla's (Cherry) lips: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" And you may be very sure that John did speak and so well that Miles was handed a (Lemon) and found himself left in the (Soup). But in the Alden household (Peas) peace reigned supreme.

For a wind-up, every one joined in singing the old-fashioned songs, with "Auld Lang Syne," of course, as a good night to a delightful evening.

FASHION'S loss is the Nation's gain. Our soldiers' uniforms require a lining fabric possessing the sturdy, enduring qualities exclusive with Sol Satin. Hence, if garments bearing the familiar Sol Satin label are not to be found at every dealer's, please consider the circumstances and remember that in the near future Sol Satin will be as freely available as before.

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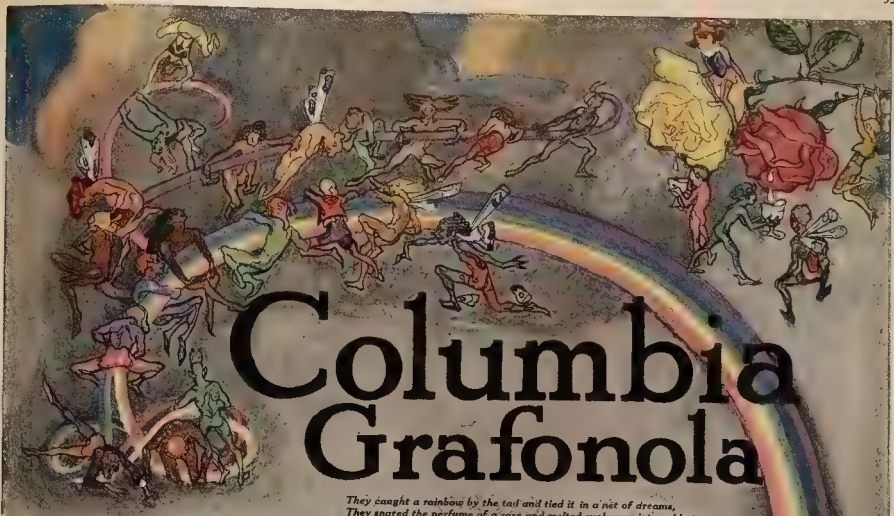


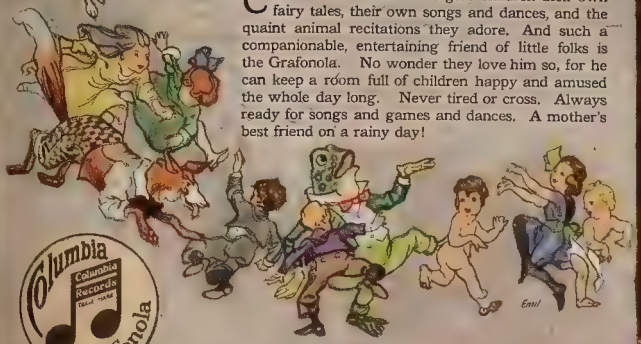
Columbia Grafonola

They caught a rainbow by the tail and tied it in a net of dreams,
They snared the perfume of a rose and melted sunbeams into gold;
They mixed it all with tears and laughter—that's how they first made music.

GROWN-UPS may not believe the tale, but the children, bless them, are wiser. For their merry little hearts find much in music that we miss. Haven't they heard the good fairies sing and laugh from behind the shadowy tone-leaves of the Columbia Grafonola? Isn't that where Buster Bear, Peter Rabbit, Old Mr. Toad, and Reddy Fox frolic and talk when Mother puts in the Bed-Time Records? Lucky the children who grow up in homes made musical by Columbia Records and the Columbia Grafonola.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA RECORDS give children their own fairy tales, their own songs and dances, and the quaint animal recitations they adore. And such a companionable, entertaining friend of little folks is the Grafonola. No wonder they love him so, for he can keep a room full of children happy and amused the whole day long. Never tired or cross. Always ready for songs and games and dances. A mother's best friend on a rainy day!



Columbia Records
Columbia Grafonola

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Columbia Grafonolas
Standard Models up to $300
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Prices in Canada plus duty

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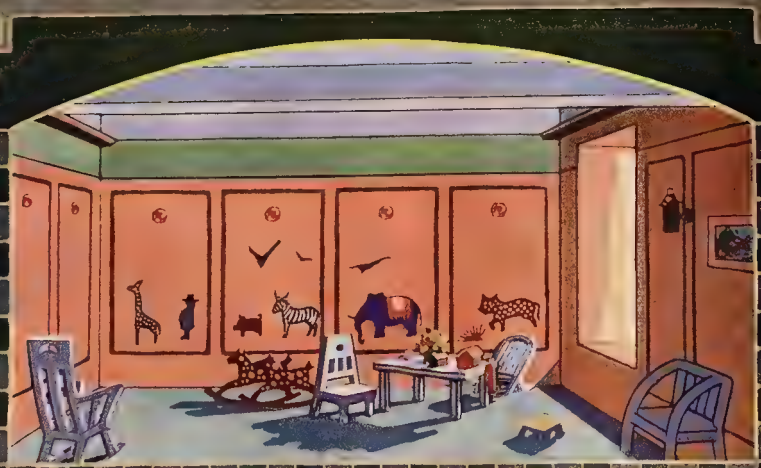
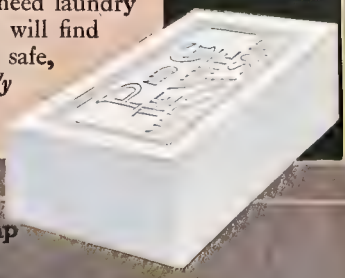


THE frequent cleaning of walls and floors where the children play and the continual washing of their clothes can be lightened considerably by using P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap.

It loosens dirt much better than ordinary laundry soap—white or yellow—because it is the highest grade white laundry soap that can be made and because it contains naphtha. It, therefore, requires much less effort from you—practically no rubbing in the laundry and surprisingly little exertion in scrubbing and general cleaning.

The first cake will show you why you should use it wherever you need laundry soap. Get a cake and you will find it big, solid, long-lasting, safe, economical—*and wonderfully efficient.*



P. AND G.-The White Naphtha Soap

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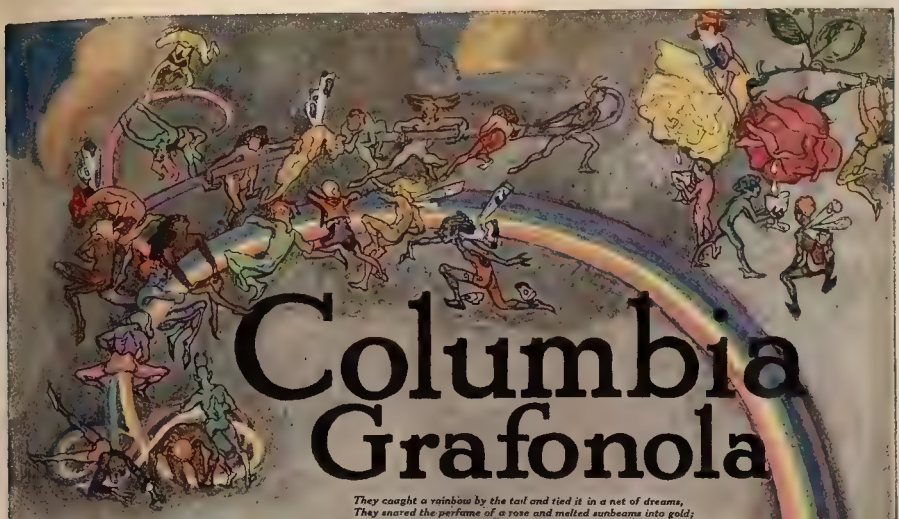

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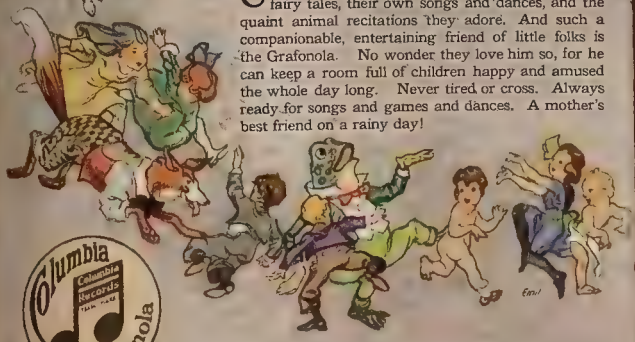

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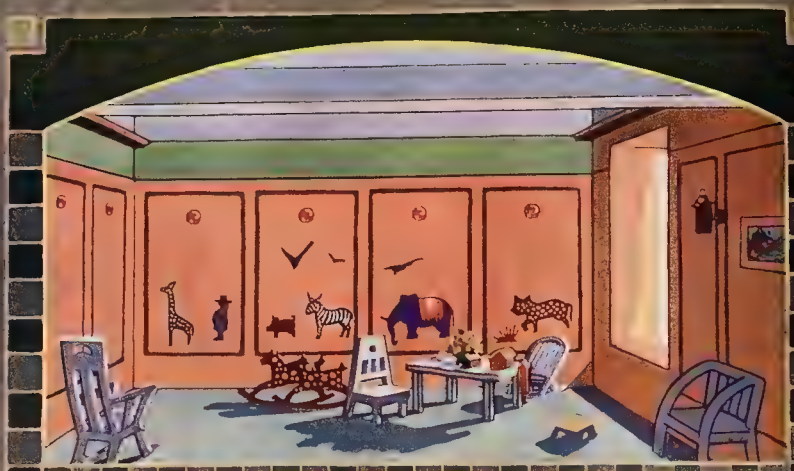

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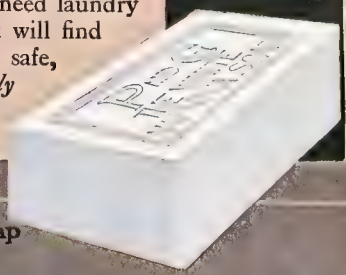

P. AND G.-The White Naphtha Soap

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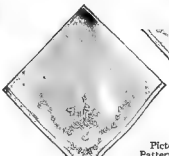
Dainty Embroideries for the Practical Christmas Gift

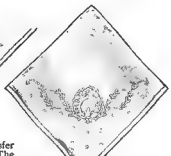
Embroidery No. 11751 on Corset Cover No. 6087

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11751, blue or yellow. Six sprays and 1¼ yard of dotted scalloping 1-inch wide supplied. Shown on Ladies' Surplice Corset Cover 6087. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust.



No. 12015

No. 12016



No. 12017

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12015, blue. The pattern contains 6 transfers of the basket design 2½ inches by 4 inches for a handkerchief. Colored embroidery cotton to match a hem of colored linen is employed for working the basket and the rest of the design is carried out in white.

Embroidery No. 12131 on Camisole No. 7061

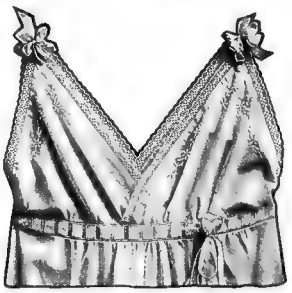
Embroidery No. 12182 on Combination No. 6395

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12182, blue or yellow. This pattern gives 16 spray designs for use on an envelop chemise, a nightgown, a combination, or corset cover. The design may also be effectively used for the adornment of house-dresses. It is shown used with scallop 12065 on Pictorial Review Combination 6395. Sprays in solid embroidery and eyelet work are applied to the front, and finished with crochet button and buttonhole at shoulders. The graceful festooned sprays are easily accomplished and effective in appearance. Pattern No. 12065, blue or yellow, supplies 6 yards of scalloping. Pattern 6395 is cut in 7 sizes, 32 to 44 bust.

Cross-stitch
No. 12111 for Tea-apron

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12016, blue. Six transfers of this charming motif for the corner of a handkerchief are supplied in the pattern. The upper petals of the flower are filled in with seed stitch and the other portions in raised satin and eyelet stitches.

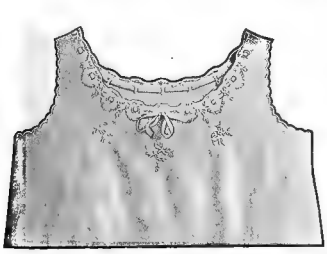
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12017, blue. Six duplicates of this design form the pattern. A tiny initial could be placed in the center of the motif. Eyelet stitch may be used for the flower centers, the scattered dots and the outer row of dots in the center motif.



Embroidery No. 12175 on Nightgown No. 6371

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12131, blue. Three different designs are included in this pattern. Eyelet and raised satin stitches in white embroidery cotton are used for the design. The filet crochet inserts add to the attractiveness. Ladies' Camisole 7061 used. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

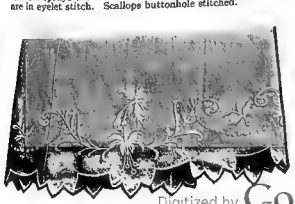
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12175, blue or yellow. The pattern contains 40 embroidery motifs. The surplice gown is cut from Pictorial Review Pattern No. 6371. Cut in 8 sizes, 32 to 46 bust. Crochet directions for edging used on this nightgown may be obtained.



Embroidery No. 12086 on Chemise No. 6828

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12086, blue. A square scallop for the eyelets, a plain one for the armholes and a turret-shaped scallop for the neck are included in this pattern for a chemise. Raised satin and eyelet stitches are used to carry out the embroidery, but if preferred the eyelets may be omitted and the design carried out in raised satin stitch. This should present no difficulty even to a beginner in needlecraft. So little smart lingerie is now coming from abroad that it is a great satisfaction to know that right at hand we have the designs and materials and that with but a little expenditure of time and labor we may become possessed of dainty undergarments for which formerly a high price had to be paid. The chemise is cut from Pictorial Review Pattern 6828. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11832, blue. The pattern supplies 2¾ yards of this elaborate design 10 inches deep for a petticoat flounce shown below. The fuchsia sprays are worked in solid embroidery and the dots are in eyelet stitch. Scallops buttonhole stitched.

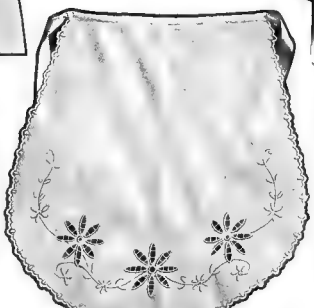


Fuchsia design No. 11832 for Petticoat Flounce

Embroidery No. 11963 on Nightgown No. 3720

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11963, blue. This attractive pattern is embroidered on Pictorial Review Nightgown No. 3720. Cut in 4 sizes, 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. This neat little gown suggests the French lingerie which all women admire so much, and the scalloped edges and dainty little sprays are very attractive. An edging of real Valenciennes lace inside the scallops will add to the effect. This is a good style for a full figure.

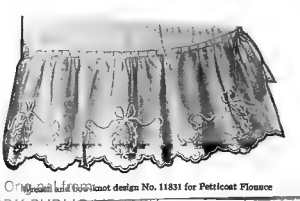
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11831, blue. This pattern contains 2¼ yards of scalloping and design 6½ inches deep. Wreath and bow-knot design for a petticoat flounce. The scalloping and motifs may be used in sections on other pieces of underwear to form a set. Raised satin, stem, and buttonhole stitches are used. White petticoats are necessities for wearing under dressy frocks. The design is graceful and in good taste, and could be applied to lawn, batiste, or washable silk, using a highly mercerized thread.



Tea-apron No. 11586

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12111, blue. The pattern gives the shape of this charming apron as well as the cross-stitch design and color diagram. The cross-stitch sprays are embroidered with green and two shades of pink. A row of buttonhole loops at the waist-line hold the ribbon ties in place.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11586, blue, for tea-apron. The design combines Italian cut-work, raised satin stitch, and an unusual scallop. If one prefers, the three motifs may be worked with stem stitch and filled with seed stitch.



Floral design and scallop design No. 11831 for Petticoat Flounce

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COOKING

Favorite Rice Recipes

By ELISE MORRIS

IT HAS been said that to cook rice properly one must have been born in the South. Even before the days of wheat-conservation rice was as staple a dish as bread in that part of the country. No wonder the South can now suggest to us so many ways of cooking this popular cereal. Here are a few with the real Southern flavor:

Cream of Rice Soup

1 Cupful Rice
1 Qt. Water
1 Qt. Sweet Milk
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
3 Slices Onion
1 Cupful Finely Chopped Celery
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
Dash of Pepper

BOIL the rice in water for thirty minutes, then strain off what liquid may remain. Add the rice to the milk, put in a double boiler, and season with salt and a dash of pepper. Add the celery and onion, first browning the onion in a hot saucepan in 1 tablespoonful of butter-substitute. Boil twenty minutes, strain, and thicken with the flour rubbed into 2 tablespoonfuls of butter-substitute. Set back on the stove and reheat before serving.

Plain Steamed Rice

½ Cupful Rice
1 Cupful Water
½ Teaspoonful Salt

ALLOW the salted water to come to a boil before adding the rice, which has been washed in cold water. Boil hard for twenty minutes, then set on the back of the stove to dry out. When done each grain will stand out by itself, yet be thoroughly soft all through. If you do not own a boiler with an inner perforated bottom, a colander is an excellent means of adding to the perfection of your cooked rice. Set the colander inside a deep pan and then put the rice in it, well covered with water. When the water boils down, the rice will steam till soft and dry. All rice should be cooked in a double-boiler, as nothing burns so easily as the starchy substance in rice.

Chicken Pilau

1 Fowl
Pinch Celery-seed
Salt to Taste
1 Dozen Whole Allspice
1 Cupful Rice
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Tablespoonful Butter-substitute
1 Hard-boiled Egg

PREPARE the fowl as for roasting, without stuffing. Put in a large saucepan, well-covered with water. Add salt and allspice and celery-seed. When the fowl is thoroughly tender, remove from the water, saving out 1 cupful of the liquid. Into the remaining stock throw the rice, and boil, stirring constantly until the grains are soft through. Serve on a flat platter with the chicken in a nest of rice. The cupful of stock saved out is used as a dressing by the addition of the egg, chopped, the flour, and butter-substitute. The flour and butter-substitute must be stirred previously into a smooth paste. This makes a dressing of the consistency of cream, and is poured over the whole before serving.

Green Peppers Stuffed with Rice

6 Green Peppers
2 Cupfuls Thin Cream Sauce
1 Cupful Rice
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
2 Bermuda Onions
Cracker-crumbs

CUT a slice from the stem end of the peppers and remove the seeds. Cover with boiling salted water for five minutes. Cook rice till soft. Boil the onions till tender and chop into the rice. Moisten with the sauce and fill the peppers. A bit of chopped parsley may be used. Dot the top of each pepper with butter-substitute and cover with cracker-crums. Bake till brown and serve with the remaining cream sauce.

An Unusual Dish with Tomato Sauce

1 Cupful Rice
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
2 Qts. Boiling Water
1 Tablespoonful Finely Chopped Onion
Tomato Sauce

BOIL the rice in the water till the grains are soft. Drain off the water and let the rice dry out. Brown the onion in butter-substitute in a hot skillet and add the rice. When the rice is browned through remove to dish and pour over it a hot tomato sauce. Grated Parmesan cheese sprinkled over the top adds materially, or even the plain American cheese.

Baked Rice

USE ¼ cupful rice to 1 quart of milk. Season with salt and a dash of red pepper. Bake from two to three hours and serve from the baking-pan.

Rice Au Gratin

2 Cupfuls Cold Boiled Rice
2 Teaspoonfuls Butter-substitute
1 Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Grated Edam Cheese

MIX the rice, milk, and butter-substitute together in a baking-dish and pour over it the grated cheese. Cook until the cheese melts through and serve hot. One egg improves this possibly, but it is good without it.

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That our service might lack nothing that will aid her in meeting successfully every food problem, we consulted with the editors of the leading women's magazines of America. They are of one accord as to the timeliness and importance of food messages emphasizing variety, dependability, quality, flavor and labor-saving. It is our purpose to be guided by this advice.

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The fact that we specialize in all foods enables us in this series of messages to definitely group them according to their uses and food values. We will show how the wide range of choice offered the housewife equipped with an Armour shelf so solves her kitchen problems that breakfast, luncheon and dinner can be prepared with a saving of time, labor and expense that adds much to her health and happiness.

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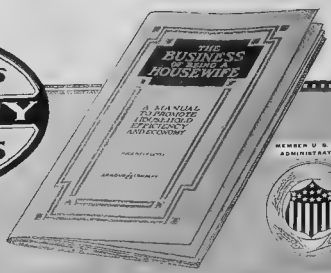

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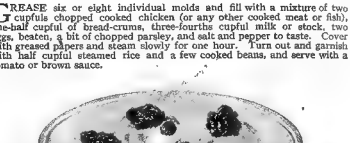
Try Cooking It with Steam

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

STEAMING is an economical, wholesome, and labor-saving method of cooking, on which most housewives rely too little. Nearly all foods which are usually boiled will be more digestible if steamed, but they will take nearly as long again to cook. Vegetables, fish, poultry, and puddings are all suitable for steaming. Elaborate and expensive steamers are not essential, altho a good article with separate compartments is a convenience. The steam-pressure cookers save time, labor, and fuel. In them a great variety of food can be cooked at the same time with very little attention. It takes but a small flame to keep the water boiling steadily. If the water gets low, pour in more boiling water.

Molded Chicken with Rice and Beans

GREASE six or eight individual molds and fill with a mixture of two cupfuls chopped cooked chicken (or any other cooked meat or fish), one-half cupful of bread-crumbs, three-fourths cupful milk or stock, two eggs, beaten, a bit of chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Cover with greased papers and steam slowly for one hour. Turn out and garnish with half cupful steamed rice and a few cooked beans, and serve with a tomato or brown sauce.



Steamed Apples with Currant Jelly

PEEL and core six apples, roll in brown sugar, and place in a greased fireproof baking-dish. Fill the centers with butter-substitute, mixed with a little sugar and lemon-rind. Cover and steam until tender, but not broken. Cool, and decorate with whipped cream and red-currant jelly. One cupful of fruit-juice or thin custard may be poured into the dish before serving.

Rice Mold with Salad Dressing

COOK one cupful of washed rice with two cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls butter-substitute, one teaspoonful salt, and one-half teaspoonful pepper. Simmer until the rice has absorbed the liquid. Take from the fire, add one-half cupful chopped nut-meats and one beaten egg. Pour into a greased mold, cover with greased paper, and steam for thirty minutes. Turn out and cool. Serve with cold meat, lettuce, and salad dressing.

Steamed Cod-Fish Slices

STEAM slices of cod-fish for thirty minutes. Sprinkle with lemon-juice, salt, and pepper, and serve with any preferred fish sauce.

Small skinned fish or fillets of fish can be cooked to perfection by steaming. A small quantity of fish may be steamed on a greased platter. Arrange on platter, season, and cover with greased paper and a saucepan lid. Place over boiling water, and steam till done. The liquid on the plate should be served with the fish.

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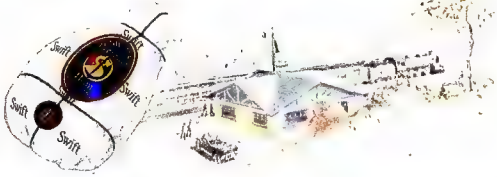
This ham makes pot luck luck indeed!

Swift's
Premium Ham



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To obtain the story, study this ad, and write us, telling us what you think is its most striking feature. That's all. We will then send you, entirely free, the story and a photogravure reproduction of a beautiful painting of this wonderful Liquid Veneer Cow.

When studying this ad, don't forget that good old Liquid Veneer used on a dusting cloth for ordinary dusting relegated the feather duster to oblivion, thereby revolutionizing dusting methods and enabling housewives all over the world to keep their homes beautiful and sanitary, almost entirely eliminating the great expense of refinishing.

Don't forget that you can make *your* piano, victrola, furniture, woodwork, picture frames, floors, linoleum and white enamel all look like new and keep them so with Liquid Veneer. Remember, Liquid Veneer is *not an oil* and leaves no greasy film. Remember that oil polishes come and go, but Liquid Veneer goes on forever.

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THE HOUSEWIVES' FORUM

Put Two Fridays in Every Week, Says Mr. Hoover

EXACTLY what is gained by eating fish? From the patriotic standpoint, it is obvious that we save meat. But has it occurred to you that at the same time we save corn and other valuable grains that would otherwise have been fed to the animals used as meat? And did you ever stop to think, Mrs. Uncle Sam, that it costs nothing to raise fish, that they live on food which is of no earthly use to man, and that there are innumerable varieties of fish of which, as yet, you have probably not even heard?

For a long time we have used comparatively few of the edible fish found in our inland waters and along our coasts. Many familiar types are those pronounced edible by the Pilgrim Fathers, and so much in the rut has our fish repertoire grown that we have scarcely added to that limited selection until to-day, when high prices have literally forced them upon us. The catfish, for example, is now a staple article in many homes and the grayfish is fast earning an enviable reputation. By eating fish instead of meat, or by putting two "Fridays" in every week, we can save millions of pounds of meat for our Allies and our boys at the front.

Fish Costs Less and Goes Farther

FROM the health standpoint gain by using fish because it is more digestible than most of the other meat-substitutes, and quite as digestible as meat. Economically, too, it contains more food-value and less waste, pound for pound, than meat, because it has fewer bones and at the same time costs less. Compare, for example, the cost and waste of two pounds of sfhoin steak with two pounds of sliced halibut or cod. The waste of the steak will average about three-quarters of a pound, while that of the fish will be only about six ounces. To be sure, the meat-bones and trimmings may be used as a basis for soup-stock; but so also may the skin and bones of the fish; for fish stock may be used as the basis for a savory soup or chowder. The meat-bones and trimmings need at least two hours of cooking while the fish stock requires about thirty minutes, showing a considerable difference in the amount of fuel used and when talking in terms of war-time economy we must not forget the consumption of fuel. In actual cost the difference will be ten to twenty-eight cents per pound, an amount well worth saving.

However, in many of our cities and towns, fresh fish, up to this time, has not been available more than once a week. Here is an opportunity for the church society, the D. A. R., or the woman's club to do a little community work. If thirty or more women will pledge themselves to use fish in their households twice a week instead of once, the dealer will surely be glad to meet the demand. When fresh fish is not available use salt, smoked, or canned fish.

Frozen fish may be used in exactly the same way as fresh fish, if it is properly treated. The fish should always be purchased frozen, thawed out in a cool place, or in cold water, and then cooked at once as fresh fish.

Shell-Fish

SEA-MUSSELS, clams, and oysters are very closely related, but as yet mussels are not a staple article of food, tho they are fast coming into favor. They are much cheaper than oysters, and contain more actual nutriment, pound for pound, than either oysters or clams. They should be purchased fresh in the shell and may be cooked in the same way as oysters and clams, as well as by special recipes.

Try Serving Fish Once a Day

IT IS preferable to serve fish at not more than one meal a day, instead of three, as is usually done just because the day happens to be Tuesday or Friday. A better plan would be a fish dinner on these days, and salt codfish cakes, broiled oysters, broiled mackerel, or some other quickly prepared plain fish for an occasional breakfast, and a fish soup, chowder, or some other made dish for luncheon or supper.

Generally speaking, fish is better when plainly cooked, with adequate seasonings, depending for its variations upon the sauces which may be used with it. These methods include boiling, broiling, steaming, and baking. Fish should not be fried, as this method requires too much fat.

As for the seasoning of fish, first of all, use enough salt and pepper or paprika. Green peppers, a little onion, and also tomato combine well with fish, while minced parsley and other fresh herbs from the Winter window-box, or those dried during the Summer months may be used. Fish containing considerable oil, as salmon, butterfish, herring, and sablefish, need little or no fat in their cooking, and are greatly improved if lemon-juice is used in the seasoning, while fish not so fat, as white-fish, halibut, and porgy, and those containing less than two per cent. of fat, as blue-fish, haddock, and cod, need more fat in their cookery and less acid to accompany them.

One of the reasons fish is not so popular here as abroad is that we have not understood seasonings.

If fish is to be boiled, a bay-leaf or two, a dash of vinegar or lemon-juice for oily fish, and a little mixed pickle spice will give an excellent flavor. If the fish is to be steamed—and this conserves all of the nutritive value within the food—the spices may be placed upon it whole, and the acid, if needed, may be sprinkled over it. If fish is boiled, it should be in a comparatively small amount of water, and this should be used as the basis for a sauce, or a fish soup.

Little Americans
Do your bit
Eat Oatmeal-Corn meal mush-Hominy-other corn cereals-and Rice with milk.
Save the wheat for our soldiers.
Leave nothing on your plate.
UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Let's Eat More Fish To Save both Meat and Money

This Article Tells You All About the New Varieties

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Endorsed Lecturer United States Food Administration and Author of "Mrs. Allen's Cook Book"

Thanksgiving Dinner Menu

OYSTERS, CLAM, OR CRAB-FLAKE COCKTAIL; OR VEGETABLE BOUILLON CRACKERS
BRAISED DUCK OR CHICKEN WITH SAGE BROWN GRAVY SWEET POTATOES
BRUSSELS SPROUTS OR STRING-BEANS
CELERY, CHESTNUT, AND APPLE SALAD FRENCH DRESSING
STEAMED COCONUT AND DATE PUDDING WITH HONEY SAUCE OR MAPLE PUMPKIN PIE
COFFEE

BRAISED DUCK

1 3-Lb. Duck
4 Tablespoonfuls Rye Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Onion (Optional)
¼ Cupful Butter-substitute
Bit of Bay-leaf
Grated Rind ¼ Orange
Salt and Pepper
Boiling Water
1 Cupful Peas or Chopped Mushrooms
Gravy

DRESS and disjoint the duck, dust it with salt and pepper and flour, and brown with the onion in the butter-substitute. Transfer it to a heavy kettle, add the seasonings and boiling water to scarcely cover, and simmer until nearly done—about two hours. Then add a cupful of peas, or coarsely chopped mushrooms, if desired, and finish cooking. Serve on a bed of steamed or boiled samp with the gravy. The sweet potatoes may be prepared in the same kettle. To do this, peel them and place them whole on top of the simmering mixture, forty-five minutes before the meal is to be served.

CELERY, APPLE, AND CHESTNUT SALAD

1 Cupful Diced Apple
¼ Cupful Shredded Celery
1 Cupful Sliced, Boiled Chestnuts
Cranberry or Other Jelly
Lettuce
French Dressing

COMBINE the first three ingredients with a third cupful of French dressing made with lemon-juice and seasoned with paprika. Arrange for individual service on lettuce leaves and garnish with squares of cranberry jelly or any firm jelly made during the Summer.

STEAMED COCONUT AND DATE PUDDING

¼ Cupful Rolled Oats
½ Cupful Flour
½ Cupful Barley Flour
½ Cupful Shredded Coconut
½ Cupful Quartered Dates
½ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
2 Cupfuls Milk or Water

MIX together the flours, oats, salt, and baking-powder, and work in the coconut and dates with the finger tips. Moisten with the milk or water, transfer to a well-oiled mold, and steam two hours. As the coconut contains considerable fat, no other shortening is needed, and the dates and coconut together furnish the sweetening. The amount of baking-powder makes eggs unnecessary.

HONEY SAUCE

COMBINE one and a half cupful of whipped cream with one-fourth cupful of honey and one and one-half tablespoonful of lemon-juice, beating well. This sauce will stand for two hours.

Get behind our Soldiers-Sailors and our Allies. Send them the most food possible in the least shipping space. Do it by eating less wheat beef, pork, fats and sugar.
UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Use the Fish Caught in Your Locality

THERE'S a chance for thrift in making use of all of the fish you buy. To make fish soup-stock, add to the bones, skin, and trimmings from two pounds of fish, a little more than a quart of cold water, a half teaspoonful of whole pickle spice, half a minced onion and a bit of minced carrot, if convenient. Simmer together for thirty minutes, then strain. Add to this any bits of fish which may have adhered to the bones, and season the stock to taste.

In cool weather the soup-stock may be made from the trimmings and left-over fish and kept for several days.

Cream of Fish Soup

TO a quart of the stock add a pint of milk with salt and pepper to taste and thicken the mixture with two and a half tablespoonfuls of rye flour blended with one and a half tablespoonful of good margarin. Add a little cooked rice and a tablespoonful of minced parsley.

Here Is a List Worth Saving

ONE of the best ways to reduce the cost of fish is to learn to use the lesser-known varieties which the Food Administration is asking us to "try." One reason why certain well-known varieties are so high in price is that every one knows them and asks for them, neglecting good fish that have names not yet known in many kitchens.

Here is a list of fish which may be obtained in season in various localities, that the housewife ought to keep in mind or tack upon the wall.

NEW ENGLAND—Alewife, cod, cusk, flounder, goosefish, grayfish, haddock, hake, halibut, herring, mackerel, mullet, pollock, salmon, scup, sea-trout, shad, smelt, squeteague, swordfish, tilefish, whiting.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC—Alewife, bass, bluefish, butterfish, carp, catfish, cod, flounder, goosefish, halibut, mackerel, perch, rock, salmon, shad, smelt, spot, tilefish, weakfish, whiting.

SOUTH ATLANTIC—Alewife, bass, bluefish, carp, catfish, drumfish, mullet, perch, shad, Spanish mackerel, spot, squeteague.

PACIFIC COAST—Barracuda, bass, flounder, grayfish, halibut, herring, pike, rockfish, sablefish, salmon, smelt, trout.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY—Buffalo, bass, bowfin, buffalo, burbot, carp, catfish, crappie, drumfish, pike; red snapper, rock bass, sturgeon, sucker.

GREAT LAKES—Bass, bowfin, burbot, carp, catfish, drumfish, lake herring, lake trout, perch, pike, sturgeon.

GULF—Barracuda, buffalo, carp, catfish, croaker, drumfish, mullet, Spanish mackerel, squeteague, weakfish.

But how may these various kinds of fish be prepared? It is safe to say that large fish which are to be cooked, cut cut in pieces of three or four pounds, may be boiled, steamed, baked, or braised. These methods may be used for halibut, cod, haddock, salmon, sablefish, sturgeon, shark, and the like. If the fish is to be boiled, the water may be spiced and a little acid added, as described, and if steamed, the procedure should be as already noted. If the fish to be boiled is strong in flavor, as shark, carp, or sablefish, it is a good plan to put a whole potato in the cooking water. This will absorb much of the excess fish flavor and should be discarded.

The All-Season Fish

THE salt, smoked, and canned fish which we are being asked to use by the Government are listed as follows in a Food Administration bulletin.

Dried Salt Fish—Barracuda, burbot, channel bass, cod, haddock, hake, pollock, shark, whiting.

Brine Salted Fish—Herring, mullet, mackerel, sablefish, salmon, shad.

Smoked Fish—Carp, catfish, eel, finnan-haddie, hake, halibut, lake-trout, pollock, salmon, sturgeon, whitefish.

Canned Fish—Cod, grayfish, haddock, herring, mackerel, sardine, salmon, tunafish.

As many of these fish may be obtained anywhere, and as all of them will be on sale throughout the country before long, any woman will be able to introduce her two "Fridays" a week, whether or not she is able to obtain fresh fish. In fact, the smoked, salted, and canned varieties are less expensive than the fresh, as they contain no waste.

Canned shell-fish also may be obtained anywhere and makes a satisfactory substitute for the fresh fish. Clam juice, clams, oysters, lobsters, shrimps, and crab meat may be used in the canned form in most of the recipes which call for fresh shell-fish.

The following sauce is good with boiled or steamed fish, and may be made of fresh, canned, or dried and stewed vegetables.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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Don't Let Your Money Slip Through Your Fingers

Keep an Account Book and You Will Know Exactly Where You Stand

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

IF YOUR money slips through your fingers; if you are dissatisfied with your family finances, keep household accounts. Last month I outlined budgets as a guide to family finances, but if the family does not know where its money goes, budget-planning will not help. There are some people who have what might be called a "money sense." Such folks feel no need of accounts. They know, almost to a dollar, how money is spent, and usually they get out of life full value for their money. If you are such a person, this article is not for you. But if, like the majority of mortals, you believe you somehow do not get your money's worth, it is worth while for you to consider account-keeping. Do I keep them? I certainly do. It is true that for eight years past we have been reducing our bookkeeping year by year until now it is far from complete, but that was because we seemed to be learning year by year the fine art of handling money to suit ourselves. It has never been easy for me, and I never expect it to be easy. *But it is easier than wondering where my money goes and being disgruntled because it goes leaving no visible assets as a result.*

Your Family Must Help

THERE are almost as many systems of account-keeping as there are individuals. But one thing must be determined upon in the keeping of family accounts, and that is that the family must agree to keep them;—and do it. Partial accounts are worthless. In most families the bulk of the expenditures is made by the mother, the father coming in as the second biggest spender, so that accounts will fall to these two. In all account-keeping, provision must be made for two distinct matters—the income coming into the house to be spent, and the money going out as expenditures. There are a number of account-books which make arrangements for the keeping of household accounts, but in the main I have found these confusing, as they were very elaborate and did not fit my personal needs. The income book or part of a book is essential. It sounds foolish, but it is true that many families have no idea of their total income. Many a woman figures as her "income" as her husband's salary, forgetting her Liberty Bond interest, her chicken money, the interest accumulating on her savings account and the children's savings accounts, the cash received for old clothes and junk, the money she earned by making a dress for the next door neighbor. All this is income and should be counted up. An income page for an average family needs about four columns arranged in this way. I have made one entry as an example.

DATE	HOW EARNED	FATHER	MOTHER	INT. ON INVEST.	MISC.	TOTAL
3–4	Salary	$50				$50
•3–5	Sewing		$4.00			4
3–21	Liberty Bonds			$12.00		12
3–25	Sold rags				$1.00	1

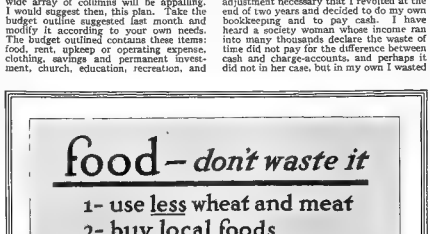
If there are other wage-earning members of the family their incomes should each have a separate column, as they are the family's business partners—that is, if the money earned is turned in to the family. If they are boarders, the amount of board paid should be entered in a separate column, as income. The expenses against this board will be charged in the expenditures—this report represents *gross* income.

The Simplest Method of Keeping Accounts

KEEPING an income report is comparatively simple. It is the matter of expenditures that puzzles one. The simplest method of arranging expenditures of which I know is to decide upon allowances for every item, for a sum to be spent for food, upkeep, clothing, rent, savings, recreation and education and church, and to put the money for each, in cash, into envelops plainly marked. When money is needed for any one of these purposes, it is drawn from the envelop containing it. If the money in that envelop is exhausted, the necessary sum is borrowed from one of the others and a slip of paper containing the statement of the amount borrowed and the purpose slipped in in place of the money. At the end of the week or month, these papers are taken out and the sums paid from the new allowance. The difficulties with this simple and easy plan, which involves no bookkeeping whatever, are two. The first is that the different members of the family are apt to forget the slips of paper, and the second that it pre-supposes a considerable amount of cash always on hand, which is not always a safe method in a household where servants are employed or which may easily be entered. The alternative is the household account-book or books.

If the women who read this are as poor bookkeepers as I am, the very sight of the usual household account-book with its wide array of columns will be appalling. I would suggest them, this plan. Take the budget outline suggested last month and modify it according to your own needs. The budget outlined contains these items: food, rent, upkeep or operating expense, clothing, savings and permanent investment, church, education, recreation, and personal incidentals. I would eliminate the rent item, as it can easily be figured by the year and entered once. Food and operating expense seem naturally to me to come into one book. So does one item on which I disagree with all budget-makers.

Every book on budgets which I have read puts doctors' and dentists' bills in the personal expense item. Now to me those essentials are no more personal than is my food or my clothing. I would enter them as a column in the same book with food and upkeep and all it the health column. In this I would keep doctors' bills, dentists' bills, hospital bills, drugs, nurses' charges, eyeglasses and optician's charges, and any special diet charges. You know that all budgets make an allowance of about 25 per cent. on salaries of $2,000 to $4,000 for what they call the "higher life." They curiously enough include all the things I have mentioned as health requisites in the higher life item, altho we have no option as to the spending for these things if we are to continue life, higher or lower. To me the more rational arrangement is to cut that higher life allowance five per cent. and make it this health column.


food—don't waste it
1- use less wheat and meat
2- buy local foods
3- serve just enough
4- use what is left
United States Food Administration

Shop With a List

THE food and upkeep of a house are naturally kept together. They represent the inevitable daily expenditures which in most cases are paid off in cash and which must be entered daily. In my own bookkeeping, the separating of these two items was one of my most annoying daily pricks. The same man who sold me meats and vegetables sold me matches and brooms and soap and starch and bluing, which certainly did not belong in my food column. I tried various plans for helping to keep these items separate. I shopped always with a list and copied the list when I got home. This helped a good deal. Then I found that the "Upkeep" items, being almost always staple goods that will not deteriorate, can be purchased in large quantities and so make bookkeeping easy. I am afraid to recommend purchase of a quantity of anything in war time, and I have never been certain that the having of a quantity of a thing on hand did not lead to its extravagant use, but it is true that buying soap and bluing and clothes-pins and trifles such as these by the large quantity reduces bookkeeping and helps to keep the food item and the upkeep item distinct. The plan of shopping with one's own list has distinct advantages. A busy shop-keeper may lump items and, at any rate, write them in hieroglyphics which take a handwriting expert to decipher, but one's own list is legible and gives one an incentive toward keeping her mind right on the buying job. Many a time I have noted, almost unconsciously, as my fingers put down the price, that that food was too expensive to be purchased again in a hurry. I tried out weekly and monthly bills, believing that charge accounts would simplify my book-keeping, but instead I found it more complicated. The bills themselves often contained errors, and altho I kept my slips of purchases, the fitting them together at the end of a month was very much like fitting a puzzle picture together. Hastily scribbled items and forgotten items made so much adjustment necessary that I revolted at the end of two years and decided to do my own bookkeeping and to pay cash. I have heard a society woman whose income ran into many thousands declare the waste of time did not pay for the difference between cash and charge-accounts, and perhaps it did not in her case, but in my own I wasted as much time trying to get my bills right as I do paying cash. At the present time I haven't a charge-account in the world and do not intend to have any. With every argument in favor of ease of shopping, I find ease counts less with me than my tendency to overspend, and the easiest way for me to correct that tendency is to count money going out—it cures extravagance in many cases.

Meals Eaten Outside the Home

IN THE record of food costs must be included lunches taken away from home unless the member of the family who lunches out is willing to count these as a personal expenditure. If the man of the house lunches out regularly, his lunches are a part of the food cost and should be entered each week. This, of course, is hardly fair, as the price of a bought lunch includes all the upkeep for that lunch, rent of the restaurant, service, soap, fuel, etc., and this belongs in the upkeep column, but when a lunch is bought out there is no method of telling the actual cost of the food, so the whole thing must go into the food column. Simply keeping the cost of food and totaling it for the year is as much work as most housekeepers will want to tackle. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you know all about the cost of your food because you have kept accounts for a month or two. A year is the least possible time in which anything definite about food costs can be determined. Food costs in general are higher in Winter than in Summer and any family may be addicted to a large use of a certain food which varies greatly the year round.

It takes even longer to know anything definite about the upkeep item. Some women have a fashion of letting everything in the way of linen, china, hangings, furniture, etc., "run out" so that they may have the pleasure of a general fixing up of the home all at one time. A record of a home like this might show a very small upkeep total for one or two years and an enormous one the third year. In any family on a fair income, renewals may be postponed a year without much inconvenience. The budget for that year will have a small upkeep item. The next year tells the story.

Arranging the book for table and upkeep and health as I have suggested would make it like this:

DATE	REMARKS	FOOD	UPKEEP	HEALTH

Under remarks you would put your memos as to what the item was spent for. Table for dining-room, for instance. $15.00. Food cost includes lunches eaten regularly away from home. It does not include visits to friends

Upkeep includes servants' wages, moving expenses, renewals of furniture, linen, wall-paper, painting, etc. The first purchase of furniture or of wall-paper and paint belongs in the investment item. Enter only renewals under upkeep. Laundry work costs, plumbing repairs, piano-tuning, coal, ice, gas, soap, starch, etc., all belong in this item.

Health includes doctors' and dentists' bills, nurses, drugs, special apparatus for the sick, special diet for the sick, etc.

I would suggest a second book for the clothing, higher life, and general personal expenses, or rather I would suggest separate books, for these accounts are so personal they are far better kept by the individual members of the family than by the one thing the housewife need bother with is the total for the year which she will need in making her financial summary. This personal book is easily kept if it is made out under four heads—Clothing, Personals; Investment; Education, Recreation, Church. A practical plan for helping in this account-keeping is to decide upon clothing allowances in advance. The women of the house may be helped by this general estimate of how clothing should be purchased on an allowance of $250 a year.

Suits, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Skirts, Hats, etc., 66 per cent.
Negligées, Underwear, Corsets, 16 per cent.
Shoes, Hosiery, Rubbers, Umbrellas, 11 per cent.
Gloves, Neckwear, Sundries, 7 per cent

Personals include manicures, bootblacks or blacking, barbers, cigars, candy, etc.

Education and recreation include all travel, vacation expenses, magazines, courses of study, etc.

The saving item is a peculiar one. In it there are really two divisions, the first the permanent savings, the money put into bank or into stocks, mortgages, bonds, etc. The second includes any equipment of a permanent nature that is added to the household. The furnishing of a house is a permanent investment, while the renewal of that furniture (unless the second lot is more expensive) belongs in the upkeep item.

How Much Shall We Save?

I HAVE never been able to quite get the point made by the scientific budget-makers as to savings. Out of the total gross income of $2,000 to $4,000 a year, the amount allowed to be paid for savings is then, 5 to 10 per cent., and a part of this would be in permanent equipment. Now, on an income of $4,000 a year, that would mean at 8 per cent., which is the most one could hope for, $320 a year put into permanent savings. In twenty years, the capital saved in this way would amount to $6,400. That seems to me a very slow rate of saving, and unless some provision is made for old age better than the almshouse, I think most of us would prefer to save on some of the other allowances and to put away more money. Once in a while, as all of us know, we meet with some sane person who does not try to keep up with the neighbors, but who does travel and study and has plenty of magazines and books and yet saves a considerable amount. There are not enough of this type of person up to date to let them set the American standard, but there may be in time.

These account-books are kept for the purpose of seeing what has become of the family money. At the end of the year then, there will be totals, from which a financial summary can be made.

FINANCIAL SUMMARY		
RECEIPTS—		
Cash on hand at beginning of year		$
Income total for year		
Cash taken from investments		
Total		$
EXPENDITURES—		
Food		$
Upkeep		
Health		
Clothing . . . . . Total of all		
Personals " " "		
Investment " " "		
Church, Recreation, Education " " "		
Total		$
Cash on Hand		$

The addition of the cash on hand to the expenditure total ought to give the cash receipt total, if the accounts are properly kept. The matter of household accounts, however, is not a matter of balances; it is a matter of knowing how to handle money. So, if the account fails to balance by a small amount, it is less cause for worry than the amounts of the different items. It is these we want to control so that we can really feel we are spending our income and not that in some mysterious fashion it is running away from us.

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What Dreams are Made of

Banquets come in dreams, if nowhere else, as many other good things do, and there are fairies some time in every child's life.

Not yet have we begun to dream about the vanishing delicacies that have been given up to the soldiers. There are so many other good things to take their places that they are not greatly missed.

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isn't a new thing as plain Jell-O alone, or as mixed with fruit and nutmeats in desserts, or with vegetables in salads; but the varied uses of Jell-O offer so many possibilities that hardly a day passes without a new one being discovered.

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LET'S EAT MORE FISH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

Sauce for Boiled or Steamed Fish

½ Cupful Diced Carrot
1 Tablespoonful Minced Onion (Optional)
1 Bay-leaf
1 Sprig Parsley, Minced
1 Tablespoonful Butter-substitute
2 Cupfuls Fish Liquor
2 Tablespoonfuls Rye Flour
3 Tablespoonfuls Top-milk or Undiluted Evaporated Milk
Salt and Pepper to Taste

ADD the fish liquor to the vegetables and seasonings, and simmer for thirty minutes. Then thicken with the butter-substitute blended with the flour; add the milk. Remove the bay-leaf before serving.

If the fish is boiled, the liquor may be obtained in this way. If steamed, a small piece of the fish or some bones and skin should be boiled for twenty minutes in a little more than two cupfuls of cold water.

Stuffed Fish

MOST housewives feel that a fish to be stuffed should be whole, duly dressed and sewed up. But time is too precious nowadays for us to waste any Red Cross stitches on a fish, so in preparing a baked and stuffed fish the procedure may be simplified. Use any of the small, whole fish as cod, sea-trout, weakfish, bluefish, haddock, bass, pickerel, Spanish mackerel and the like, or three or four pound sections cut from larger fish, as sturgeon, large sea-trout, large cod, saltefish, and the like.

If the fish is whole, remove the scales if necessary, take off the fins, but leave on the head as most of this is edible. Rub the fish inside and out with salt, then pack the desired dressing into the body, putting it in evenly and allowing a layer of the dressing to show between the two layers of fish. Place in a baking-pan, and dust with corn or rye flour and, if the fish is of dry character, pour a little vegetable oil over it, or dot it with bits of butter-substitute. In any case, let the fish sear over before adding any liquid, then baste as usual with seasoned water, equal parts of milk and water, water boiled together with a little mixed pickle spice and lemon-juice, if the flavor is desired, or with strained, seasoned, canned tomatoes. In any case, this liquid, which will be thickened by the flour, will act as a sauce to be served with the fish. The baking time depends upon the fish, but for three pounds from forty-five minutes to an hour should be sufficient.

If a thick "chunk" of fish is chosen, the general procedure may be the same, with this exception—it will not be possible to lay in sufficient dressing, so, after the top has been well seared over, a second layer of dressing may be packed over the fish, and the baking finished.

A delicious dressing may be made as follows: Bring to the boiling point one cupful of well-seasoned canned tomatoes to which has been added one finely minced onion, one minced green pepper, one-half cupful minced celery, and one teaspoonful poultry seasoning. Then stir in one cupful of dried bread-crums and cook to a paste.

A fried effect may be gained for fish steaks, fillets, or ordinary slices by baking instead of frying. An excellent way is to dust the fish with salt and pepper, sprinkle thoroughly with vegetable cooking-oil and then roll it in fine, dry bread-crums, place in a well-oiled pan, and bake in a hot oven.

Luncheon Dishes from Left-Overs

WHILE these plainer methods are better adapted to dinner fish, there are many ways of utilizing small amounts of fish, as left-overs, canned fish, a few oysters, clams, salt-water mussels, and the like, or odds and ends of salt fish. The fish may then be combined with bread, boiled samp, or coarse hominy, hominy grits, corn-meal mush, potatoes, or vegetables, thus reducing the cost, extending the fish flavor, and yet supplying the fish protein or muscle-making value to the meal.

Fish Pie

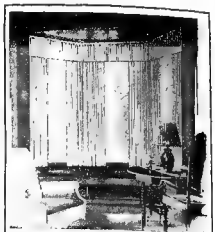
ANY kind of left-over, baked, steamed, broiled, or boiled fish may be used. Line a well-oiled baking-dish with mashed potatoes, boiled samp, hominy grits, rice, or corn-meal mush which has been cooked in milk. It will take three and a half cupfuls for a two-quart dish. Fill the dish with from two to three cupfuls of the fish, flaked and mixed with one and a half cupful of thick white sauce, to which has been added a finely minced green pepper, or some shredded pimento, and a little onion-juice if the flavor is desired. Cover the top with the cooked potato or corn-meal, brush with butter-substitute, and bake till well-browned in a hot oven, about thirty minutes.

Freshened and boiled, smoked, or salted fish, or canned fish may be used in this way. If the amount is limited, one or two hard-cooked eggs may be sliced and added.

"Left-over Fish" Salad

COMBINE two cupfuls of flaked left-over baked, broiled, or boiled fish, any kind, with a cupful of shredded celery or cabbage, a minced canned or fresh green pepper, a little onion-juice, and one-fourth cupful of French dressing containing a little chilli sauce, if desired. Serve with cress or any salad green, and with or without mayonnaise.

Any canned fish may be used, or freshened and boiled salt cod, finnan-haddie, smoked salmon, or smoked carp may be used.



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The gossip of a community does not constitute news, but a statement of the substantial progress of a world does.

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FREE BOOKLET

WHEN TONDO WENT TO WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

goin' to war. I was away down in Mexico then, playing a game with them insurrectos for a little bunch of cattle. Sold out and hit the trail back to my town to help out. Here's the money I got for my cattle, twenty-two hundred dollars, and I ain't even held out breakfast money.

"'I play this straight across the board for Liberty to win. Listen, you shorthorn degenerate sons of Tondo, you're goin' to dig down to your last case-chip when your Uncle Sam says he needs it. If any man starts to leave this hall, I'm goin' to start this war right here.

"Tom Updike, you sit there, the county judge of my county. They say you're the richest man here, that you're worth half a million dollars. It's a lie. You're worth just one hundred dollars, the price of a ring-tailed horse. That's what you're worth to your country.

"'I knowed your daddy. He was an American mah. Fit for his country in the war and fought to make this West an American land, until the injuns killed him down by San Sabu. I was wagon-boss with the train the night you was born. You was whelped by the camp-fire, with the stars shinin' over your poor mother's head, and only the wolves to howl you to sleep.

"'When your daddy died, she drug you up. Worked like a nigger to give you a little edjecatin' and a start. She was a good woman, and a good American, and I'm glad she can't see what she raised. Worth half a million to himself and a hundred dollars to his country!

"'There's my pile, twenty-two hundred, and by God, you'll double that ante or I'll tell how you got your start out here, stealin' horses and runnin' wet cattle across the Rio Grande.

"'That high-collared speechmaker spent an hour here tellin' what a great country this is, and what does he give? Not a dad-blamed dollar. What's he worth to his country? Nothin'. Any man what ain't worth nothin' to his country is lower than a snake's belly goin' up hill.

"'Jim Russell, there, is another hundred-dollar man. Made a fortune out here sellin' land what he stole from me an' other Americans that won it and fought for it. He's goin' to loosen up or I'll plug a hole in him that you couldn't wad up with a feather bed.

"'Now, listen! I'm goin' to pass the hat for all the foldin' money there is in the crowd, and this here secretary fellow with the pink mustache is goin' to follow me with a pen and check-book. Any horned toad that tries to throw down his country is takin' a long chance with his future.'

"WELL, sir," went on the Old Cattle Buyer, "when that crowd got their breath they just started to yell. Anybody could see that Old Tondo Bill had made a hit.

"When he threw back that white mane of his and started down the aisle, everybody just started to dig down in their overalls. Arabella Updike grabbed the flag up high, and that fellow with the corner repeated with 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Sheriff Tommy Dean stood at the door and saw to it that nobody sloped in the excitement.

"When Old Tondo Bill got through, do you know what that secretary's books showed, in cash and checks and pledges? It was exactly $22,400. My cow-money was part of that roll. Tom Updike threw five thousand in the kitty, and promised to double it as soon as he could get shut of some notes.

"'Well, sir, when that total was announced I thought the court-house was comin' down. Old Tondo Bill walks back up on the platform and says,

"'It ain't quite what I expected, but it's better than seven hundred dollars. Now don't forget that recruitin' office. Personally I'm goin' to see that every able-bodied man what ain't got women folks is goin' to jine the Army. I'm goin' to enlist myself and us American men of Tondo City is goin' to sign up for the duration of the war.'

"After the meeting adjourned, Tondo Bill kept his word. He kept roundin' up them young cowpunchers and leadin' them in to the doctor and recruitin' officer at the post-office. Every little while you'd see a cloud of dust and a crowd begin to gather. In the middle would be Tondo Bill leadin' time out of a reluctant patriot. By actual count he whipped, single-handed, nine men that afternoon. Then were the brawlers at that, the more timid ones beat him to the post-office.

"By evenin' there was nineteen men had held up their hands and been made soldiers.

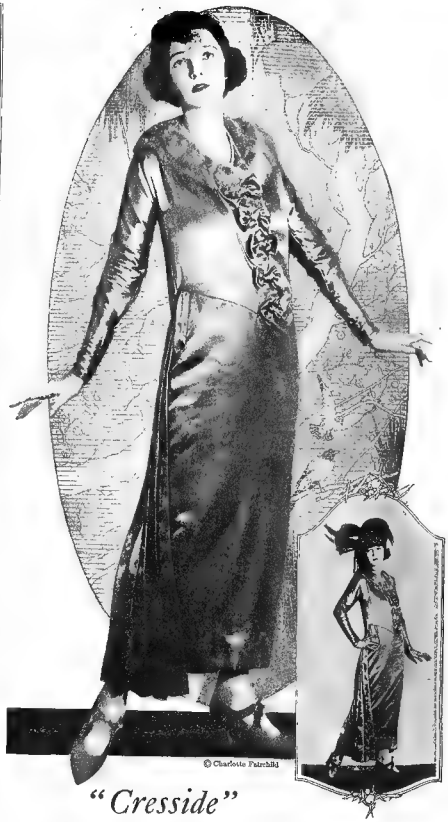
"I was sittin' down by the depot alone, kind of tired of the monotonous excitement, when I saw a fresh riot break out around the post-office. Then I see that Old Army doctor man come lopin' out of that crowd and light out for the hills.

"Little Bird Williams come tearin' past me, lookin' as if he was goin' somewhere. I grabbed him as he was passin' and asked the reason of the carnage.

"'Why,' says he, 'Old Tondo Bill just went in to enlist himself before the office closed. That doctor sounded him and then come right out and told him he was rejected.'

"'What's that.'" yells Old Tondo. "You say I'm rejected from the U. S. Army. Tell me the reason, young fellow, and talk mighty fast."

"'Physical disability,'" says the doctor. Right then is when I left.'"



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"Cresside"

Mrs. Castle chooses quality and line

WITH a hint of the *moyen age* in its long-unbroken lines Mrs. Castle's new gown falls simply and straight to her ankles. With a separate pleated panel in the back Mrs. Castle will allow no trimming to the rich loveliness of this soft and gleaming, grey Corticelli Satin Patria, save some little bows of itself on the straight basque-like corsage and a deep collar of squirrel.

"Conserve wool" is the cry everywhere. That is why Mrs. Castle chose Corticelli Satin Patria for this gown, knowing it was the most practical substitute for wool. With rich lustre, and in every exquisite shade, the Corticelli Silks are suitable for every occasion.

Ask to see also Corticelli "Gilt Edge" Poplin which is being worn so much in place of serge for practical frocks; Corticelli Taffetas in lightest "Thistle-down" weave and the heavier "Service" quality; and Corticelli "Satin Militaire," a lighter weight than the "Patria."

If your store cannot show you a wide variety of the newest Corticelli Dress Silks, please write us.

Pattern for the above especially cut from Mrs. Castle's own design. Sizes: 32 to 40 bust. Price $1.00. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 54 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

No Canadian or foreign orders accepted.

New Booklet showing several of Mrs. Castle's newest gowns in full colors and describing all the Corticelli Dress Silks, mailed on request.

For those who crochet—Send for Lessons in Crochet, Book No. 7. Luncheon sets, runners, curtains, towels. Also filet designs, sweaters, collars and cuffs, etc. Price 10c. By mail 13c.

CORTICELLI DRESS SILKS

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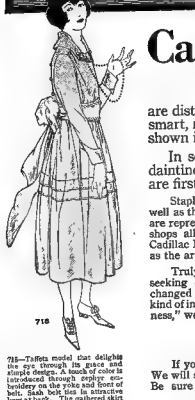
1049—A charming model made from a combination of plaid taffeta and velveteen. The velvet sleeve is bound with the plaid silk and is held at the waist line by a plaid sash. A wonderful little "get-dressup" creation. Colors: Brown, navy, green and wine. Size to 14. Price - each $25.50

1049



716

Cadillac Dresses

for growing girls

are distinguished by winning style touches, their smart, modish fashions and the painstaking skill shown in their making.

In selecting materials for the Cadillac line, daintiness, *character*, color fastness and durability are first essentials.

Staple serges, taffetas, ginghams, voiles, chambrays, as well as the season's novelty fabrics, patterns and colorings, are represented in the new styles now being shown by smart shops all over the country. You will enjoy seeing these Cadillac Dresses. And their pricings will win you as quickly as the artistry of their design.

Truly, the Cadillac Label is worth finding when you are seeking dresses for girls. Not only can this label be exchanged for a dainty little dress for dolly, but it is the best kind of insurance for one hundred per cent *value* in "becomingness," wear and fair pricing.

Write for FREE Booklet
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If your dealer does not sell Cadillac Dresses write to us. We will see that you are supplied quickly and conveniently. Be sure you get the new style booklet. Write for it today.

Cadillac Garment Mfg. Co.
12 Hancock Avenue · Detroit, Mich.

715—Taffeta model that delights the eye through its grace and simple design. A touch of color is introduced through navy embroidered dots on the yoke and front of belt. Black bow ties in attractively at back. The gathered skirt is edged with bias bands of the silk. Colors: Navy, cadet, brown and green. Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 yrs. Price $25.00

716

703

720

1002

716—The younger set show their patriotism and economy sense by choosing this practical model, combining Cadillac plaid and French serge. The serge Bolero extends below the waist in the back and is held in place by the sash effect of the draped silk bodice. A wide bias band of serge trims the bottom of the tunic and falls over a serge drop skirt. Color: Navy. Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 15, 17, 19. Price - each $35.00

703—This French serge dress has a soft blouse which drapes gracefully around the figure and ties in a bow at the back, it is bound with black silk braid. The front of the blouse is embroidered with colored seaspray. The sash is finished with a white satin collar and chiffy. Narrow skirt laid in pleats to hug length. Color: Navy. Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 15, 17, 19. Price - each $35.00

720—Gingham for school wear is the proper note in war times. Made up such as above, it is all that a plaid gingham frock should be. Waist has Eton fronts which cross and form a pert bow in the back. Fine quality white pique collar. The waist and pockets on the skirt are bound in white. Color: Assorted Plaids. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 15, 17, 19. Price $9.00

1002—A practical school dress made from union shepherd check and trimmed with navy serge. The waist, which is apart from the plaited skirt, has pearl button trimming and a red bow at the neck. This little "Bostchy" model is a great war-time favorite. Colors: Black and White only. Sizes 6 to 14. Price - each $10.50

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FRANCE'S FIGHTING WOMAN DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

always brief crises, when you have to give your all and not stop to think. I went nine days then without once taking off my shoes. I hadn't my other pair by that time. The *Boches* had them, probably."

But we have not come to that terrific epic, as yet. Before that second tornado burst over the heads of the French and of our woman doctor, there was a long, hard, dull period of four hundred and seventy days of continuous service—for Dr. Girard-Mangin, being a pioneer woman, felt in honor bound to do more than a man would do. In the three years and more of her war service, she has had just three weeks' furlough, seven days out of every year to see her son, who is her family, to relax. Every other day of that long procession of days, she has been on duty, active, and, as befits a woman, constructively active.

SHE did not continue resignedly to struggle with tin-can drinking-cups, and one bathtub for two hundred men. Neither did she rely on the proverbially slow mills of the Government to grind her out the necessary supplies. She was not only the army doctor in charge of the contagious cases in the big sanitary section and hospital near Verdun, she was also a figure of international importance, the *Présidente* of the Hygiene Department of the *Conseil International des Femmes*—her predecessor had been Lady Aberdeen; she was high in honor at the big Beaujon Hospital in Paris; she was well-known to the charitable world in the Society for Hygienic Lodgings for the poor, which owed so much to her; and she had a wide circle of friends everywhere. The little aide-major sent out from her bare shed-hospital, lacking in everything, a clarion call for help for her sick men. With years of experience in organization back of her, she set to work and, in the midst of the fury of destruction all about her, built up, item by item, a little corner of order and competent activity. In November, 1914, there was nothing but a wind-swept shed, with straw pallets and tin-can utensils. By June of the next year you would have found, if you had had the courage to go within two kilometers of the front line, a very well-appointed contagious ward of a military hospital, where nothing was lacking for the men's comfort—except a certainty that the whole thing might not be blown to pieces by a shell. And by the end of 1915, when there began to be talk of a great German drive against Verdun, the men under our doctor's supervision had as good care as they could have had anywhere, with laboratory and sterilizing facilities—everything. Dr. Girard-Mangin knew what was the best to be had in hospitals and she did not rest until somehow, Aladdin-like, she had made it to blossom out there in danger and desolation.

All during January of 1916 there was terrific tension along that front. The monster German drive against Verdun was in the air. The month of January passed with desperate slowness, such intent, apprehensive suspense being torturing for human nerves, especially tired human nerves which had already been through a long, severe period of trial.

Everybody showed signs of nervousness. Our little doctor stuck faithfully to her bedrock principles of health, changed her shoes and stockings every day, took her Spartan baths and rub-downs in her colder-than-freezing water, went through her deep-breathing and her setting-up exercises every morning. By such merely feminine reliance on every-day sanity in life, she kept herself in excellent physical shape, and did not succumb to the temptation, which is too much for so many doctors under strain, of hypodermics of strychnin, and other stimulants.

February 1st came. The great storm, looming murkily, had not burst.

February inched itself along, and finally, because human nature can only stand about so much of strain, nerves began to relax in utter fatigue.

On February 21st, which was a Monday, it was fairly clear, cold, with what passes for sunshine in that region. Dr. Girard-Mangin stepped out in front of her shed-hospital ward, after lunch, and made this remark to herself: "I don't believe the *Boches* are going to pull off that offensive at all. And to-day is almost sunny. I have a good notion to go over to the 163th and get my hair washed." There was an ex-coiffeur in that regiment who kept on with his trade in his leisure moments.

AS THIS angelically peace-time thought passed through her mind, an *obus* screamed its way loudly over her head. "That's near," she thought, "nearer than they generally are."

Before she could get back into the hospital, the battle of Verdun had begun.

The blow was delivered with astounding rapidity and overwhelming force. Up to that time, nothing had ever been conceived like the violence of the artillery fire. There in the hospital-city two kilometers back of the front, the noise was so great they could scarcely hear each other's voices. Upon those men, and that woman, unnerved by six weeks of nerve-racking suspense, the great crisis leaped with murderous fury. It was as tho the world were being battered to pieces about their heads. Each one called up in himself all the reserve strength his life had stored him and, tight-lipped, clung as best he could to self-control.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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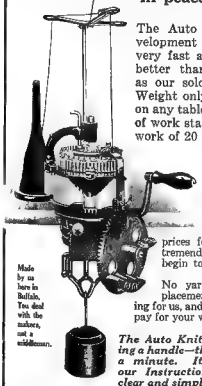
Knit Socks and Dollars

Get away from slow hand knitting—use the fast, reliable, modern Auto Knitter. Profitable work in peace and war time.



The Auto Knitter is the most modern development of the Knitting machine. It works very fast and turns out high grade socks, even better than hand knit, plain or ribbed, such as our soldiers and sailors need in thousands. Weight only about 20 pounds, may be fastened on any table. Sent guaranteed perfect, with piece of work started, ready to continue. Can do the work of 20 hand knitters, using much less yarn.

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The Auto Knitter works by turning a handle—thousands of stitches a minute. It is easily learn't, our Instruction System is very clear and simple. It is a pleasant, permanent, money maker in thousands of homes—why not yours too?

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WHICH ROAD ?

Baby reaches a crucial point in his life long before he has judgment enough to act in the crisis. You must decide for him. Which road shall he take?

Every baby is born with a natural kink in his intestines. There is nothing deformed or abnormal about it. It usually straightens out naturally, provided his food is right and the bowel movements natural. But suppose his food-waste is slow and irregular in leaving his bowels.

This or *This*

Constipation sets in.

The mass of food-waste dries out, stagnates, and produces poisons, which back up all through his system.

Baby is suddenly ill, and constipation becomes more acute every minute.

You give him a pill, castor oil, or salts which force his bowels, but do not restore natural functions.

Even if he has the good luck to escape serious illness, *you are laying the foundation for a bad habit*, and with your violent, out-of-date treatment you are hindering that kink in the bowel from straightening.

Constipation sets in.

You keep the food-waste plastic with Nujol so that it will move easily and have no time to poison him.

His bowels move regularly once more: and stagnation ceases.

You continue the harmless bland Nujol Treatment so that his bowels become *trained* to move regularly.

You are removing the cause of future trouble, helping to straighten out that kink, treating him with modern methods, planting firmly in him a habit which will insure health all his life—clockwork regularity.

Which?

The road to invalidism, with a curse at fate? Or the road of health, with a blessing for your foresight?

WARNING!

NUJOL is sold only in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. Insist on Nujol. You may *suffer* from substitutes.

A clear concise booklet on the wide use of NUJOL for infants, may be had by any reader of Pictorial Review, *free*. Just send us your name and address on the coupon. It won't take long to read, and *it may save a baby's future.*

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"Regular as Clockwork"

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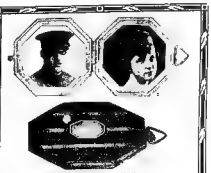

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No. 1065. Sterling silver lingerie clasp in plain satin finish. Price, a pair 35c

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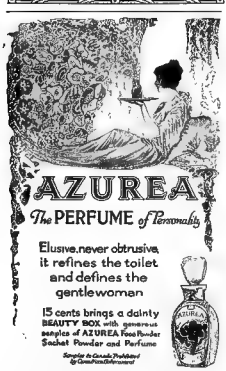

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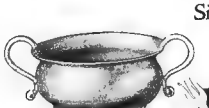
IN AND AROUND THE SHOPS

Silver for the Thanksgiving Table

SELECTED BY GABRIELLE ROSIERE



WHY mourn if sterling silver has gone away up in price, when you can get designs in such variety and beauty as these in Sheffield plate? The moderate price-tags attached to these pieces serve only to enhance the charm of exquisite design and careful workmanship

THIS wide-mouthed Creamer and the squat little Sugar-bowl shown across the page would lend distinction to any dinner-table. Made of hammered silver plate, this useful pair are thoroughly serviceable, and satisfying to the eye.

IT'S open season for oysters on the half-shell and for cocktails, now that the months of the "r" are here. These Oyster-forks are good-looking and inexpensive.

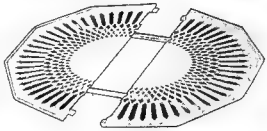
IF YOU are looking for a novel and practical gift for the Autumn bride, you will like a set of silver Custard-cups like the one shown above. The inset dishes are of unbreakable glass or earthenware. A set of four makes a moderate-priced gift.

AS QUAINT as great-grandmother's wedding gown, with its printed flowers and its tiny ruffles, is this small latticed Comport with its wreath and lover's-knot in raised design in the center. The slightly curved rim of the comport is finished with a beaded edge. The graceful basket at the right, with its low curved handle in old English style, is for candies and nuts or small fruits. It is convenient to use at the table and it may be filled with sweets and kept on the buffet between meals.

THE Relish dish pictured above is a combination of pierced Sheffield plate and glass cut in a star design. The inset is divided into three parts and each one of these may be filled with a different relish if desired. The glass walls of the container are plenty high enough to prevent conserves or other juicy relishes from spilling over. The dish will be just the thing for serving a variety of Thanksgiving sweet-meats. Raisins, nuts, and candies may all be temptingly displayed in a dish of this sort.

A CASSEROLE is an useful a Serving-dish as the housewife can own. At the right is an unusually beautiful one. Its holder is of pierced Sheffield plate. The inset is of the new unbreakable glass and has a graceful design etched on the cover.

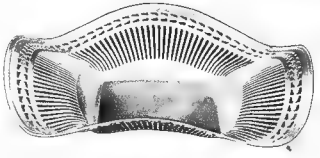
SALT- and Pepper-shakers are among the necessities of table service, but that is scant reason why they should not be beautiful as well as useful. This slender pair (above at the left) of paneled Sheffield plate with a weighted base to keep them stable, satisfy all the requirements.



"RIGHT as a trivet," the old saying has it, and undoubtedly refers to just such a Trivet as the one shown above. Designed to protect your dining-table from contact with hot dishes, it is one of the most ingenious devices imaginable. The two halves of the trivet slide on the center rods and make it adjustable to fit any serving dish whether it be large or small

THE Bread-tray shown above has graceful lines. It is of hammered Sheffield plate with a border of scroll-work combined with the Roman key winding along its edge. There is a small panel in the center on which the monogram may be engraved. The bread for the Thanksgiving dinner will look daintier and more appetizing on a tray like this.

SURELY tea never could taste the same again if it rested even for a little while, in a silver Caddy like the one above, made after an old Dutch design. None but a magic brew could come out of such a box. There is a quaint old-fashioned Dutch scene embossed on each side of the caddy and a heavy scroll is raised on the top.



THE square silver Cake-basket at the left has pierced bars and a border in tassel design. Like all of the other pieces shown on this page, it is of Sheffield plate. This method of silver plating takes its name from the town where the process had its origin. The plate is made by imposing a sheet of silver upon copper.

If your dealer does not carry these articles, send a stamped, self-addressed envelop to Miss Rosiere, in care of Pictorial Review, for information about them.

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"Cutex gives me a perfect manicure. I wouldn't think of going back to the barbarous cutting of the cuticle I once thought necessary"

Clara Joel

To make your cuticles smooth and firm, use Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover

A little Cutex Nail White makes the nail tips snowy white

See what a lasting transparent gloss Cutex Polish gives your nails

The harmfulness of cutting the cuticle

Skin specialists and doctors everywhere agree that cutting the cuticle is ruinous! Learn how easily you can keep your cuticle smooth and firm without cutting. Give your nails the most wonderful manicure they ever had

WHEN you cut the cuticle, you ruin the appearance of your whole nail. Dr. Murray, the famous skin specialist, says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw edge which will give rise to hangnails and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen."

It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that the formula for Cutex was prepared. Cutex has taken the place of the harmful manicure knife or scissors. It completely does away with all need for cutting or trimming and gives a smooth, shapely outline to the nail. The very first application will show you the great improvement the use of Cutex will make in your nails.

How to manicure with Cutex

Send for the complete manicure set illustrated below, and give your nails their first perfect manicure. In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, taking care to push back the softened cuticle when drying the hands.

To remove stains from underneath the nails, apply a little Cutex Nail White—a soft white cream which comes in a convenient tube. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish. It gives a lasting polish that you will especially like.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year, as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This cream will help to *keep* your cuticle always soft and pliant.

After your first Cutex manicure, examine your nails

You will be amazed at the improvement just one application makes in your nails. After you have had a few Cutex manicures you will be delighted with the way your nails *stay* lovely from one manicure to the next. Women who have been using Cutex ever since it was first made say they wouldn't *think* of going back to the old cuticle-cutting method.

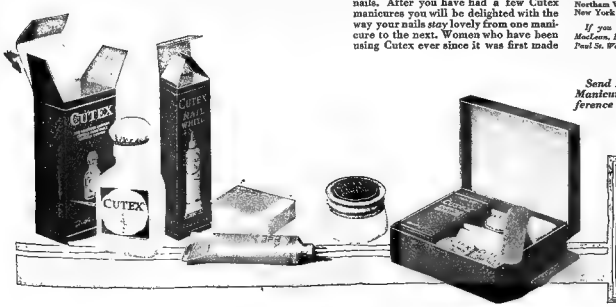
Many business women and women of the stage who must have their nails always in perfect condition use Cutex—Mary Nash, Gladys Hanson, Janet Beecher, Elsie Janis, Ethel Clayton, Lillian Gish, Grace Cunard and Bessie Love, among others.

You can secure Cutex in any drug and department store. The Cuticle Remover comes in 30c, 60c, and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 30c. If your favorite store hasn't Cutex, order direct from us.

An individual Manicure Set for only 15c

Mail the coupon today with 15c and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below, which contains trial sizes of Cutex, the cuticle remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Nail Polish (cake and paste) and Cutex Cuticle Comfort, also orange stick, emery board and absorbent cotton. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 211, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 211, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.



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"Mérode" and "Harvard Mills"

(Hand-finished)

UNDERWEAR

NO matter how intense the cold, you will be cozy and comfortable in "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" Underwear. You will find no bulkiness and wrinkles in these dainty undergarments. Each article is cut individually by hand and finished by hand; each seam is the patent Flatlock which means a *single* thickness of material.

There are various styles in "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" underwear. Some are made to cover the entire body while others are fashioned to wear with transparent sleeves and low-neck frocks.

Whether in union suits, vests, drawers, tights—whether in cotton, merino or silk mixtures, and no matter what the price, "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" underwear embodies perfect tailoring and perfect quality.

The better shops everywhere sell "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" Underwear. Ask for it. You may choose it in any size, from children's underwear to garments for the tall and stout woman. The prices range from 50c to $6.75. Should you have difficulty in procuring just what you want, write us.

Prices in popular fall and winter fabrics of "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Underwear are listed below:

Mérode Number	Harvard Number		Vests, Drawers and Tights — Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38	Vests, Drawers and Tights — Sizes 40, 42, 44	Union Suits — Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38	Union Suits — Sizes 40, 42, 44
		Women's COTTON				
520	820	Light weight, combed cotton, pure white, fine gauge	. .	. .	$1.00	$1.25
521	821	Light weight, combed cotton, pure white, fine gauge	.85	.95	1.25	1 50
503	803	Medium weight, combed cotton, pure white, fine basket stitch	. .	. .	1.50	1.75
506	806	Medium weight, combed cotton, pure white, fine basket stitch	.90	$1.00	1.50	1.75
524	824	Superweight (between light and medium), combed cotton, pure white, fine gauge	$1.00	1.25	1.75	2.25
525	825	Medium weight, combed cotton, pure white, fine gauge	1.00	1.25	1.75	2.25
500	800	Fall weight, combed cotton, fleeced, pure white, fine gauge	1.00	1.25	1.75	2.25
509	809	Medium weight, combed cotton, pure white, fine gauge	. .	. .	2.00	2.25
529	829	Winter weight, combed cotton, fleeced, pure white, fine gauge	1.25	1.50	2 25	2.75
		MERINO—(COTTON AND WOOL)				
562	862	Light weight merino, white, fine basket stitch	$1.75	$2.25	$3.00	$3 50
680	980	Light weight merino, white, fine gauge	1.75	2.25	3 00	3 50
681	981	Medium weight merino, white, fine gauge	1.75	2 25	3.00	3.50
682	982	Medium weight merino, white, fine gauge	1.75	2.25	3 00	3.50
531	831	Heavy weight merino, white, fine gauge	2.00	2.50	3.50	4.00
698	998	Winter weight merino, white, fine gauge	2.00	2.50	3.50	4.00
699	999	Winter weight merino, white, fine gauge	2.75	3.25	4.75	5.50
688	988	Winter weight merino, white, fine gauge	3.25	3.75	5.75	6.75
		MERCERIZED AND SILK MIXTURES				
615	915	Medium weight merino, mercerized silkateen stripe, white, fine basket stitch (Low neck, sleeveless, knee and ankle length only.)	. .	. .	$2.50	$2 75
616	916	Superweight combed cotton, silk stripe, white, fine gauge	. .	. .	2.75	3.75
637	937	Light weight merino, mercerized silkateen stripe, white, fine gauge	. .	. .	3.25	3.75
618	918	Medium weight merino, mercerized silkateen stripe, white, fine basket stitch	$2.00	$2.50	3.50	4.00
686	986	Medium weight merino, mercerized silkateen stripe, white, fine gauge	2.00	2.50	3.50	4.00
691	991	Winter weight merino, mercerized silkateen stripe, white, fine gauge	2.00	2.50	3.50	4.00
534	834	Medium weight silk and merino, white, fine gauge	. .	. .	4.75	5.50
617	917	Superweight (between light and medium) silk and merino, white, fine gauge	2.75	3.25	4.75	5.50
690	990	Winter weight silk and merino, white, fine gauge	2.75	3.25	4.75	5.50

Mérode Number	Harvard Number	*Children's and Misses'* (Prices vary according to size)	Vests and Drawers — Ages 2 to 17 yrs.	Union Suits — Ages 3 to 17 yrs.
2601	2901	Medium weight, combed cotton, pure white, fine gauge	50c to 95c	95c to $1.75
2600	2900	Winter weight, combed cotton, pure white, fine gauge	50c to 95	$1.10 to 1.90
2699	2999	Medium weight merino, white, fine gauge	70c to $1.55	1.25 to 3.00
2603	2903	Winter weight merino, white, fine gauge	75c to 1.65	1.50 to 3.25
2694	2994	Winter weight merino, mercerized silkateen stripe, white, fine gauge	85c to 1.75	1.75 to 3.50
		BOY'S UNION SUITS		
2604	2904	Winter weight, combed cotton, fleeced, white, fine gauge	. . . . .	$1.15 to $1.85
2610	2910	Medium weight merino, white, fine gauge	. . . . .	1.50 to 2.75
2605	2905	Winter weight merino, white, fine gauge	. . . . .	1.75 to 3.00
2606	2906	Winter weight merino, natural, fine gauge	. . . . .	1.75 to 3.00
2611	2911	Winter weight merino, mercerized silkateen stripe, white, fine gauge	. . . . .	1.75 to 3.00

"Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Underwear is also made for Infants' wear.
Bands and Shirts in: COTTON, MERINO, WOOL AND SILK-and-WOOL.

We do not sell direct to you. Any dealer who does not carry all these fabrics and styles will gladly order from us any quality, style or size you desire

When ordering from your dealer be careful to state size and model wanted, giving bust measure, weight and height if in doubt, and thus avoid delay in filling your order.

These prices are subject to change at any time owing to the variable market and industrial conditions. Prices here quoted apply only in the Eastern States, the South and the Mississippi Valley. In Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States add ten to fifty cents a garment, according to quality.

We are the sole Owners and Manufacturers of "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" underwear. These two brands are identical in every detail but the name.

WINSHIP, BOIT & CO.

(*Harvard Knitting Mill*)

New York Office: 1107 Broadway

Mills: Wakefield, Massachusetts

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

Fascinating Evening, Dinner, and Wedding Gowns Posed by Eloise M. Clemens and Evelyn Greeley

HERE are two popular and charming screen favorites who display on this page some very new Paris fashion suggestions for the coming season. Miss Clemens has been playing in "The Burden of Proof" with the Marion Dames' Film Company and Miss Greeley has appeared in many well-known World films.

Evelyn Greeley
Photo by Campbell Studio

YOU can see right away Miss Greeley wears one of the new evening frocks, because of its gorgeous embroidery and swirling draperies.

Eloise M. Clemens
Photo by Apeda Studio, Inc.

IN THIS artistic photograph, the refined beauty of Miss Clemens's profile is apparent. No ornament mars the lovely sweep of the shoulder line.

Eloise M. Clemens
Photo by Apeda Studio, Inc.

A SUGGESTION of the romantic Watteau period is given by the panel at the back of this stunning evening gown of brocade worn by Miss Clemens. The sides are gracefully draped, and a tiny bolero of net beaded in pearls adorns the front of the bodice.

Evelyn Greeley of the World Film Company
Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

AN attractive picture of Evelyn Greeley who is doing such good work with the World Film Company. Miss Greeley has appeared in many popular screen plays.

Eloise M. Clemens of the Marion Davies Film Company
Photo by Hall

"HERE comes the Bride" in a perfectly scrumptious wedding gown with train long enough to please any bride. And of course Miss Clemens wears a veil with orange blossoms to hold it in position.

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Autumn Suits and Coats Are Severely Simple in Style

Jacket 8040
Skirt 7905

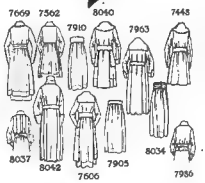
Dress 7669

7669—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch gabardine—2½ yards 36-inch satin—¾ yard 6-inch lace for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Prominent in the newest Autumn fashions is the patriotic conservation frock which combines a redingote of serge, gabardine, or wool Jersey with a skirt of satin, thus saving considerable quantity of wool. The dress buttons at center-front and the tunic section may extend all around or it may be open in front, in redingote style as illustrated. A two-piece skirt of satin closing at left side seam is attached to the blouse at slightly raised waist-line.

8040—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge. Length at center-back 38½ inches. No. 7905—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. The best-dressed women are wearing these severely tailored suits of serge, gabardine, and tricotine, sometimes without even stitching to break the severity of line. The jacket is one of the new long models with panel front and with surplice collar buttoning onto the jacket. A short circular peplum is attached at the sides beneath the belt. These peplum sections may be omitted however, leaving a perfectly plain jacket. The edges may be bound with silk braid. The skirt is a simple tailored model with a novelty introduced in the large pockets that button onto the belt.

Jacket 7562
Skirt 7910

Dress 7606



7963—Ladies' Double-breasted Coat. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch silvertone—⅞ yard 36-inch velvet for collar. Length at center-back, 48 inches. This good-looking belted coat may be worn with the fronts rolled back in revers as illustrated, or the collar may be buttoned high to the neck. The coat may be lined with printed Pussy Willow satin for which 4¾ yards 36 inches wide will be required.

Blouse 7986

Coat 7963

Jacket 7448
Skirt 8034

Coat 8042

Blouse 8037

8042—Ladies' Single-breasted Coat. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—⅝ yard 54-inch seal plush for collar—⅝ yards 36-inch Pussy Willow satin for lining. Length at center-back 47½ inches. Straight simple lines mark most of the new season's coats of which this model is typical. It may be fashioned of taupe or any of the brown shades of Bolivia cloth, duvetyn, or silvertone, and the high choker collar of seal plush fastens with two buttons. If preferred, the collar may be worn low.

8037—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2½ yards filet lace for collar and front—⅝ yard edging—¾ yard banding for cuffs. Ideal for soft fabrics is this blouse gathered in front on the shoulders below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over the front. The collar is convertible to be worn low as illustrated or rolled high to the neck. The front of the blouse may be trimmed with drawn-work, or with rows of self-color silk chain-stitching.

7448—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch black velvet—3¾ yards 36-inch figured silk for lining. Length of jacket at center-back, 35¼ inches. No. 8034—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch black velvet. Width at lower edge, about 1⅓ yard. The simple lines of this good-looking suit serve to emphasize the richness of the velvet of which the suit is fashioned. A narrow double belt crosses the waist-line in front, while at the back there is a single wide belt. A high draped collar crosses in surplice style and buttons onto the jacket.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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There Is a Piquant Charm to the Autumn Frocks

8021—Ladies' Peplum Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7880—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. The costume in medium size requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch serge for blouse and peplum—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs—2⅝ yards 36-inch black satin for skirt—⅞ yard 6-inch banding for vestee—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Quite a distance in the wool conservation movement will this charming frock go, as only the close-fitting bodice and the gathered peplum are of wool fabric, while the skirt and the trimming are of satin. The bodice fastens on the left shoulder and under the left arm.

8031—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch plum-color satin—⅝ yard 36-inch sand-color satin—⅛ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest and collar—⅝ yard 40-inch plum-color Georgette for sleeves—⅝ yard fringe. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding and beading motifs No. 12470, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The neck may be high, square, or V-shaped, and the two-piece gathered skirt closes at the left side.

Blouse 8021
Skirt 7330

Dress 8031
Braiding 12470

Dress 8016
Braiding 12321

8016—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 44-inch serge for panels—4¾ yards 36-inch satin for foundation dress—⅜ yard white satin for collar. Width at lower edge of gathered skirt about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The dress closes at the back, and the skirt may be gathered or accordion-plaited.

8015—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅛ yard narrow fur banding. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Plaits in some form we see on many of the new Paris frocks, and they are used on this charming gown in the form of full-length plaited panels which are applied front and back. Under these panels is a foundation dress consisting of a front closing waist attached to a one-piece gathered skirt with straight lower edge. The skirt also closes at center-front, and may be made with or without deep tucks. Here in very attractive form is the new Italian collarless neck-line outlined by a narrow band of fur. If preferred, however, the neck may be square with pointed collar, and the pattern provides one-piece plain sleeves which are perforated for shorter length as illustrated and finished with a bell-shaped cuff.

8051—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 7886—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅛ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for vest—1¾ yard fringe—1½ yard 36-inch taffeta for belt, collar, and cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Tunics of every type are among the chic fashion features of the Fall season, and a very charming phase of this fashion is displayed on this frock of crêpe meteor and Georgette crêpe. The tunic has a box-plaited panel front and back where it is longer than at the sides. It is mounted on a two-piece skirt closing at left side-front. Topping this very attractive skirt is a blouse with the fashionable long rolling collar extending into revers that are carried through slashes in the girdle ending at about hip depth. A vest of white satin is mounted on the front-closing underbody which is cut square.

Dress 8015

Blouse 8051
Skirt 7886

8010—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 7074—Ladies' Two-piece Draped Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 36-inch black satin—1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Somewhat in jumper style is the blouse of this good-looking afternoon frock, the jumper made with sash extensions that are brought from the back to the front and looped. The fashionable side draping is featured on the skirt, a two-piece gathered model closing at left side-front. The blouse is of black Georgette crêpe and it may be mounted on a lining of white Georgette or net. The neck is finished with a rolling collar of white Georgette with picot edge and the flowing sleeves are also picoted.

Blouse 8010
Skirt 7874
Beading 12372

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Panels and Accordion-Plaited Skirts Are Chic

Dress 8009
Embroidery 12468

Dress 8027
Braiding 12471

8028—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7330—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge, about 2¾ yards. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern, 6 yards of 4-inch border. The costume in medium size, requires 3½ yards gabardine for panel blouse—¼ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs—5⅝ yards 36-inch satin for accordion-plaited skirt. This is one of the new panel blouses that are among the smartest of the season's fashions. It is particularly effective in gabardine or tricotine combined with satin. The skirt is a gathered model, but sufficient fulness is allowed so that it may be accordion plaited.

Blouse 8028
Skirt 7330
Braiding 12426

8009
8028
8027
7330
8016
8020
8024

Dress 8016
Braiding 12425

Dress 8020

Dress 8024
Braiding 12418

8009—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch velvet—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for vestee and collar. Embroidery No. 12468, blue or yellow transfer pattern of border 18¾ inches deep. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yard. The fashionable back closing is featured on this velvet gown with swinging panels at the front and back fastening on the left shoulder. The front panel is cut down in a deep U to disclose a vest of crisp white organdy finished with a rolling collar. The front panel is elaborately embroidered and the back panel is looped under at the bottom. The three-piece gathered skirt is joined at natural waist-line to the blouse, and is lapped at the side-back. Round neck with moat collar may be substituted for the neck-finish illustrated.

8027 — Ladies' Dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for piping—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt 2¾ yards—gathered skirt 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12471, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Presented here is one of the newest of the season's frocks with plain collarless bodice and accordion-plaited skirt. The pattern provides, however, high neck with perforations for oval and square outline. One-piece plain sleeves may be substituted for the flowing sleeves, and the skirt may be accordion-plaited or gathered as preferred. The fashionable panel is applied at the back hanging from the shoulders and closing at left side.

8016—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge for panels and sash—4½ yards 36-inch charmeuse for foundation dress—⅝ yard Georgette for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt 2¾ yards—gathered skirt 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12425, blue or yellow transfer pattern of three yards of 14-inch border. Panels of serge over a satin frock are featured in the Autumn fashions. This is a particularly attractive model of the wool conservation type with high, oval, or round neck. The blouse and underbody close at the back, and like many of the newer models the sleeves are sewed into the armholes of the underbody. The one-piece skirt may be accordion-plaited or gathered, and the front and back panels hang from the neck and close on the left shoulder.

8020 — Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 44-inch Poiret twill—1¼ yard 36-inch gray taffeta for collar and tunic facing. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yard. Simplicity is a dominant feature of the new fashions, and it is attractively exploited in this model of Poiret twill which is in plain tailored style. A choice is offered of V and round neck, and the fronts of the waist are tucked below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over the shoulders. Over the three-piece gathered skirt gathered tunic sections are applied. At the sides the tunics extend in deep points.

8024—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 44-inch serge—2¾ yards satin for shawl collar and for lining panels—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yard. Braiding No. 12418, blue or yellow transfer pattern of three panel designs. Tho simple in line this frock has decided style. The surplice blouse is outlined by a shawl collar, and it is arranged over a front-closing underbody with high or V neck. The skirt may be accordion-plaited or gathered, and at the back there is a full-length swinging panel, while the front panel starts at the waist-line. Like many of the new models this is elaborately braided.

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The Vogue of Narrow Draped and Tunic Skirts Is Emphasized

Dress 8006
Beading 12319

8006—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch satin —2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—½ yard 18-inch allover lace for vest—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yard. Beading No. 12319, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 3½ yards of 1- and 9-inch borders. Georgette crêpe and satin are among the most fashionable fabrics for afternoon and dinner gowns and are frequently combined as in this model, the satin forming the underskirt, collar, and trimming, while the sheer Georgette crêpe forms the blouse and tunic. The closing is in front, and a vest of Chantilly lace is mounted on the front-closing underbody. From this vest a collar of satin rolls back. Little tabs button onto the girdle that are extensions of the side-front sections of the blouse. A choice is offered of two styles of sleeves, long plain sleeves and Mandarin sleeves in two sections, the latter illustrated. The fashionable side tunic developed in Georgette crêpe is elaborately beaded, and is mounted on the three-piece satin skirt.

Blouse 7661
Skirt 8001
Beading 12475

Blouse 8043
Skirt 8034
Braiding 12426

8043—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 8034 — Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern including 6 yards of 4-inch border. Simplicity itself is this practical frock of wool Jersey. The blouse is in the new rever style, the revers cut in one with a large collar. The blouse is in two sections, the peplum section with the fronts turned back to form revers and joined to the waist under the belt. Instead of the gathered sleeves with deep cuffs, plain close-fitting sleeves may be selected. In plain tailored style is the two-piece gathered skirt which would be admirable for separate wear. The waist-line is raised three inches, and the closing is at the left side seam.

8003—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 8059 —Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe meteor—2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard blue satin for girdle. Beading No. 12300, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A softly draped blouse looped at center-front and a gracefully draped skirt are combined to form this attractive afternoon frock. A large picot-edged Georgette crêpe collar finishes the open neck, and the fronts instead of being draped may be crossed in surplice style and drawn around to form a girdle. Very stunning is the skirt, the drapery of which is arranged in a novel manner and tacked together at the center-back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Blouse 8003
Skirt 8059
Beading 12300

7661—Ladies' Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 8001—Ladies' Three- or Four-tier Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard white Georgette crêpe for the collar, which is finished with colored tassels. Beading No. 12475, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 20 motifs. The vogue of Georgette crêpe is really amazing when one considers how long it has been fashionable, but many of the newest frocks are developed in this delightful fabric as it lends itself so beautifully to the tunics, plaits, and draperies of the new styles. The blouse like many of the newest models is very simple in line with panel effect front and back and with the fashionable oval neck-line. The skirt shows the new tiered model, the upper tier accordion-plaited. The lowest of the three tiers is formed by the foundation skirt itself which is a two-piece model closing at center-back. If more constrast is desired, the cuffs, the girdle, and the binding at the neck may be of matching satin.

Blouse 8010
Skirt 8054

Dress 7978

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New Autumn Styles Designed Especially for the Stout Woman

8006—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch check serge—⅛ yard 27-inch white satin for vest—⅛ yard black satin for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. In its very simplest form this frock is presented for the stout woman. The lines are decidedly becoming, but for more dressy wear there are Mandarin sleeves instead of the plain close-fitting sleeves illustrated, and a side tunic.

Blouse 8047
Beading 12460

8047—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅓ yards 40-inch navy blue Georgette—⅝ yard white Georgette. Beading No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Just the thing for the stout woman's afternoon blouse is this model that combines dark blue and white Georgette crêpe. The fulness veils the figure softly and is most becoming. The fronts are gathered below a yoke effect formed by extending the backs over the shoulders.

Dress 7606

Dress 8006

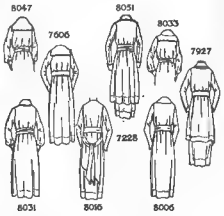
Blouse 8033
Beading 12467

8033—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Beading No. 12467, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A touch of beading or hand embroidery raises the simplest blouse above the common-place and gives it distinctive style. This model is particularly becoming to stout figures. The revers that roll back from the inset vest are attached to the fronts of the blouse and are joined at the top to the collar which may be square or round.

Dress 8031

Dress 8031
Embroidery 12475

Dress 8016



Blouse 8051
Skirt 7228
Beading 12451

Dress 7927
Beading 12469

8031—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Two views of this good-looking frock are presented on this page. The figure at the center of the page is developed in blue serge. In size 36 this requires 3¾ yards 44-inch blue serge—1 yard 36-inch black satin—⅜ yard organdy for vest. At the foot of the page (left) the model is developed in black satin. Size 36 requires for this 3⅜ yards 36-inch satin—⅛ yard 27-inch allover lace for cuffs—¾ yard 5-inch lace for trimming—⅞ yard Georgette crêpe—¼ yard white Georgette for collar and chemisette. The rolling collar in this view is embroidered, for which No. 12475 is used, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 20 motifs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

7562—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine. Length at center-back, 40 inches. No. 7910—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. In its simplest form this suit is shown here, the jacket buttoning in front and with high choker collar.

7806—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for collar and lining panels. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. An attractive feature of this simple dress of blue and white check taffeta are the swinging panels at the sides.

7986—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard filet lace.

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8010—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 8054—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Eight sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar. A most clever Mandarin sleeves, and gracefully swirling draperies give to this frock distinctive style.

7978—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch beige satin—4⅜ yards 36-inch navy blue faille—¾ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yard. We have here the new diagonal drapery, the draped tunic descending from the waist-line in a diagonal line to the other side where it meets the back panel.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

7806—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—3 yards narrow braid—⅝ yard white organdy for collar. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards. This is a distinctly good-looking frock for the stout woman, developed on simple lines.

8016—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch satin for underdress and sash—1¼ yard 50-inch broadcloth for panels—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yard. The long panel of broadcloth with diagonal line at the lower edge is very becoming to women of full figure.

8051—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 7238—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Eight sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest—2 yards 36-inch lining. Braiding No. 11451, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A frock of this type developed in satin or taffeta is indispensable for informal afternoon functions.

7927—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest—2¾ yards 36-inch lining. Beading No. 12482, blue or yellow transfer pattern. The irregular edged tunic is a new style feature of this frock. Lower-edge width, 1¾ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

7754—Ladies' House Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 32-inch chambray—⅞ yard 32-inch check gingham. Width at lower edge, about 1⅞ yard. Below a square cut this simple morning dress is gathered.

7981—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch white piqué. Lower-edge width 2 yards.

7997—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch white wash satin—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting satin.

6904—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch check gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white voile. Width at lower edge, 2¾ yards.

7490—Ladies' Pantalet or Work Dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires without skirt—7⅜ yards 27-inch chambray. Practically every woman is in a uniform nowadays, and this is one of the most convenient ones imaginable. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards.

7982—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin. Width at lower edge 1¾ yard.

7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch check cloth. Width at lower edge 1½ yard.

7911—Ladies' Morning Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch gingham—¾ yard plain gingham. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard.

7907—Ladies' Morning Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 27-inch rep—⅝ yard 36-inch plaid gingham. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard. Embroidery No. 1278a, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

8034—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge 1¾ yard.

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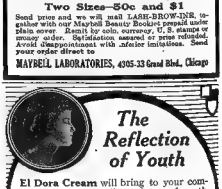

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

6087—Ladies' Surplice Camisole. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery No. 12742, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

7091—Ladies' Brassiere and Camisole. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires for the brassiere illustrated 1⅜ yard 27-inch linen—1¼ yard lace banding—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. In addition to the brassiere a straight-topped camisole is provided in the pattern.

6708—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Short Kimono. Sizes 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 27-inch flowered crêpe—10½ yards lace for trimming. The easiest thing in the world to make is this kimono, which as its title indicates, is cut in one piece and is shirred in to the figure at the back

7976 — Ladies' Combination. Sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch wash satin—2¾ yards filet lace banding. Instead of the straight band which is illustrated at the top of the combination, a body section with V neck front and back may be selected.

8012 — Ladies' Combination. Sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch wash satin—1⅛ yard ribbon. The drawers section of this combination is gathered to a deep yoke perforated to form the straight band.

8060—Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires with sleeves 4½ yards 36-inch nainsook—2 yards ribbon. The new Renaissance or oval neck-line is just as attractive on this nightgown as it is on the Autumn frocks. Another new style feature of the gown is the panel front and back joined together on the shoulders.

8029—Ladies' and Misses' Negligée. Sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch flowered Japanese silk—3½ yards ribbon—6 yards frilling. As charming as it is simple is this negligée of flowered silk which is at its best when worn over an accordion-plaited skirt or petticoat.

7504—Ladies' Bath-robe. Sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 7⅛ yards 27-inch eiderdown. For cool mornings there is-nothing so comfortable.

7346—Ladies' Negligée. Four sizes, 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch flowered crêpe—3½ yards 3-inch satin ribbon for trimming band. The long shoulders of this attractive negligée are supplemented by a trimming section to form a cape sleeve.

8008—Ladies' and Misses' Chemisettes and Collars. Sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36, and 40 bust. Material requirements will be found on pattern envelop.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

7997—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin for foundation dress—7⅛ yard 44-inch serge for panels—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12473, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Wool conservation is faithfully carried out in this chic frock, as the only wool that enters into the making is the panels, while the remainder of the dress is of satin. The panels hang from the shoulders front and back, and are mounted on a foundation dress that consists of a front-closing waist joined to a one-piece skirt that may be gathered or accordion-plaited.

8015—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 36-inch Pussy Willow taffeta—¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar, cuffs, and vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The tendency toward plain close-fitting bodices is admirably expressed in this frock of French blue taffeta. The bodice is draped slightly toward the underarm to give a snug fit.

8014—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch black satin—½ yard 18-inch lace—½ yard 18-inch white organdy for collar—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. One of the front ranks of fashionable favor is the frock with diagonal drapery which is so attractively illustrated here developed in black satin with the new cavalier collar of lace and organdy.

7994—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check serge—2¾ yards 36-inch black satin—½ yard 32-inch organdy for overskirt and vest—7⅛ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 12149, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Conservation frocks of check worsted and black satin are among the season's favorites. In this model the satin is used for the redingote-like overdress which is mounted on a foundation dress of black satin.

7989—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard white Pussy Willow taffeta for collar—2⅜ yard picot-edged ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. A simple bodice draped to form a girdle effect and full-length panel back are the most attractive features of this frock of beige wool Jersey.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

8005—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch serge—3¾ yards 36-inch satin—⅞ yard plaited organdy. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt about 2 yards. Here is the fashionable Mandarin blouse of serge closing at the back and worn over a foundation dress of satin, the skirt of which may be accordion-plaited or gathered.

8011—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires for dress with accordion-plaited skirt 2¾ yards 48-inch serge for panel blouse—3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta for accordion-plaited skirt—⅞ yard white broadcloth for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt, about 2 yards. Braiding No. 12463, blue or yellow transfer pattern. A collarless surplice blouse with panels combined with an accordion-plaited skirt makes of this frock a decidedly up-to-date model.

7896—Misses' One-piece Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 44 inch blue serge—¾ yard 36-inch black satin for collar. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out, about 2¾ yards. Plaits are arranged at each side of the front and back panels which are extensions of the yoke. The dress is in one from neck to lower edge, and is loosely belted.

7983—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch check velour—¼ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, vest, and cuffs—4½ yards lace edging for collar and cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch linen for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Over a narrow underskirt is dropped a short wide tunic.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

7957—Boys' Double-breasted Top Coat. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cheviot.

8055—Boys' Overalls. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch drilling.

7435—Girls' and Juniors' Bungalow Apron. Six sizes. 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 4½ yards 27-inch chambray.

7855—Girls' Overalls. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch chambray.

9000—Juniors' and Girls' Princess Slip. Five sizes, 10 to 18 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch white cambric—3 yards lace for ruffle.

6598—Child's Coat. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires for plain coat illustrated 1⅝ yard 54-inch chinchilla.

8025—Child's and Girls' Single-breasted Coat. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check serge.

7850—Child's Coat. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth—⅛ yard white broadcloth for collar—1 yard fur banding.

7862 — Child's Single-breasted Coat. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch velvet—¼ yard fur fabric.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

8013—Girls' and Juniors' Pajamas. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 36-inch flesh-color batiste—⅝ yard blue batiste for trimming. These cunning pajamas are in two parts, the short coat cut in one with the sleeves and drawn in at the waist-line by a cord or elastic run through a casing.

7496—Child's and Girls' Nightdrawers or Pajamas. Six sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 3½ yards 27-inch madras or outing flannel. These are in one in front, but at the back the drawer section buttons onto the waist.

8019—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch batiste. The sleeves are cut in one with the front and back of the pajamas.

7656—Misses' and Girls' Nightgown. Eight sizes, 6 to 20 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch nainsook—1⅝ yard insertion—2½ yards edging. The front and back of this nightgown are cut in one with the short sleeves.

7530—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar. The yoke which is a smart feature of this school frock has extension tabs that tie-in surplice style.

7546—Boys' Suit. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 36-inch tan linen for trousers and trimming—1⅛ yard 32-inch white dimity for blouse.

8032—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—¼ yard 36-inch dotted organdy for collar, cuffs, and pockets—2 yards lace edging. Handkerchief linen in white and pastel colors makes very dainty frocks for small girls.

7866—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch white linen for collar and cuffs.

7196—Child's One-piece Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—⅓ yard 27-inch blue linen for collar, cuffs, and pockets.

7792—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch cotton poplin—⅝ yard 36-inch pink linen.

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Practical Morning and House Dresses, Blouses, and Skirts

8049—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard 36-inch check Pussy Willow taffeta for collar. Instead of the shawl collar which is looped in front, a rolling collar falling in a point at each side may be selected.

8047—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch French blue crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 36-inch beige crêpe de Chine for trimming. Blue and beige and blue and gray are favored combinations for Georgette and crêpe de Chine blouses for the Fall, to be worn with blue or tan tailored suits. This model has softly gathered vest.

8033—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe, ⅞ yard 36-inch satin for collar and revers, ½ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest. The large square collar of satin is joined to revers that frame a vest of white Georgette crêpe.

8045—Ladies' House Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch linen, ½ yard 27-inch white cotton poplin for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. A trim morning frock for the housewife showing the new Mandarin sleeves.

8039—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch plaid. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The front and back gores are in panel style.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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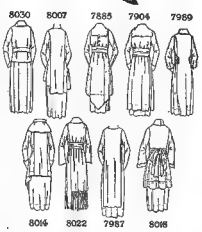
8007—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch velvet. Embroidery No. 12184, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. As the season progresses the long floating panels are meeting with more and more favor. They are applied to practically all sorts of frocks to which they give distinct charm. Chiffon velvet or velveteen could be used for this simple frock, the plain bodice of which may have high or round neck and is mounted on a front-closing underbody. Instead of long plain sleeves, flowing sleeves in two sections may be selected. The two-piece skirt is plaited at the back and closes at left side seam.

7885—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 44-inch check worsted—1⅞ yard 36-inch white taffeta for collar, cuffs, and panel lining—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A chic frock for Autumn street wear is presented here to be fashioned of check worsted or velours, and with the fashionable apron panel front and back.



8030—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 44-inch serge—¾ yard 48-inch broadcloth for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards, with plaits drawn out. The straight simple lines of this serge frock adapt it particularly to the growing girl. The closing is at the front, and a choice is offered of round and V neck. At long waist-line is attached the four-piece side-plaited skirt.

8022—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch satin—1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves, collar, and vest—1½ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Here is the fashionable Apronette dress with apron panel front and back finished with fringe. Equally attractive is the blouse with extension ends that are looped at center-front, below a surplice vest. Plain sleeves may replace the Mandarin sleeves.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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Of Unusual Style Interest Are these Misses' Designs

8041 — Misses' Single - breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch tricotine. No. 7624—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The severely simple tailored suit is the favorite style for Autumn wear developed in tricotine, serge, or velours, in any of the dark shades of brown, plum, taupe, or blue. The jacket has a large convertible collar which when closed high and buttoned in surplice style is decidedly chic. The front and back are in the fashionable panel style. The front gore of the two-piece skirt buttons onto the lower part of the belt which gives a touch of novelty to an otherwise very plain and practical skirt.

7900 — Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2⅝ yards. This is a season of simple frocks charmingly exemplified in this model of blue serge the severity of which is relieved by rows of coarse stitching that may be in silk or yarn. The blouse closes at the side-front and has full-length sleeves perforated for shorter length. Under the wide belt of self-material is joined the three-piece side-plaited skirt which closes at left side-front under one of the plaits.

8036—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 44-inch check worsted—3¼ yards 36-inch black satin—1¾ yard fringe—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of gathered skirt about 1½ yard. Presented here is a charming type of the patriotic conservation frock, saving wool by using a minimum quantity of cloth in the redingote over a satin foundation.

8038—Misses' Double-breasted Coat. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch plush—⅝ yard beaver fur cloth for collar—4½ yards 36-inch lining. The collar being convertible may be closed high to the neck as illustrated, or rolled with the fronts turned back to form revers.

8026 — Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch gabardine—⅜ yard fringe. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt, about 2 yards, of gathered skirt about 1½ yard. Oval, collarless neckline, flowing Mandarin sleeves, fringed sash, and accordion-plaited skirt proclaim this an up-to-the-minute frock. A charming variant is the serge bodice with satin skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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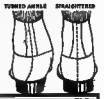

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7116—Child's Circular Coat. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch corduroy—2 yards beaver banding for trimming—1¼ yard 36-inch lining. Provided in the pattern for this coat is a short body lining with an attached four-piece circular skirt that may be worn under the coat. The coat has a large collar turning over from a tiny yoke.

8032—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. On this attractive little frock is illustrated a new fashion feature in the swinging panel at the back under which the dress fastens. The high neck is perforated for round and deep V neck finished with a round collar. Under the belt is joined the two-piece skirt.

7938—Misses' and Juniors' Single-breasted Coat. Eight sizes, 13 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 54-inch plaid cloth. Like most of the Winter coats the collar of this practical model is convertible-to be worn high as illustrated or rolled with the fronts to form revers. An inverted plait is formed at the center-back.

8046—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Pom pom cloth—⅜ yard 36-inch plush for collar—3⅜ yards Pussy Willow satin for lining. Very comfortable for cold weather is this coat of taupe Pom pom cloth with collar of plush buttoning snugly to the throat. The collar, however, may be worn low if desired. Quite a novelty is displayed in the envelop-shaped patch pockets which are applied each side of the coat below the belt of self-material.

7302—Child's Empire Coat. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch black velvet. A charming coat of velvet for the little lady's best wear with short-waisted body section joined to a two-piece circular skirt.

7642—Boys' Double-breasted Top Coat. Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch cheviot—2 yards 36-inch sateen for lining. This natty little coat is almost a duplicate of the officers' trench coat with inverted plait at center-back and belt encircling the waist-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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Simplicity and Good Taste Mark these Children's Models

7848—Child's Dress. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 44-inch white organdy. For the best frock or for kiddies' parties, nothing could be cuter than this little frock of crisp white organdy. The collar is novel extending down in tabs at center-front and back that button onto the belt and are trimmed with ribbon rosettes.

6682—Boys' Suit. Four sizes, 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 27-inch check chambray—⅜ yard 27-inch white pique for collar and cuffs. These little Oliver Twist suits are the very newest thing for the small boy to be fashioned of one material or the little trousers may be of colored chambray, and the double-breasted blouse of white dimity or lawn, with collar like the trousers.

for the little girls' frocks. shown on this cunning frock finishing the tiny gathered waist. Tucks relieve the plainness of the straight gathered skirt.

7901—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 32-inch figured silk for collar and cuffs. Georgette crêpe vies with organdy and voile in popular favor The fashionable snote collar is

8017 -Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch serge—⅛ yard 36-inch plaid taffeta for collar. Very new in style is the collar that is oval in shaping and is opened on the shoulders.

8023—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 44-inch serge—1¼ yard 36-inch taffeta—¼ yard organdy. A swinging back panel adds a new style touch to this cunning frock.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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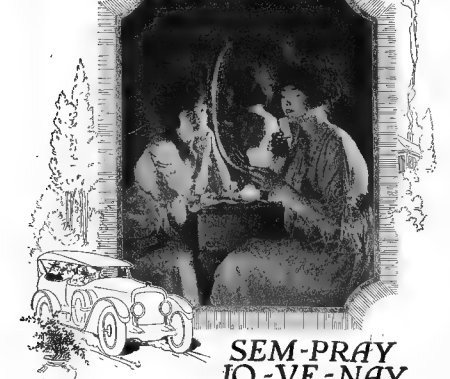

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The Perfect Complexion Cake

FRANCE'S FIGHTING WOMAN DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

The first nerves to give way were in the bake-shop. The bakers suddenly burst out of their overheated cell and, half-naked in that sharp cold, clad only in their white-linen aprons and trousers, fled away, anywhere, away, but of that hell. One of the doctors, seeing this beginning of the panic, shouted out in an angry attempt to stem the tide of fear, "Shame on you men! What are you doing! What would happen if every one ran away!"

ONE of the fleeing bakers, dodging with agility the outstretched restraining arms, called out heartily, with a strong Southern accent, "Right you are, doctor; perfectly right!" and continued to run faster than ever. Which typically *Midi* phrase and action was seized upon by those gallant French hearts for the laugh which is the Gallic coquetry in the face of danger.

But even they could not smile at what they next saw. At four o'clock that afternoon began the spectacle, awful to French eyes, of regiments of *chasseurs*, fleeing toward the rear.

So inconceivable was this to me, that I repeated, "*Chasseurs!* Retreating!"

Dr. Girard-Mangin closed her eyes a moment as if she saw them again. "Oh, yes, retreating—and no wonder! All their equipment gone, no guns, no ammunition, no grenades, no bayonets—their bare fists, and those bleeding, for weapons. Many of them were naked, yes, literally naked, except for their leather cartridge belts. Everything made of cloth had been blown from their bodies by the air-pressure from exploding shells. Many of them were horribly wounded, altho they were staggering along. I remember one man, whose wounds we dressed, who came reeling up to the hospital, holding his hand to his face and when he took his hand down most of his face came with it. Oh, yes, they were retreating, those who had enough life left to walk. And they told us that Verdun was lost, that no human power could resist that thrust."

All that night, and all the next day and all the next night, such men poured through and past the hospital and during all that time there was no cessation in the intolerable, maddening din of the artillery. When you ask Dr. Girard-Mangin how she lived through those days and nights, she tells you steadily, "Oh, that was not the worst. We could still work. And we did. More than eighteen thousand wounded passed through the hospital that week. We had too much to do to think of anything else. It seemed as tho all the men in the world were wounded and pouring in on us."

On Wednesday afternoon, the tide of men changed in character somewhat, and this meant that the end was near. In place of *chasseurs* and the ordinary *poilus*, quantities of brown Moroccans, those who fight at the very front, came fleeing back, horribly wounded, most of them, yelling wild prayers to Allah, clutching at themselves like children and howling like wild beasts—impossible to understand or to make understand. And yet, somehow, the hospital staff, staggering with fatigue themselves, ministered to them, too, until—this was where they all touched bottom—until, on Wednesday night, the electricity suddenly gave out and, in the twinkling of an eye, blackness fell on the great wards, shaken by the incessant infernal screaming rush of the shells overhead, by the thunder of the cannon, and filled with the shrieks of the agonizing wild men from Africa. Blackness like the end of the world.

MESSENGERS were sent hastily to grope their way down to the nearest village for candles. But they returned empty-handed. Long before that the soldiers had carried off all the supply of candles.

"What did you do, all that night?"

Dr. Girard-Mangin makes no light pretense of belittling the experience.

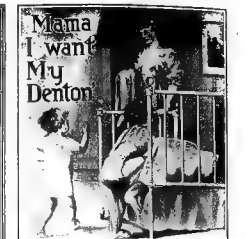
"It was awful beyond anything imaginable," she tells you gravely. "The worst thing that can happen to a doctor had come—to be in the midst of suffering and not to be able to lift a finger to help. All that we could do was to give them water to drink. We could feel our way to the water-pitchers. The rest of the time we could only sit, helpless, in the shells and to the wounded men groaning, and wait for dawn."

Yes, it is a small, delicately fashioned woman, like you, like me, who lived through those days and those nights, and came through them morally and physically intact, into an even greater usefulness. It will not be a bad thing to remember her the next time we feel "tired" in our ordinary round of small efforts.

On the next day came the order to evacuate the hospital, bitter proof of the German success. Dr. Girard-Mangin began sending off her sick men in relays of four in the only ambulance at her disposal. They were taken down to the nearest little branch railroad, there put on the train and sent—nobody knew where, anywhere out of the range of German guns.

All day Thursday the evacuation went on. By Thursday evening there were left only nine men in her ward, men practically dying, far gone with intestinal hemorrhages, too ill to move. Dr. Girard-Mangin spent another black night beside her dying men, moving from one to another in the intense obscurity, raising her voice above the thunder of the artillery to comfort them,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



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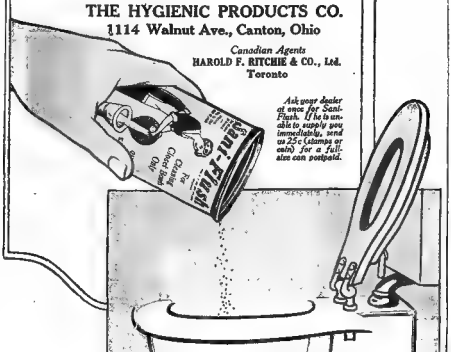

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Use it in bread, in muffins, pancakes, cookies, soups. It is the king of all grain foods, and a far greater food than meat.

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12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package
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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition.

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1¼ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem (1937)

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FRANCE'S FIGHTING WOMAN DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

to give them what small help she could without a light. On Friday all the hospital staff, with a few exceptions, was to leave. The hospital buildings and equipment were to be left in the charge of a non-com and two privates; and the men too ill to transport were to be left with one doctor and two aides. The rule in the French Sanitary Service for that case is that the youngest doctor stays with the sick. Dr. Girard-Mangin was the youngest doctor.

But at this, the good head-doctor, who had daughters of his own in Paris, cried out that there was a limit, that he would never forgive any man who left a daughter of his alone in such a position, alone with dying men, alone under fire, alone to face the *Boches*. No, no Frenchman could be expected to do that.

Dr. Girard-Mangin appealed over his head to the military authority in command, for permission to do her duty as it fell to her. "I have not failed in my services so far. It is not just to me to fail now."

The military ruling was that the usual rule would hold. The little woman doctor stayed in danger, and the men went back to the rear. The parting was a moving one; those comrades of hers who had seen her working by their sides for so many months, took her in their arms and wept openly as they bade her good-by.

IF YOU venture to ask her what were her own emotions at this moment, she tells you with a shudder, "Oh, sorrow, black, black sorrow for France. We all thought, you know, that Verdun had fallen, that the Germans had pierced the line. No one knew how far they had gone. It was an awful moment." Apparently she did not think of herself at all.

All day Friday, she was there with her stricken men and with two aides. Friday night she lay beside them in the dark. On Saturday the man left in charge of the hospital buildings went mad from the nervous tension — they expected almost from hour to hour to see the Germans appear—and from the hellish noise of the artillery.

I find myself cold as I try to think what another black night meant in those conditions. Dr. Girard-Mangin passed it and emerged into another dawn.

On Sunday morning the General in command of that region, amazed to find that any one was still there, sent peremptory orders that the premises be evacuated entirely, dying men and all. They would certainly be killed if they were kept there. And more, there was no longer anything to give them to eat. This was a military order and so over-rode the rulings of the Sanitary Service. Dr. Girard-Mangin prepared to evacuate. She had at her disposition a small *camion* in which she put the four men best able to be carried, and her own ambulance in which she packed the five worst cases, crosswise of the vehicle. To try to give them some security against the inevitable jolting, she bound them tightly over and over to their stretchers. Then, with her little medicine-kit, she got in beside them and told her chauffeur to take them to Clermont-en-Argonne, and not by the safer route taken by the *ravitaillement* convoys, because her car could never live through the length of that trip, but by the shorter road, leading along directly back of the front.

"I wonder that he was willing to take that dangerous route," you say.

"I didn't ask his opinion about it," says Dr. Girard-Mangin with a ring of iron in her voice.

So began a wild ride of forty-three kilometers, constantly under fire, with five men at the point of death. The chauffeur dodged between the bursting shells, the woman in the car watched her sick men closely and kept them up with hypodermics of stimulants—which are not administered by a shaking hand!

You ask respectfully, looking at the white scar on her cheek. "It was then, during that ride, that you were wounded, wasn't it?"

She nods, hastily, indifferently, and says, "And when we finally reached Clermont-en-Argonne, my sick men were no better off, for I found the hospital absolutely swamped with wounded. I said I was there with five mortally sick men from Verdun, and they answered 'if they were **all** Germain we could take them in. You are mad, Madame, to bring *sick* men here. So we went on ten kilometers further to a little village called Froidos, where my face-wound was dressed and where finally I was able to leave my men, all alive still, in good hands.

"They didn't live to get well, did they?" you ask.

At this question, she has a moment of stupefaction that the picture of your total incomprehension of what she has been talking about; she has a moment's retrospective stare back into the seething caldron which was the battle of Verdun; she opens her mouth to cry out on your lack of imagination and ends by saying quietly, almost with pity for your ignorance, "Oh, I never saw or heard of those men again. There was a great deal too much else to be done at that time."

HAVE you lost track of time and place in that adventure of hers? It is not surprising. She was then in the little village of Froidos, on the afternoon of Sunday, February 27th, almost exactly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Inflamed gums—a cause of loose teeth

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
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FRANCE'S FIGHTING WOMAN DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

a week after the battle began—and after almost exactly a week of unbelievable horror—after four nights spent without a light in a great hospital full of wounded men—after a ride of nearly fifty kilometers constantly under fire, with mortally sick men. And she now turned, like a good soldier who has accomplished the task set him, to report at headquarters for another.

Her headquarters, the *Direction du Service Sanitaire* was at Bar-le-Duc. Without a moment's rest or delay, she set out for Bar-le-Duc, she and her chauffeur, half-blind with lack of sleep. They arrived there at midnight. She reported herself at the hospital, so large that in normal times it holds three thousand wounded.

"I have just brought in the last of the sick from the military hospital at Verdun," she said, to explain her presence. They were astounded to hear that any one had been there so lately. Every one had thought that certainly the Germans were there by that time.

"Please, is there a place where I may s'eep a few hours?" she said.

But there was no place, not one. The great hospital was crowded to the last inch of its space with wounded—halls, passageways, even the nurses had wounded on them. Finally some one gave her a blanket and she lay down on the floor in the little office of the Head-Doctor and slept till morning—five or six hours. Then she went out into the town to try to find a lodging. Not one to be had, the town being as full as the hospital. She had not taken her clothes off, naturally, nor her shoes.

"Oh, then I did feel tired," she says. "That morning, for the first time, I knew how tired I was. I went dragging myself from door to door, begging for a room and a bed. It was because I was no longer working, you see. As long as you have work to do, you can go on."

AT LAST a poor woman took pity on her, said that she and her daughter would sleep together on one narrow bed and let her have the other one.

"I was so glad, so glad," says Dr. Girard-Mangin, "to know I was to have a real bed! I was like a child. When you are as tired as that, you don't think of anything but the simple elementals—lying down, being warm, having something to eat—all your fine, civilized ideas are swept away."

She went back toward the hospital to get what few things she had been able to bring with her, and there she saw her chauffeur waving a paper toward her. "We are to be off at once," he said, and showed her an order to leave Bar-le-Duc without delay, taking two nurses with them, and to go with all speed to the hospital at Vadelaincourt. They were crowded with wounded there.

"Then, at once, my tiredness went away," she says. "It only lasted while I thought of getting a bed. When I knew we were going into action once more, I was myself again."

By two o'clock that afternoon—this was Monday—they were en route for the hospital, the doctor on the seat by the chauffeur, the two nurses, hysterical with fear over the shells, weeping inside.

"What a terrible, tragic, inspiring trip that was!" she exclaims, and almost for the only time during her quietly told narration, her voice quivers, her eyes suffuse. "We were going against the tide of fresh reserves, men just out to the front—mile after mile, facing those strongly marching ranks of splendid young Frenchmen, all going out to suffer the unimaginable horrors from which I had just come. I could not bear to look into those eager, ardent faces. I was so proud of them, so yearning over them! And they were so full of spirit, hurrying forward to the supreme sacrifice. They shouted out to us again and again, 'The Boches won't over yet, is it?' Will we get there in time?' They laughed lightheartedly, the younger ones, when they saw me and called out, 'Oh, the women are fighting out there, too, are they?' Wave after wave of them, mile on mile, the best of my country, marching out to death."

They were delayed by an accident to a tire, being instantly—as is the rule on military roads—crammed with the last inch—lifted bodily into a neighboring field for repairs. No stationing for repairs is allowed on the road, where every one is incessantly in movement. While the repairs were being made, the car sank deeper and deeper into the mud, and it was a Herculean undertaking to get it back in the main thoroughfare. As usual, a crowd of good-natured *poilus* managed this, heaving together with the hearty good-will to which all drivers of American ambulances can testify.

Delayed by this, it was nearly midnight when they drew near their destination. The chauffeur turned off the main road into a smaller one, a short cut to the hospital, and sank at once in mud up to his hubs. From twelve o'clock that night till half past five in the morning, they labored to make the few kilometers which separated them from Vadelaincourt. Once the chauffeur, hearing in the dark the rush of water against the car, announced that he was sure that the river had burst its banks, that they had missed the bridge and were now in the main current. Dr. Girard-Mangin got down to investigate and found herself knee-deep in mud so liquid that its

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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FRANCE'S FIGHTING WOMAN DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

sound had deceived the chauffeur. They toiled on, the nurses inside the car wringing their hands.

By the time it was faintly dawn they arrived at the hospital, where the hard-worked head-doctor, distracted with the rush of wounded, cried out upon her for being a woman, but told her for heaven's sake to stay and help. The nurses were taken in and set to work, where at once they forgot themselves and their fears. But again there was no place for the new doctor to sleep, the hospital being overflowing with human wreckage. She did what all ambulance people hate to do, she went back to the reeking ambulance, laid herself on a stretcher, wet boots and all, drew up about her the typhoid-soaked blankets of her ex-patients, and instantly fell asleep. The chauffeur had the preferable place of sleeping under the car, on another stretcher.

She had no more than closed her eyes, when came a loud, imperious pounding on the car, "Get up quickly. The *médecin-en-chef* sends for you at once; terrible lot of wounded just brought in; every hand needed."

SHE went back through the mud to the hospital, had a cup of hot coffee and—detail eloquent of the confusion and disorganization of that feverish week—some plum-cake! By what freak of *ravitaillement* there was only plum-cake, she never knew.

Then she put on her operating-apron and cap. She went into the operating-room at half past seven in the morning. She operated steadily, without stopping, for more than five hours. At one o'clock she felt giddy and her legs failed her. She sat down flat on the floor, leaning back against the wall. "Here it comes!" she said to herself, fighting the faintness which dissolved all her members, "Here comes womanishness!"

But it did not come. She sat thus, setting her teeth and tightening her will until she conquered it. A new relay of doctors came in. She staggered off, had more coffee, a piece of chocolate and another piece of plum-cake! And was told that she would be "off duty" till eight that evening. Where could she go to rest? Nowhere. Snow lay on the fields, mud was deep in the roads. There was not a bed empty.

"I sat down in a corner, in a chair, quite a comfortable chair," she tells you, "and took down my hair and brushed and braided it. You know how much that rests you!"

Now, Dr. Girard-Mangin is the last person in the world over whom to sentimentalize, and I swore before beginning to write about her that I would try not to do it. But I can not restrain myself from asking you here if you do not feel with me like both laughing and crying at the inimitable, homely femininity of that familiar gesture, at the picture of that shining little warrior-figure, returning in that abomination of desolation to the simple action of a sheltered woman's every-day home life?

Then she went to sleep, there in the "quite comfortable" chair, with her shoes unlaced but still on her feet. "I had lost my other pair somewhere along the route," she explains, "and I didn't dare to take those off because I knew I could never get them on again if I did."

There followed twenty days of this terrific routine, ready work in the operating-room with intervals of seven hours' "rest," with nowhere to go to rest. "But the food got better almost at once," she says, in explanation of her having lived through it. "We couldn't have gotten along on plum-cake, of course!"

For nine of those twenty days, she never took off her shoes at all, and the foot was frozen there which now she drags a little in walking.

On March 23rd, a month after the battle of Verdun had begun, the *médecin-chef-inspecteur* came to Vadelaincourt, went through the usual motions of stupefaction to find a woman doctor there, decided—rather late—that there was no place for a woman, and sent her to Châlons. For six months thereafter, she was in the Somme, near Tyres, wonderfully popular among the tubercular soldiers, but also taking her full share of military surgery. "Just the usual service at the front, nothing of special interest," she says with military brevity, baffling your interest, and leaving you to find out from other sources that she was wounded again in June of that year.

ON THE 11th of October, 1916, a remarkable and noteworthy event took place. For once a Governmental action was taken with intelligence. The Government, wishing to institute a special course of training for military nurses at the front, called to its organization and direction, not somebody's relation-in-law, not a politician's protégée, but the woman in France best fitted to undertake the work. Such an action on the part of any Government is worthy of note!

The hospital which had been built for charitable purpose on the *rue Desnouettes*, was loaned to the Government. What was needed for its head was some one who knew all about what training was essential for nursing service at the front. Any good military doctor could have done this part. Also some one was needed who knew all

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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Sometimes, in the night, Pain comes to your house. Then is the time, most of all, when you rely on good old Musterole. No fuss, no bother, no worry—no messing about with plasters or waiting for water to heat.

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Remember, when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin, and mail the coupon for the trial bottle *today*.

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FRANCE'S FIGHTING WOMAN DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

about what is the life of a woman at the front. Any good nurse of military experience could have seen to this. Also there was needed a person with experience in organization, with the capacity to keep a big enterprise in smooth and regular running. Any good business man could have managed this. Furthermore there was needed a person with magnetism who could inspire the women passing through the school with enthusiasm, with ardor, with devotion— I needn't go on, I think. You must have seen that only one person combined all these qualifications, and she is the one now at the head of the hospital-school.'

Dr. Girard-Mangin received a call summoning her back to that "work at the rear" which is such a trial for those who have known the glory of direct service at the front.

This meant drudgery for her, long hours of attention to uninteresting but important details, work with a very mixed class of intelligences—the women in her courses of study vary from peasant girls to officers' widows; bending her quick intelligence to cope with sloth and dullness. It meant, worst of all and hardest of all, living again in the midst of petty bickerings, little personal jealousies, mean ambitions. Nothing is more startling for those who "come back from the front" than to find the world at the rear still going on with its tiny quarrels and disputes, still industriously raking in its muck-heap. And nothing more eloquently paints our average, ordinary life than the intense moral depression which attends the return to it of those who have for a time escaped from it to a rougher, more dangerous, and more self-forgetful atmosphere.

FOR me, no part of Dr. Girard-Mangin's usefulness is more dramatic than the undramatic phase of it in which she is now faithfully toiling. Her coolness under fire, her steadiness under overwhelming responsibilities, her astonishing physical endurance do not thrill me more than this prompt, disciplined ability to take up civilian life again and quiet, civilian duties.

She has organized the hospital ingeniously along original lines, as a perfect reproduction of what the nurses will encounter at the front: a series of barracks, a ward to each shed, with the nurse's little sleeping-cubicle at the end with its rough but sufficient sanitary arrangements. Another unit is given over to the operating-room and its appendages, the sterilizing-room, anesthetic-room, etc. Another is the administrative building, and contains the offices of the *médecin-en-chef*, the head-nurse, the pharmacy, the bacteriological laboratory. At one side are very simple but wholesome sleeping-quarters and study-rooms for the fifty and more nurses who pass through the school every three months. For Dr. Girard-Mangin only takes them in hand when they have already completed a course of training in ordinary hospitals. Even then she weeds out rigorously, in the middle of the short, intensive, concentrated course, those who do not show the necessary physical, mental, and moral qualities to fit them for the grave responsibilities they will have at the front, for nurses from this hospital go out to direct and run the field hospitals, not merely to be nurses there.

The work for the doctor at the head is a "grind," nothing less, monotonous, like all teaching—an ever-reiterated repetition of the same thing—no glory, no change, no bright face of danger. The clear brown eyes face it as coolly, as undaunted, as they faced bursting shells, or maddened soldiers. The clear-thinking brain sees its vital importance to the country as well as it saw the more picturesque need for staying with sick men under fire. The well-tempered will keeps lassitude and fatigue at bay, keeps the whole highly strung, highly developed organism patiently, steadily, enduringly at work for France.

There, my fellow-citizens in America, there is a citizen to envy, to imitate!

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Novelties in Pajamas, Negligées, and Combinations

7088—Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes, 34, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 38 motifs. The sleeves are cut in one with the gown, and the neck may be cut lower if desired. Filet lace banding and dainty hand embroidery form the attractive trimming of this pretty nightgown.

Camisole 6087 Emb. 11742

Brassiere 7061

Short Kimono 6703

Nightgown 8050

Nightgown 7088 Emb. 12367

Combination 8048

8048—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste — 4½ yards insertion — 5½ yards edging. In the pattern allowance is made for round neck, but with perforations to cut it straight at the top as illustrated and finished with shoulder straps of ribbon or lace.

Bath-robe 7504

Combination 7976

Combination 8012

Chemisettes and Collars 8008

Pajamas 8044

Negligée 8029

Negligée 7348

8044—Ladies' Pajamas. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 6 yards 32-inch soisette—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for collar. More and more women are wearing pajamas instead of nightgowns, and the newest are in one-piece effect like this model which is shirred in at the waist-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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